★ April 1, 1944

THE NEW YORKER

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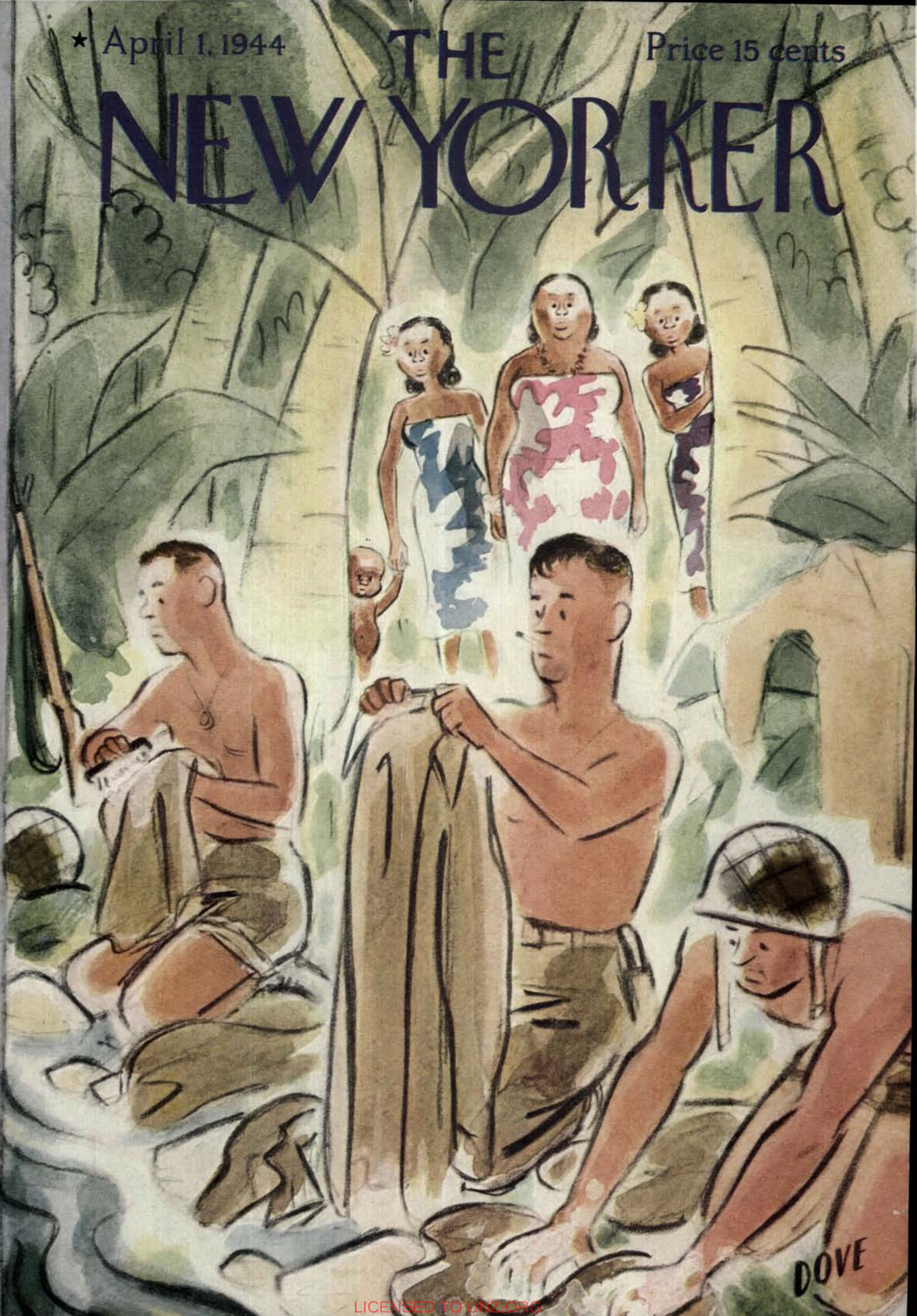

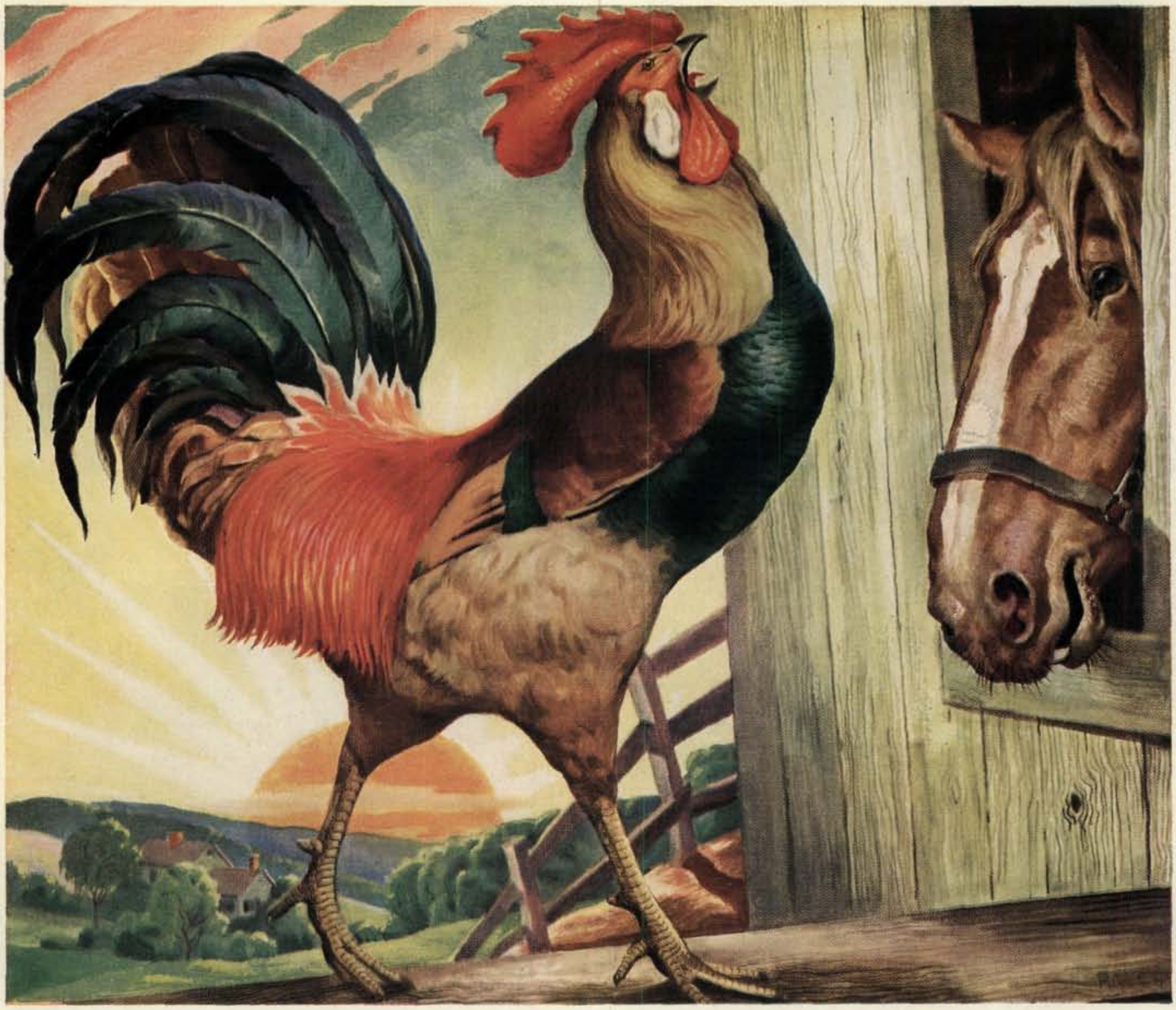

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***Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.**

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—A superior melodrama about a man who tries to drive his wife crazy. Judith Evelyn and Leo G. Carroll are prominent in the dirty work. Third year. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—Two nice old spinsters are in the habit of poisoning their boarders and burying them in the cellar. Now in its fourth year, this Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Effie Shannon and Josephine Hull, is still one of the funniest things in town. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

The Cherry Orchard—A magnificent drama which somebody, unfortunately, has decided to play for laughs. With Eva Le Gallienne (who will be replaced by Margaret Webster on Sun., April 2) and Joseph Schildkraut. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Decision—A worthy, rather heavy-handed play about Fascism on the home front. The cast includes Raymond Greenleaf and Gwen Anderson. (Ambassador, 49, W. CI 7-0760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

The Doughgirls—Joseph Fields' farce about present-day Washington seems to contain all the necessary ingredients. Virginia Field, Arleen Whelan, Arlene Francis, and Doris Nolan are among the ladies who upset the government. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harriet—Thirty-three years in the life of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," who doesn't seem to have been a very fascinating woman. Helen Hayes, however, is splendid. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40. Closes Sat., April 1.)

Jacobowsky and the Colonel—Franz Werfel's slightly disappointing play (as rewritten by S. N. Behrman) about two refugees from France. The cast includes Oscar Karlweis, Annabella, and Louis Calhern. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Kiss and Tell—Typical George Abbott piece about a couple of adolescents who pretend they're going to have a baby. The pleasant, competent cast is headed by Jessie Royce Landis and Robert Keith. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This intelligent and high-spirited comedy, based on Clarence Day's stories, is in its fifth year. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Lovers and Friends—An old-fashioned vehicle for Katharine Cornell which hasn't very much else to offer. Henry Daniell, Carol Goodner, and Arthur Margetson are in the supporting cast. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Othello—Margaret Webster and the Theatre Guild are responsible for this majestic revival. Paul Robeson is very impressive as the Moor, and José Ferrer's Iago is a masterpiece. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

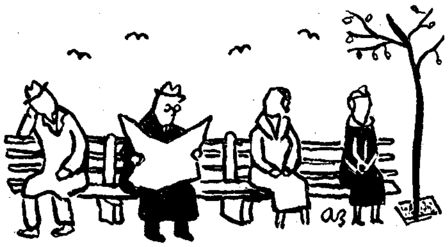
Over Twenty-One—Ruth Gordon in a comedy that attempts to show how Dorothy Parker would behave at an Officers' Candidate School. Miss Gordon also wrote the darn thing, which isn't really quite as witty as some say. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Ramshackle Inn—A melodramatic farce that is too amateurish and confused to be quite satisfactory, but Zasu Pitts may make you laugh. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Three Is a Family—A simple-minded, sometimes funny piece about pregnant ladies and the current housing shortage. With Ruth Weston, Robert Burton, and William Wadsworth. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 2:50.)

Tomorrow the World—What to do when you have a little Nazi in your home. An honest, if not always credible, attempt to solve a difficult postwar problem. Skippy Homeier is remarkable in his rôle of the young Nazi, and Conrad Nagel and Shirley Booth are very helpful as his American hosts. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Two Mrs. Carrolls—Mainly a vehicle for Elisabeth Bergner, who knows her business. The play takes a while to get started but finally develops into something of a thriller. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MARCH 30, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 8.

The Voice of the Turtle—A light, expert job by John van Druten about a girl who entertains a sergeant on his weekend pass. Margaret Sullavan, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie are the whole cast, and they're all fine. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Wallflower—A variation of the ugly-duckling theme, but it will probably remind you of "Kiss and Tell" and "Three Is a Family." (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Winged Victory—Moss Hart's enormous and beautiful pageant about the Air Forces. There are more than three hundred servicemen in the cast, plus several women civilians. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:15.)

WITH MUSIC

Carmen Jones—A handsome and hilarious version of Bizet's opera, with an all-Negro cast. Oscar Hammerstein II has followed "Oklahoma!" with another tour de force. Produced by Billy Rose. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Early to Bed—A musical comedy concerned dimly with bull-fighting and Martinique. The cast includes Muriel Angelus, Mary Small, and Bob Howard, and there is Fats Waller's music, but the whole thing needn't bother you one way or another. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

The Merry Widow—An earnest, expensive revival, with Jan Kiepura and Melville Cooper. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30. Special performance Sun. Eve., April 2, at 8:30, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

Mexican Hayride—Bobby Clark is very funny in an otherwise standard musical. Cole Porter wrote the music and the lyrics, and the cast also includes June Havoc, George Givot, and Paul Haakon. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—First-rate musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II and presented by the Theatre Guild. The cast includes Joan Roberts, Alfred Drake, Celeste Holm, Joseph Buloff, and Betty Garde. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

One Touch of Venus—Mary Martin as a statue who comes to life to the amazement of Kenny Baker, John Boles, Paula Laurence, and many others. Ogden Nash, S. J. Perelman, and Kurt Weill attended to the book and music, and Agnes de Mille has contributed some stunning ballets. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Porgy and Bess—Etta Moten and some others of the original cast in the Gershwin-Heyward folk opera. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. Closes Sat., April 8.)

Ziegfeld Follies—Milton Berle leads a large cast through this rough-and-tumble version of an American institution. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:35. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:35.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Mrs. January & Mr. Ex—A comedy by Zoë Akins, with Billie Burke, Frank Craven, and Barbara Bel Geddes. Staged by Elliott Nugent and produced by Richard Myers. Opens Fri., March 31. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Only the Heart—A play by Horton Foote, with June Walker and Mildred Dunnock. Produced by the American Actors Theatre. Opens Tues., April 4. (Bijou, 45, W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. the first week and Wed. and Sat. thereafter, at 2:40.)

Chicken Every Sunday—A dramatization, by Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein, of the Rosemary Taylor novel, with Mary Philips and Rhys Williams. Staged by Lester Vail and produced by Edward Gross. Opens Wed., April 5. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Public Relations—A comedy by Dale Eunson, with Ann Andrews and Philip Merivale. Staged by Edward Childs Carpenter and produced by Robert Blake. Opens Thurs., April 6. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen, Frank Parker, and Irina Baronova in a musical comedy staged by Harry Delmar and produced by Dave Wolper. Opens Sat., April 8. (New Century, 7 Ave. at 59. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Circus—The big show opens Wed. Eve., April 5, with a special War Bond performance; tickets on sale at all large department stores. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6800. Daily at 2:15 and 8:30 P.M.)

Ice Show—"Stars on Ice" produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sat. Eves. at 8:40 and Sun. Eve. at 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Children's Entertainment—The Heckscher Children's Theatre Group presenting "Cinderella" and "Sleeping Beauty," Sat., April 1, at 2:30 P.M. (Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104. LE 4-3546.) . . . Erwin Piscator presenting "Bobino," Fri. and Sat., April 7-8, at 1 and 3 P.M. (Adelphi, 54, E. For tickets, call UN 4-4733.)

DANCE RECITALS

Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman—Presenting a series of repertory recitals, Sat., April 1 and 8, and Sun., April 2, at 8:45 P.M. (Humphrey-Weidman Studio Theatre, 108 W. 16. CH 2-9819.)

Rosario and Antonio—With their group, Sat., April 8, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—The Trianon Room has Jules Lande's orchestra amid an eighteenth-century décor.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Emile Petti's band and a good-looking ice revue are in the Bowman Room.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Jimmy Savo, Mildred Bailey, Hazel Scott, and Teddy

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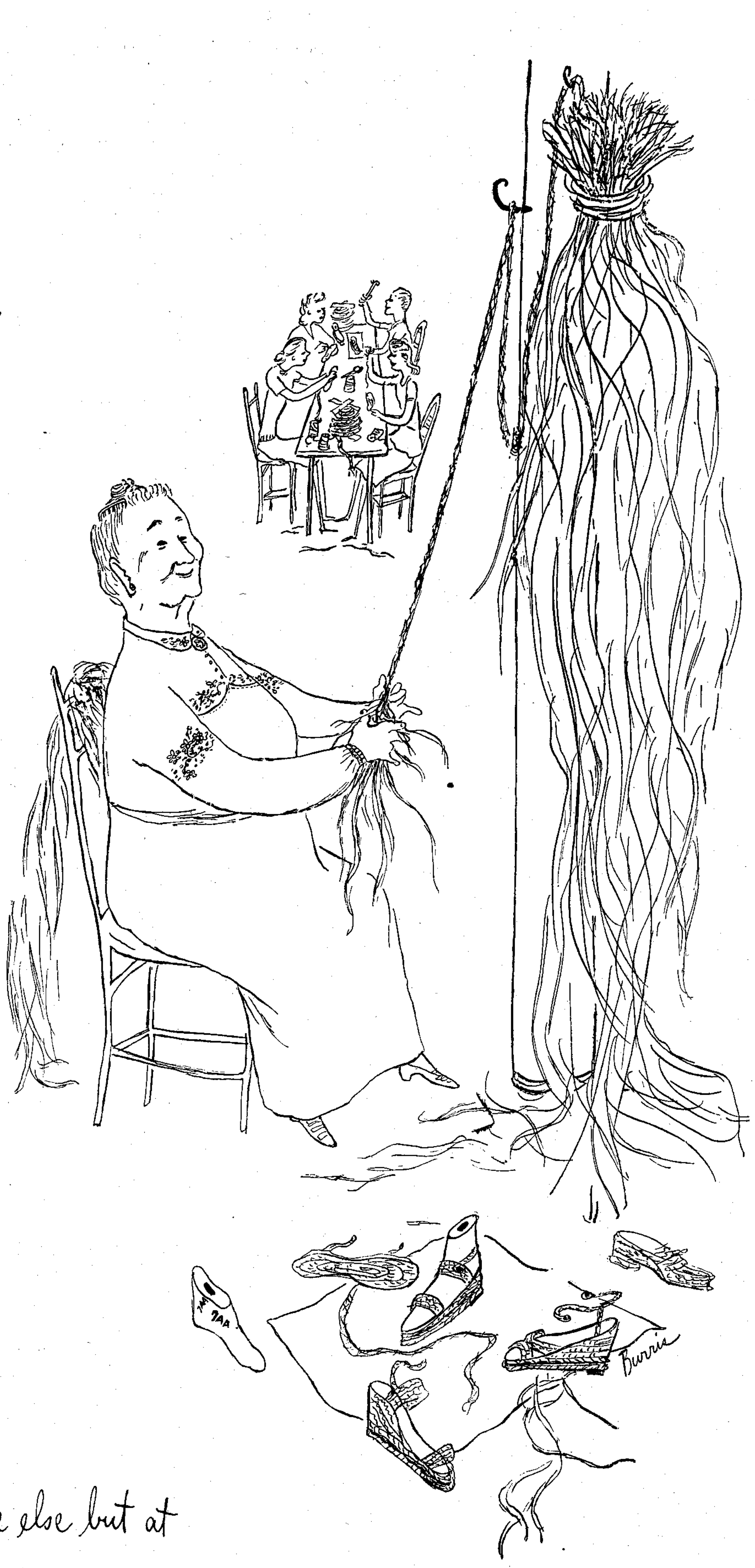
This is our Madame Ivanova

At the age of 83, Madame is a fine, apple-cheeked figure of a woman, who feels a bit miffed because the Army hasn't utilized her to teach our troops Russian.

Right now she's teaching several Russian classes a week at a private school uptown, and on the side she braids raffia for Saks Fifth Avenue. As you no doubt know, if you've been nuzzling through an old Encyclopedia Britannica, raffia is what gives after palm leaves have been cut into strips and dried in the sun. When it's dyed in daft colors and braided by a woman like Madame Ivanova, you have the basic ingredient of a darned chic shoe — Saks latest exclusive.

When Madame first came to us, we were kindly showing her how to braid, but it turned out the joke was on the other foot. Seems Russian ladies learn in their girlhood to braid for fun, and Madame showed us five new rope tricks in the first fifteen minutes. Then, just when we were feeling like monkeys, she praised our American subways in the highest terms. Perked us up no end.

Even more than our subways, Madame admires our American soldiers. Whenever she passes one on the street, she says to him ringingly "W dobry chass," which is Russian for Good Luck. Even if the boys don't know quite what the hell she's talking about, they seem to like it fine, Madame tells us.



Oh Madame Ivanova - where else but at

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

at Rockefeller Center

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MARCH 30, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 8.

Wilson's orchestra—which ought to be enough for anyone.

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—This Village branch has jazz by Eddie Heywood's orchestra and Mary Lou Williams, and folk songs by Josh White.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Handier, and *probably a lot noisier, than the one in Rio. Sophie* Tucker heads the show, and there's also Joel Herron's orchestra and Frank Marti's samba band.... The Copa Bar has the Kris Kay Trio.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Nightly previews *of what the well-dressed Navy man (and his* lady) will wear. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Eddie Davis's and Michael Lo Scalzo's orchestras play music (sweet) for dancing after 10 P.M.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Big and sort of beautiful, with Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The show in the Cotillion Room includes Dr. Giovanni, the pickpocket, and a dance team, as well as Stanley Melba's orchestra.... Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Celeste Holm sings in the Persian Room at the supper hour. Bob Grant's orchestra and a rumba band are there during dinner and supper.

Ritz-Carlton, Madison at 46 (PL 3-4600)—Larry Siry's orchestra plays for dancing in the Oval Room during the dinner hour.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The Iridium Room sports a smooth, sedate ice show at the supper hour, and Freddy Miller's orchestra is around all evening.... The Maisonette has Bob Simone's and Evan Jones' orchestras.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The Café Lounge offers Joseph Marvin's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A place you may have heard about. Noro Morales' rumba band and *Peyson Ré's orchestra. Ernie Holst's orchestra* plays for tea dancing daily.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Paul Draper, who entertains the after-theatre crowd in the Wedgwood Room, will be replaced on *Thurs., April 6, by Victor Borge and Russell* Swann. Leo Reisman's band will stay on.... Michael Zarin's orchestra plays in the Lounge Restaurant.

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Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Imogene Coca and Irwin Corey head a practically continuous show.... **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): a baroque sort of place, with Robert Crum, the pianist, and several other good entertainers.... **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy herself is back, with some new raucous songs and all the old favorites.... **LA VIE PARISIENNE,** 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): Irene Bordoni singing the songs you'd expect of her; also some nice magic.... **1-2-3 CLUB,** *123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): as comfortable as your* own parlor, with Roger Stearns' piano music thrown in.

Miscellaneous—At the **VERSAILLES,** 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Carl Brisson and a routine show full of beautiful girls; Ray Sinatra's orchestra and Monchito's rumba band.... **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): one of the more pleasant small places; Dick Wilson's orchestra.... **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): also small, also pleasant; George Morris's orchestra and songs by Anne Francine.... **CASBAH,** 112 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-2236): life in the native quarter was never like this; Danny Yates' orchestra plays for dancing after 10 P.M.... **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Russian entertainment, from dagger dances to Red Army songs; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra.... **COMMODORE,** Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Vaughn Monroe's orchestra.... **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Nick D'Amico's orchestra.... **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Jerry Wald's orchestra and an ice show.... **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Frankie Carle's orchestra.... **ROOSEVELT,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra.... **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Square (CH 2-4646): very Spanish, with a show and, of course, a rumba band.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a cellar with murals, as well as Huddie Ledbetter (through Sun., April 2) and the Clarence Profit Trio.

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Mostly for Music—At the **HURRICANE,** B'way at 49 (CO 5-1995): Duke Ellington and his band.... **CAFÉ ZANZIBAR,** B'way at 50 (CI 7-7380): Maurice Rocco and Ethel Waters top a large and rowdy show.... **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): Miff Mole, Pee Wee Russell, Eddie Condon, and Muggsy Spanier adding warmth to these spring evenings.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Sidney and Wilbur de Paris head a neat band.... **ONYX,** 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): jazz by the Al Casey Trio and songs by Billie Holiday.... **YACHT CLUB,** 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): two hot bands, headed by Trummie Young and Dizzy Gillespie.... **THREE DEUCES,** 72 W. 52 (EL 5-7742): Sidney Catlett's orchestra, with Ben Webster, and the Leonard Ware Trio are the attractions here.

ART

Abstract Group—The annual show of American Abstract *Artists: Brandt, 15 E. 57. Weekdays 10* A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 8.

John Atherton—Recent oils by a "magic realist": Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Daily 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Thurs., March 30.

Nelli Bar—Sculpture by a former pupil of Maillol: Bonestell, 18 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 1.

George Bellows—Paintings from 1909 to 1922: Allison, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 29.

Sarah Berman—Subtle color drawings of the Fourteenth Street crowd: Artists', 43 W. 55. Tues., 1 to 9 P.M.; other weekdays, 1 to 6 P.M.; through April 10.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern P'kw'y—A retrospective of prints by Emil Ganso. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 21.

Mario Carreño—Twenty-one recent paintings and drawings by the Cuban artist: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 15.

Russell Cowles—New oils by a descendant of the Impressionists: Kraushaar, 730 5 Ave., at 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 15.

Gladys Rockmore Davis—Backstage ballet scenes: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 15.

Hubert Davis—The American scene, exciting for a change: Norlyst, 59 W. 56. Thurs., 11 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 8.

Julio De Diego—New oils and temperas: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 15.

Arthur G. Dove—Twenty new paintings: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through May 21.

Philip Evergood—New paintings, mostly of the war: A.C.A., 63 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 1.

French—*Derain, Dufy, Picasso, Vlaminck, and others* of the Paris school: Niveau, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 1.

Marion Greenwood—Paintings by a former muralist: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at *55. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat.,* April 8.

Juan Gris—Forty oils, gouaches, and drawings: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 22.

Groups—At the **MATISSE,** 41 E. 57: Rouault, Picasso, Matisse, Braque, and several others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 15.... **AMERICAN BRITISH ART CENTER,** 44 W. 56: annual exhibition of An American Group, which includes Raphael and Moses Soyer and Isabel Bishop. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 8.... **LILIENFELD,** 21 E. 57: New York artists, including Lyonel Feininger, Borislav Bogdanovich, and B. J. O. Nordfeldt. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 22.... **KLEEMANN,** 65 E. 57: drawings, prints, and water colors by modern French and American artists. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 29.

Irene Hamar—A Brazilian sculptor's academic versions of Mrs. Vanderbilt, Martha Graham, Wendell Willkie, and others: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 8.

J. M. Hanson—Eight large and occasionally complex *paintings: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Mon. through* Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 15.

Jean Hélion—Oils done since the artist escaped from a German prison camp: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 8.

Hans Hofmann—A well-known art teacher shows his own paintings and drawings: Art of This Century, 30 W. 57. Daily 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 1.

Gerard Hordyk—Paintings and gouaches: Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through April 14.

Walter Houmère—A merger of Abstract and Surrealist painting: New Art Circle, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 8.

Peter Hurd—Landscapes with the usual mannerisms: Macbeth, 11 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 1.

Fernand Léger—New oils, more or less abstract: *Valentine, 55 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30* P.M.; through Sat., April 8.

Jean Lurçat—Oils and gouaches: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 1.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—Beautifully executed replicas of mosaics from the Hagia Sophia, and a showing of Turkish objets d'art of the fifteenth through the nineteenth centuries (through June 30); also, a small group of fourteenth- and fifteenth-century Italian paintings from the Maitland F. Griggs collection (through April 9). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

George L. K. Morris—Abstractions, tempered by the war: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 8.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—A large exhibition of modern Cuban painting (through May 7); also, modern American and European drawings (through May 10). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—A loan show of work by Werner Drewes, Jean Xceron, Ladislaus Moholy-Nagy, and others. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through April 14.

National Academy of Design, 1083 5 Ave., at 89—The annual show of paintings and sculpture. Daily 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 25.

Portraits—A loan exhibition of paintings and sculpture of theatre people, beginning with Mrs. Siddons; a benefit for the Red Cross: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Tues., April 4.

André Racz—Drawings, engravings, and paintings: Wakefield, 64 E. 55. Thurs. and Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., April 1.

Louis Schanker—Abstract oils and prints: Willard, 32 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 1.

Raphael Soyer—Water colors and drawings from his sketchbooks: Weyhe, 794 Lexington, at 61. Daily 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., March 31.

Elizabeth Sparhawk-Jones—Twelve water colors by a distinguished woman artist: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 15.

Still Lifes—Well-selected show by French masters from Manet to Picasso; a benefit for the Children's Aid Society: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 1.

Lesser Ury—The first show here of this German Impressionist: Galerie St. Etienne, 46 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through April 11.

Abraham Walkowitz—Twenty-five paintings, including several from the Armory Show of 1913: Schacht, 23 E. 64. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 8.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8.—Pictures and sculpture bought by the Museum during the past two years. Daily, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 30.

MUSIC

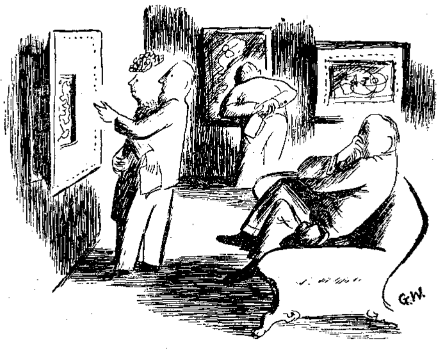
(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

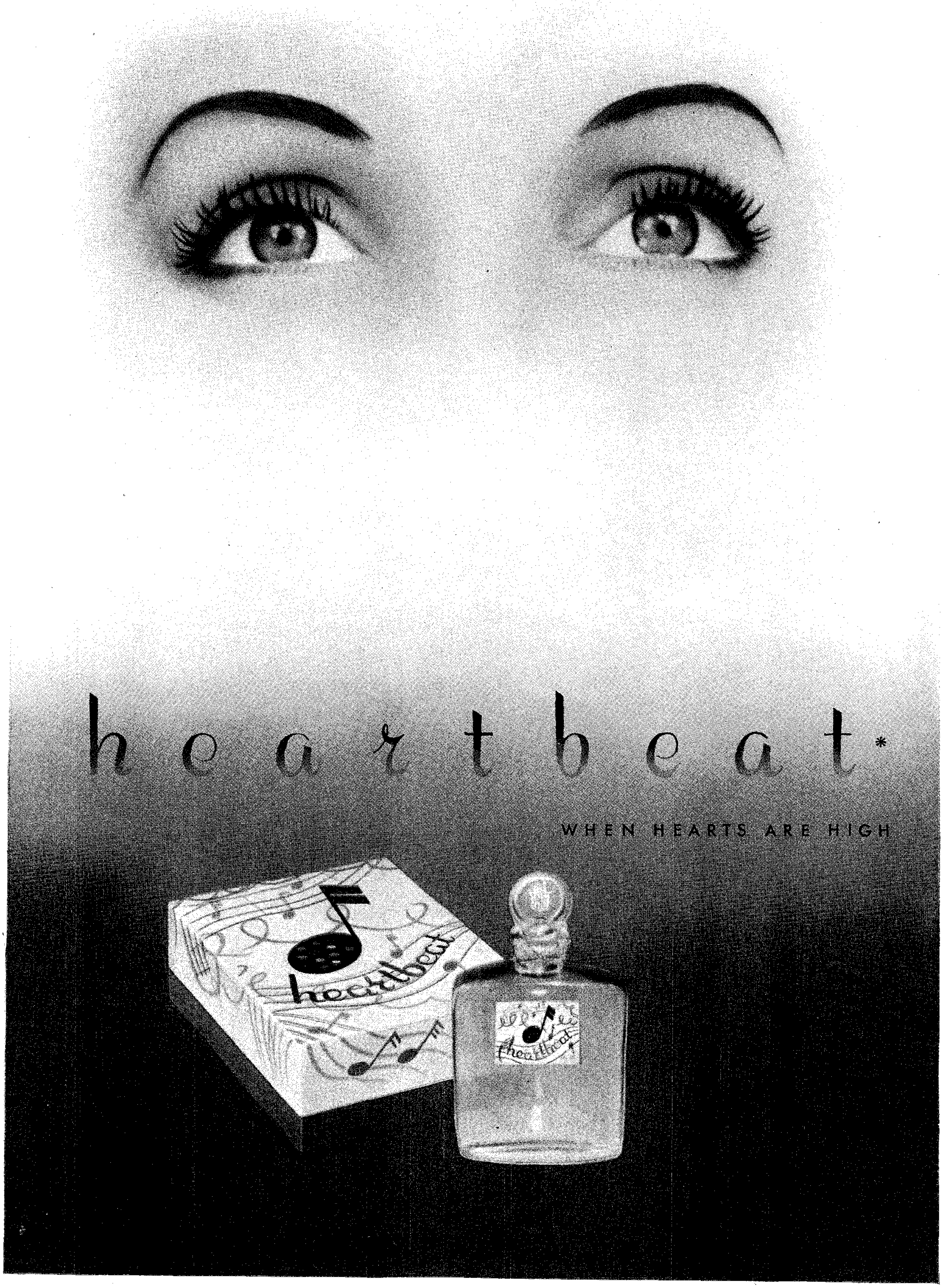
Philharmonic-Symphony—Carnegie Hall—Leonard Bernstein conducting: Fri., March 31, at 2:30 P.M.; and Sat., April 1, at 8:45 P.M. Artur Rodzinski conducting: Sun., April 2, at 3 P.M. Bruno Walter conducting: Thurs., April 6, at 6:30 and 8:45 P.M.; and Fri., April 7, at 1:30 and 3:30 P.M. (Highlights: Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano, March 31 and April 1; Shostakovich's Eighth Symphony, April 2; Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," with the Westminster Choir and Nadine Conner, William Hain, and other vocal soloists, April 6-7.)

Boston Symphony—Serge Koussevitzky conducting—Carnegie Hall, Thurs., March 30, at 8:45 P.M.; and Sat., April 1, at 2:30 P.M.... Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. (ST 3-6700), Fri., March 31, at 8:30 P.M.

Chamber Music Series—Adolf Busch and his Chamber Music Players, with Martial Singher, baritone; and Frances Magnes, violin, Fri., March 31, at 8:45 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Jazz Concerts—At **CARNEGIE HALL:** Erskine Hawkins, trumpet; Sidney Catlett, drums; Trummie Young, trombone; and many other musicians, as well as




heartbeat*
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Van Raalte

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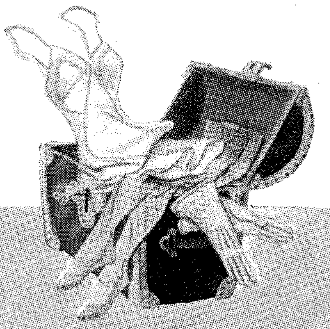

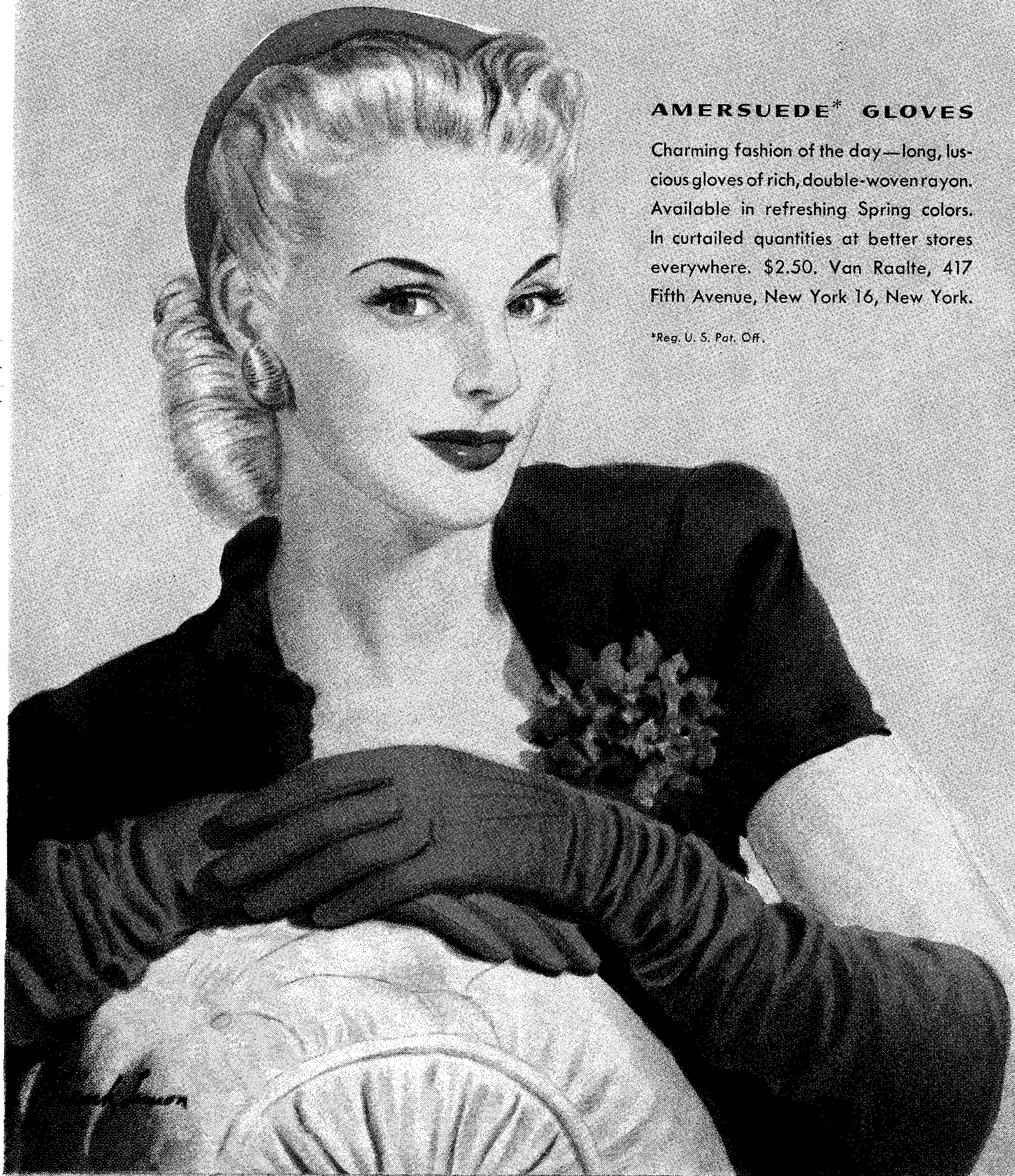

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MARCH 30, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 8.

such entertainers as Paul Draper and Jimmy Savo, in a memorial program for Fats Waller; a benefit for American Youth for Democracy, Sun., April 2, at 8:15 P.M. . . . TOWN HALL: the fifth in a series of concerts under the direction of the guitarist Eddie Condon, this one featuring such musicians as Muggsy Spanier, cornet; Pee Wee Russell, clarinet; George Wettling, drums; and James P. Johnson, piano, Sat., April 8, at 5:30 P.M.

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Final performances of the season: "Il Trovatore," Thurs. Eve., March 30. . . . "Lucia di Lammermoor," Fri. Eve., March 31. . . . "The Magic Flute," Sat. Aft., April 1. . . . "Siegfried," Sat. Eve., April 1. . . . "Aïda," Mon. Eve., April 3. . . . "Carmen," Wed. Eve., April 5. . . . "Tannhäuser," Thurs. Eve., April 6. . . . "Parsifal," Fri. Aft., April 7. . . . "Tosca," Sat. Aft., April 8. . . . "Götterdämmerung," Sat. Eve., April 8. (Curtain times vary and are not fixed until a day or so before the performance; it's best to make a last-minute call to the box office, PE 6-1210.)

SALMAGGI OPERA—"Carmen," Sat., April 1; "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Sun., April 2; at 8:30 P.M. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

JOSEF HOFMANN—Piano. Sun., April 2, at 8:50 P.M. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington at 92. AT 9-2400.)

ARTUR SCHNABEL—Piano; the last of three programs of Beethoven sonatas, sponsored by the New Friends of Music. Mon., April 3, at 8:45 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

RICHARD DYER-BENNET—Ballad singer. Tues., April 4, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

COOLIDGE QUARTET—Chamber music; soloist, Frank Sheridan, piano. Tues., April 4, at 8:45 P.M. (Mannes Music School, 157 E. 74. For tickets, call BU 8-0656.)

COLLEGIATE CHORALE—Robert Shaw conducting. Wed., April 5, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

VLADIMIR HOROWITZ—Piano. Wed., April 5, at 8:30 P.M.; a Red Cross benefit. (Carnegie Hall.)

MUSEUM CONCERT—Webster Aitken, piano. Thurs., April 6, at 3 P.M. (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70.)

SPORTS

BASKETBALL—Madison Square Garden—A Red Cross benefit match between the winners of the National Invitation and the N.C.A.A. tournaments, Thurs., March 30, at 8:15 P.M.

BOXING—Madison Square Garden—Beau Jack vs. Juan Zurita, catchweights, 10 rounds, Fri., March 31. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bout at 10 P.M.

FENCING—National Open Championship, qualifying rounds, electric épée, individual, Sun., April 2, at 2 P.M. (Fencers Club, 320 E. 53.)

RACING—The local season opens at Jamaica, Sat., April 8, at 1:30 P.M.; weekdays, through May 6. (Paumonok Handicap, April 8.)

OTHER EVENTS

WAR EXHIBITIONS—At the CHRYSLER BLDG., 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection, assembled by the Army, of combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, and small arms, including a bazooka. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY, R.C.A. Bldg.: the development of the United States Navy from 1776 to the present, shown by four hundred miniature models of ships, including every type of naval vessel now in active use. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through June 30.

AMERICANA—At the ROSENBACH COMPANY, 15 E. 51: a large collection of books and documents relating to the Revolutionary and Civil Wars, including Lee's farewell address, books from George Washington's library, and letters and manuscripts of Alexander Hamilton and Ulysses S. Grant. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., March 31. . . . NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Central Pk. W. at 76: a display of portraits, furniture, books, manuscripts, silver, and china, relating to the Dutch period in New York. Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 30.

LATIN AMERICA—The history and cultural development of South and Central America, as shown in prints, diaries, manuscripts, and books, dating from 1500 to 1900: New York Historical Society, Central Pk. W. at 76. Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through July 30.

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36—Religious symbolism, shown in a collection of illuminated manuscripts dating from the ninth through the sixteenth centuries. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through May 20.

PLANETARIUM—"The Stars of Spring" is the title of the April lecture and demonstration at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81. Mon. through Fri. at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. at 11 A.M. and 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; Sun. at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.

PHOTOGRAPHY—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53: snapshots by amateur camera fans from the 1880's to the present. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through May 10. . . . MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY, R.C.A. Bldg.: the annual show of outstanding prints made by press photographers during the past year, featuring war pictures taken by servicemen. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through April 23. . . . PHOTOGRAPHY CENTER, 9 W. 54: photographs of people, in the first of a series of exhibitions by younger photographers. Weekdays 1 to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through April 30.

ON THE AIR—Philharmonic-Symphony, Artur Rodzinski conducting Shostakovich's Eighth Symphony. Sun., April 2, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Sat., April 1 and 8, at 3:30 P.M., WABC. . . . Boston Symphony: Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., April 1; G. Wallace Woodworth conducting, Sat., April 8; at 8:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Arturo Toscanini conducting, Sun., April 2, at 5 P.M., WEAF. . . . Chicago Symphony, Desiré Defauw conducting, Sat., April 1 and 8, at 3 P.M., WEAF. . . . Metropolitan Opera: "The Magic Flute," with Nadine Conner and Charles Kullman, Sat., April 1; "Tosca," with Grace Moore and Charles Kullman, Sat., April 8; at 2 P.M., WJZ. . . . Boxing: Beau Jack vs. Juan Zurita, Fri., March 31, at 10 P.M., WOR.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Samual Grafton, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR. . . . Leon Henderson, Sat. at 6:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC. . . . Ed Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:30 P.M., WABC. . . . Waverley Root, Sat. at 7:30 P.M., WAAT. . . . Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 7 P.M., WABC. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ. . . . Dorothy Thompson, Sun. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ.

NEWS VIA SHORT WAVE: Mon. through Sat. at 6:45 P.M. and Sun. at 2:30 P.M., WABC. . . . Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M. and Sun. at 11:15 P.M., WEAF. . . . Mon. through Fri. at 6:30 P.M., WMCA.

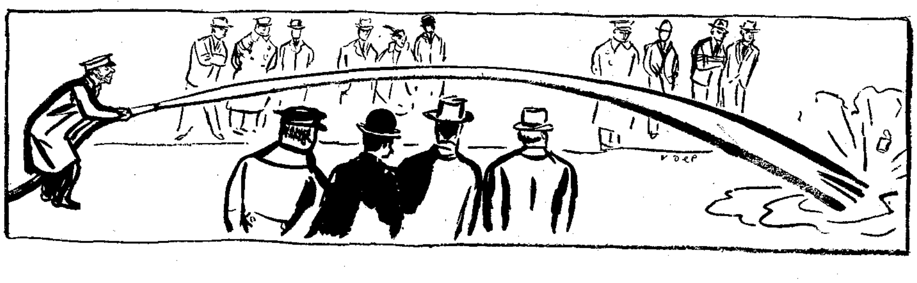
AUCTIONS—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57— English and American furniture and Early American glass, from the collection of the late George Horace Lorimer: Thurs. through Sat., March 30-April 1, at 2 P.M. . . . French and American paintings by such artists as Pissarro, Matisse, Cassatt, and Prendergast, owned by Mr. and Mrs. William F. Laporte: Thurs., March 30, at 8:15 P.M. . . . Paintings by Hals, Rembrandt, Gainsborough, Reynolds, and others, from the collection of the late Roland L. Taylor: Wed., April 5, at 8:15 P.M.

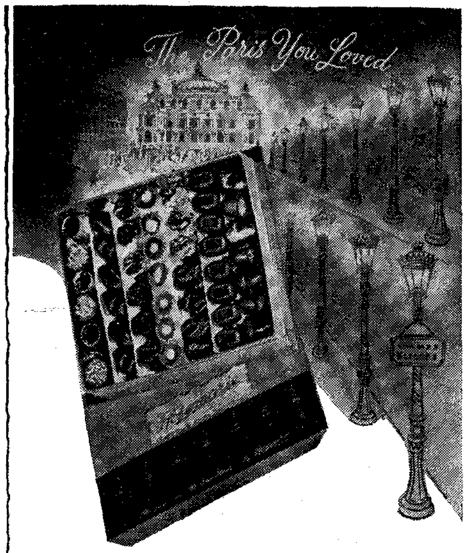
MOTION PICTURES

A GUY NAMED JOE—A flying picture that's amusing and intelligent except when the fantasy gets out of hand. Spencer Tracy and Irene Dunne. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., April 1. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Sun., April 2. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Sun. through Tues., April 2-4. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Wed., April 2-5.)

JACK LONDON—The emphasis is on London's experiences with the Japs. Michael O'Shea and Susan Hayward. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Mon., April 3. . . . Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; through Wed., April 5.)

KINGS OF THE RING—A collection of most of the good





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

fight pictures since Tommy Burns's day, which was 1907. (World, 153 W. 49; through Fri., April 7.)

Lady in the Dark—Bigger and gaudier than Moss Hart ever dreamed of. Ginger Rogers, Ray Milland, and Mischa Auer. (Paramount, B'way at 43.)

Lifeboat—Alfred Hitchcock's exciting film about some Americans exposed to the Germans and the elements. Tallulah Bankhead, William Bendix, Walter Slezak, and Canada Lee are part of the competent cast. (R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; through Mon., April 3. . . . R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Wed., April 5.)

Madame Curie—A good screen biography, with Greer Garson in the title rôle and Walter Pidgeon as her husband. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. through Thurs., April 4-6.)

The North Star—A splendid tribute to the Russians by Lillian Hellman. Walter Huston, Erich von Stroheim, Anne Baxter, and Ann Harding are in the cast. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sat. through Mon., April 1-3.)

Passage to Marseille—Humphrey Bogart, Michèle Morgan, Peter Lorre, and Sydney Greenstreet up to their ears in adventures among the Fighting French. (Hollywood, B'way at 51; through Thurs., April 6.)

The Purple Heart—A slow but properly infuriating picture about the Japanese trial of the captured Tokio raiders. Dana Andrews, Sam Levene, and John Craven. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50; through Tues., April 4.)

See Here, Private Hargrove—The bright side, brightly done, of basic training. Robert Walker, Keenan Wynn, and Donna Reed. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

The Song of Bernadette—A likeable, human account, distinguished by good acting, of the girl who saw visions at Lourdes. The cast includes Jennifer Jones, Vincent Price, Gladys Cooper, and Lee J. Cobb. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

Tunisian Victory—A workmanlike documentary by British and American Army photographic units. (Rialto, B'way at 42; Thurs., March 30.)

REVIVALS

Craig's Wife (1936)—Rosalind Russell as the lady who loved her house more than her husband. With John Boles. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; through Fri., March 31. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., April 4-6.)

Easy Living (1937)—Edward Arnold as a millionaire and Jean Arthur as a Cinderella. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Fri. through Mon., March 31-April 3. . . . Art, 36 E. 8; Tues. through Sat., April 4-8.)

Mayerling (1937)—An archduke's tragic love. In French, with Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Tues., April 4.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream (1935)—Shakespeare, James Cagney, Dick Powell, Olivia de Havilland, and Mickey Rooney. (Art, 36 E. 8; Sat. through Mon., April 1-3.)

The Private Life of Henry VIII (1933)—Charles Laughton as the character with all the wives. (Manhattan, B'way at 51; through Mon., April 3.)

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs (1938)—Walt Disney's first full-length cartoon. (Manhattan, B'way at 51; starting Tues., April 4.)

Suspicion (1941)—Hitchcock's version of Francis Iles' "Before the Fact." Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Sat. through Mon., April 1-3.)

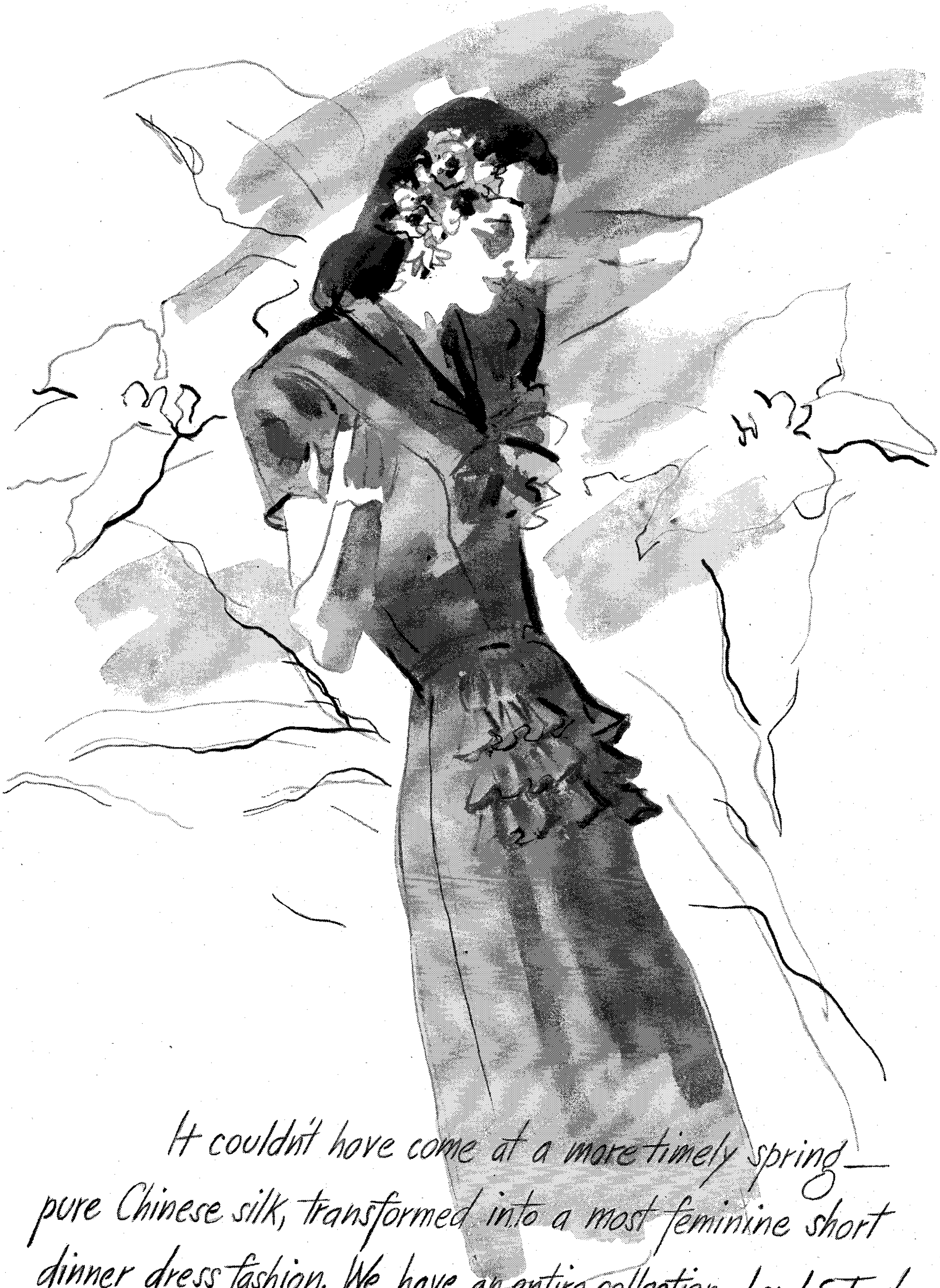
Trade Winds (1939)—South Seas adventure. Joan Bennett and Fredric March. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Tues. and Wed., April 4-5.)

The Woman Alone (1937)—A London thriller, now called "I Married a Murderer," with Sylvia Sidney. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., March 30.)

You Only Live Once (1937)—Henry Fonda and Sylvia Sidney as a fugitive jailbird and his girl. (R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; Tues. and Wed., April 4-5.)

The Young in Heart (1938)—Sentimental age-and-youth comedy. Minnie Dupree, Janet Gaynor, Paulette Goddard, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Tues. and Wed., April 4-5.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old motion pictures weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. on the following schedule. THURS. AND FRI., MARCH 30-31: "Morocco" (1930), with Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper. SAT. AND SUN., APRIL 1-2: "It Happened One Night" (1934), with Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert. MON. AND TUES., APRIL 3-4: "Swing Time" (1936), with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. WED. AND THURS., APRIL 5-6: "Camille" (1936), with Greta Garbo and Robert Taylor.



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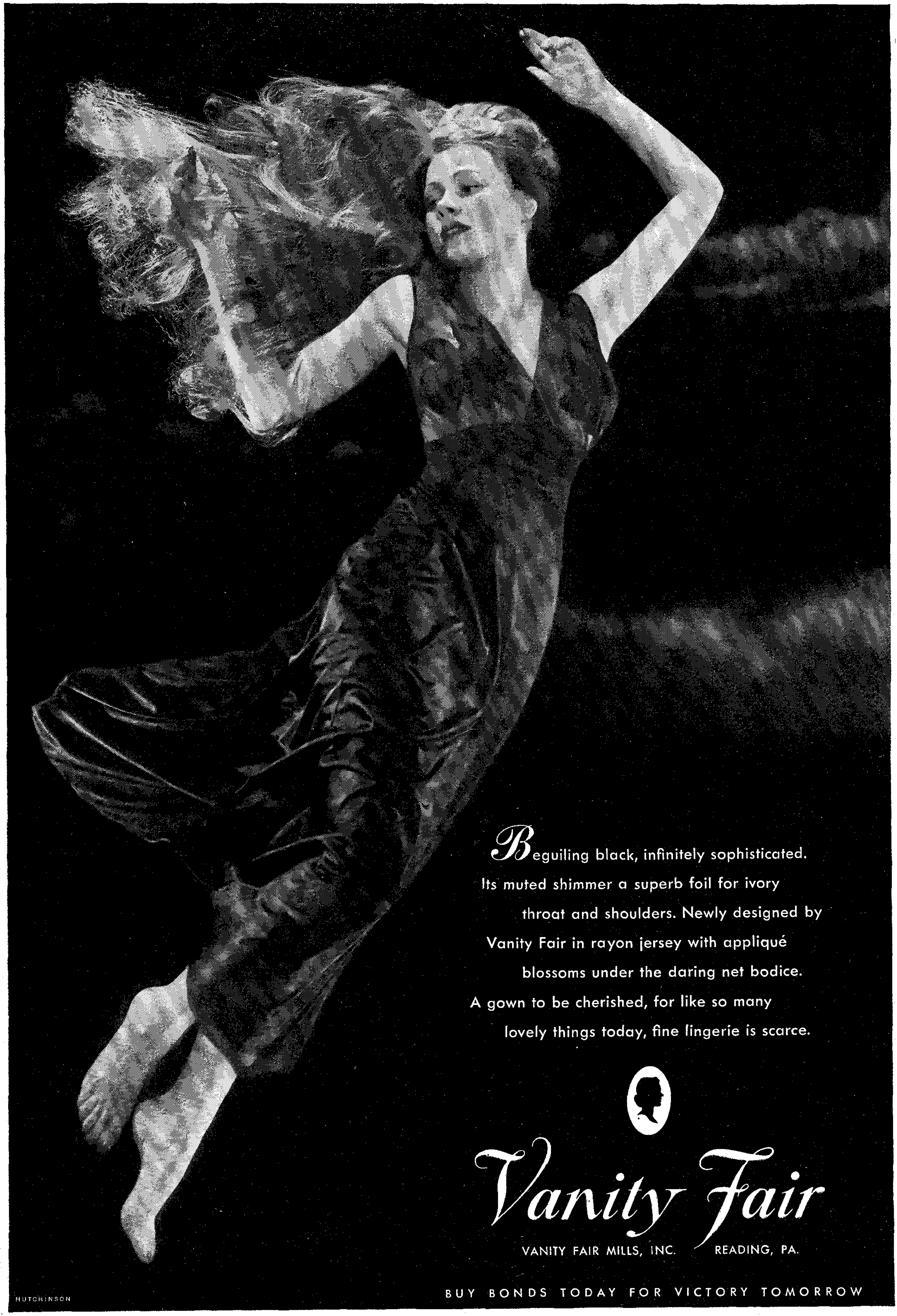

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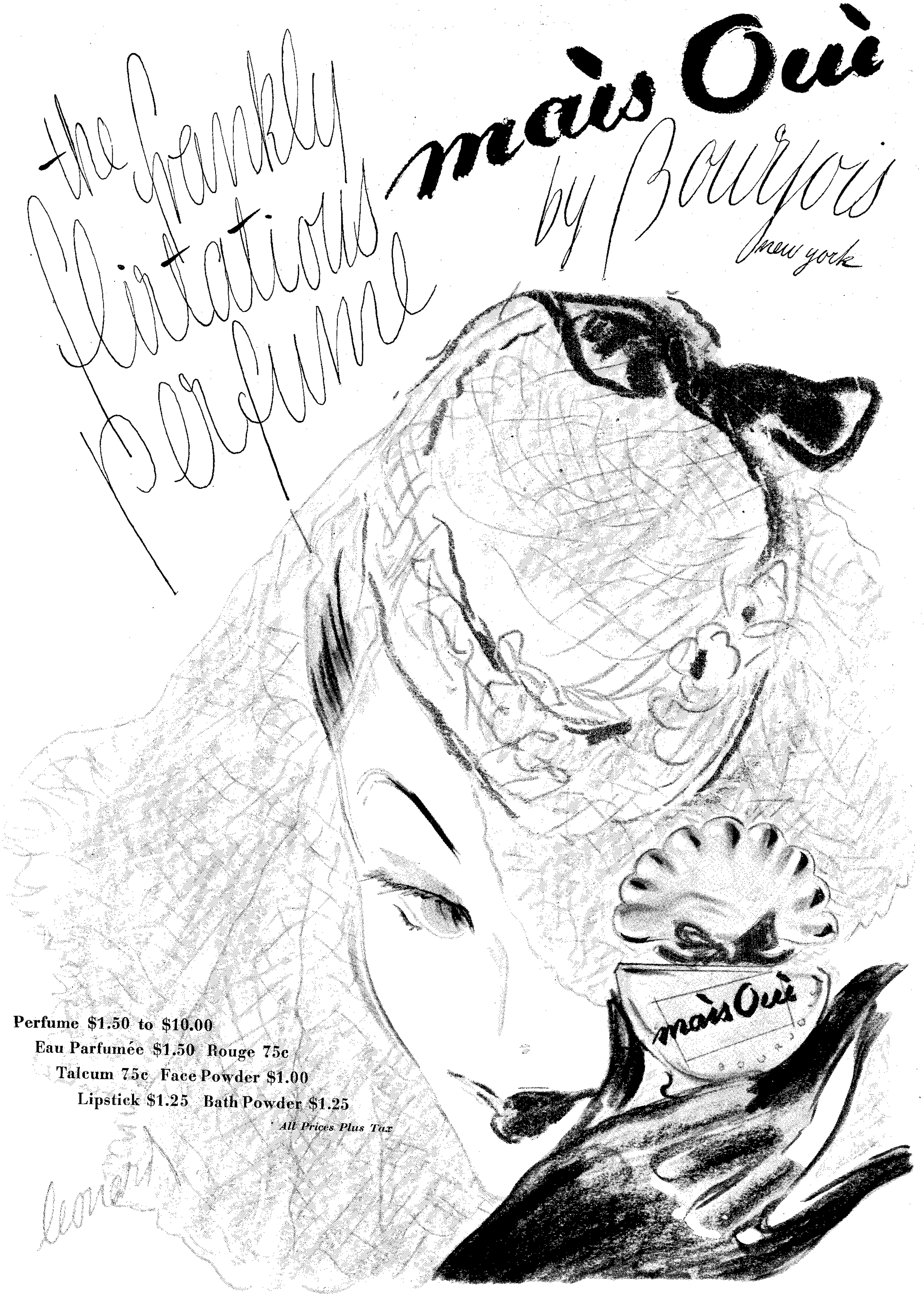
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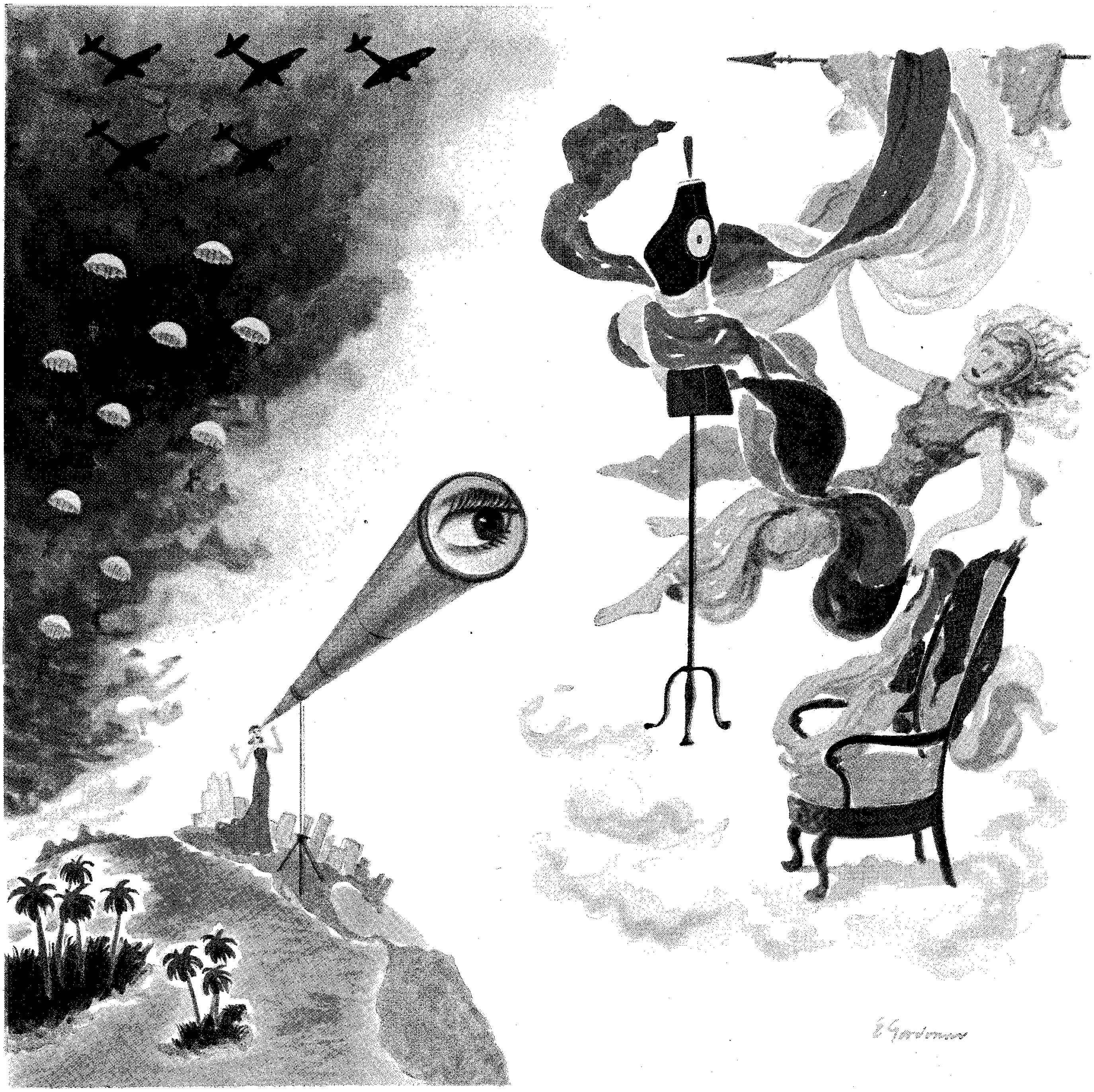

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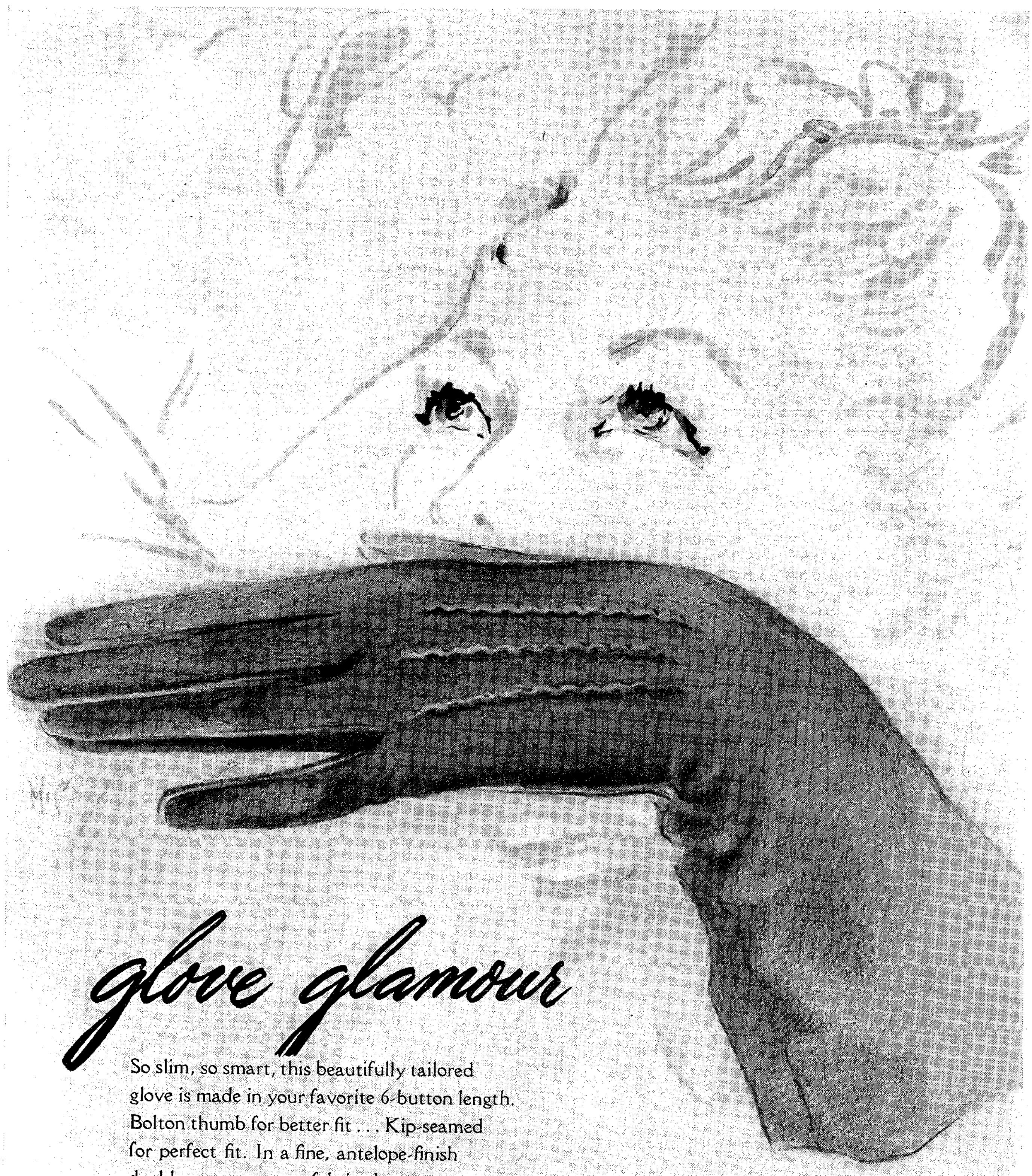

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

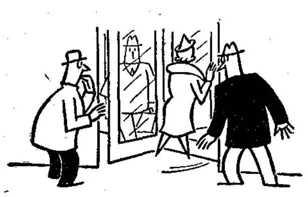
Notes and Comment

SPRING-TRAINING NOTE: Last Friday one of the Central Park seals fumbled twenty-five out of thirty-six fish tossed to it at lunchtime.

WE nominate for the bloodthirstiest advertising tie-up of 1944 an ad for Little, Brown & Co. we saw recently in *Publishers' Weekly*. Discussing Helen MacInnes's new thriller about the Polish underground, the publishers pointed out to the canny bookseller: "The Russian Army on the soil of Poland won't do this book any harm." The Battle of Flanders didn't do poppies any harm either, eh, Little, Brown?

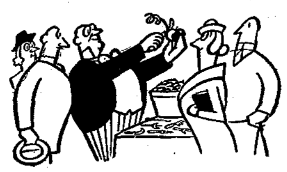
WHEN air-mail postage went up to eight cents and local postage to three, it was a step in the right direction, but not a long enough step. We hope nobody will think we are being whimsical when we say that postage ought to cost even more than it does now—a great deal more. To have a note delivered here in town within twelve hours ought to be worth ten or fifteen cents of anybody's money, and the out-of-town tariff ought to be twenty-five cents. Air mail and special delivery should be away up—a rate of fifty cents, say. It is no use arguing that higher postage would be hard on poor people; the poor cannot live by stamps alone. In a misguided attempt to make the mails available to widows and orphans, this nation has laid itself open to ten times as much direct-by-mail advertising as is good for it. (We have several other bright schemes for helping finance the war, and if Secretary Morgenthau would step aside for forty-eight hours, we'd be glad to start the ball rolling on them.)

SOMEBODY has patented a revolving door equipped with an electric eye to start it going at "the right moment." In our opinion there is no "right moment" for a door to begin revolving; almost always it's an unhappy compromise between two opposing factions, one trying to get into the building, the other trying to get out. The "right moment" never arrives, although we have seen neurotics hanging around the outskirts hopefully waiting for it. A revolving door is simply an ingenious trap which most people have learned to spring without getting killed. What a revolving door needs is not an electric eye but a steel grabhook to help hesitant ladies and a centrifugal governor to foil the ambitions of human dynamos. An electric eye for a revolving door would need to be fitted with bifocals, because one person's right moment is another person's Dunkirk.



ONE evening last week a lady who had been dining at a little French restaurant with some friends went to the powder room to tidy up before leaving. Several minutes later, as the party was getting into a cab, she exclaimed "Heavens! My ring!" and dashed back into the restaurant. Well, the ring, which was worth a cool seventy-five thousand dollars, wasn't on the wash basin; wasn't *anywhere*. After the police had been called in and had keenly questioned a number of other diners and the restaurant staff, the ring turned up. It had slipped down behind the wash basin and there it was, big as life. Our readers may be wondering why we bother to rehash this story, which—except for the somewhat startling value of the ring and the consequent interest of the police, who are snobs at heart—is one almost every husband can tell, and, with any provocation at all, does. Our reason is that the lady was once elected Miss Universe. There is an eerie sort of patness about the episode: Miss Universe being so flagrantly guilty of the most universal foible of her sex. We can't escape the irrational feeling that if it were possible to cuff some solid sense into Miss Universe, no woman would ever again shatter the evening quiet of the East Fifties with a shout of "Heavens! My ring!"

FROM our standpoint, the pleasantest sight in town one day last week was a gentleman, whose name we didn't quite catch, at the Union League Club hobby show. He seemed like a typical clubman—a banker, perhaps, grizzled, portly, in immaculate morning clothes and with a flower in his buttonhole—and he was demonstrating his hobby, which happens to be the collection of various gadgets that pare and core apples. He owns at least thirty of them, and must have the largest collection of its kind in the world, and he stood there, before a group of fellow-clubmen and visitors, taking apples out of a large basket and paring and coring them with one device or another. Sheer joy was on his face as the shiny red skins spiralled off and the hard little cores popped out, and in his hands there was an economy and precision we are sure he never could have achieved handling first mortgages. We stood watching him as long as we dared, and when we left we felt more confidence in the Union League Club than we had at any other time since 1928.



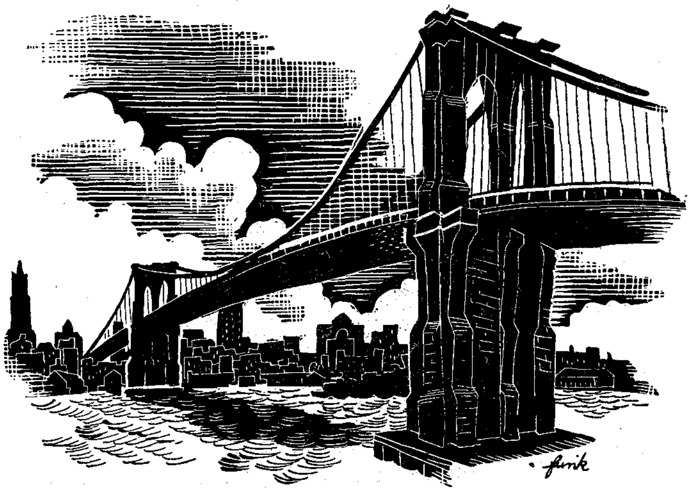
"LIFE" probably put an end to Governor Dewey's chances for the Presidency the other week. Perhaps it was intentional, but more likely it was an accidental consequence of that magazine's editorial passion for the tiny, omniscient detail. Under a formal picture of Dewey in the executive chamber of the capitol building, *Life's* caption went out of its way to say: "The desk in this room is so large, the chair so deep that Tom Dewey sits on two telephone books when being photographed here." The picture of a postwar peace table, seating Churchill, Stalin, Chiang Kai-shek, and little Tom Dewey on two telephone books, is plainly impossible. Goodbye, Pennsylvania Avenue; hello, New York.

Tackle for the Troops

THESE paragraphs are about an outfit known as Harlan Major and His Fishermen, which is not a dance orchestra. Harlan Major is a well-knit, baldish sportsman, and His Fishermen are a group of volunteers who spend their spare time in a basement workshop in his house, at 115 East Thirty-fifth Street, reconditioning trout flies, splicing lines, and preparing other fishing gear for Army and Navy men stationed anyplace outside the United States that offers good fishing. In a little more than eighteen months, this has grown into an enterprise of no trifling proportions. Last week, for instance, five hundred requests for tackle came in from soldiers and sailors. A thousand pounds of assorted tackle donated by sympathetic sportsmen had just been received. Much of the tackle shipped out by Major and his colleagues is either homemade or second-hand; almost no new fishing gear has been turned out by the manufacturers since May, 1942. Seven of Major's volunteers are expert machinists, so all the reels and other movable parts are in perfect shape when shipped. Another fellow specializes in unravelling snarled fishing lines.

This venture got started in the most casual way possible. Late in the summer of 1942, Major had a letter from an Army friend stationed in Australia, who remarked that there was good fishing down there if a man only had something to fish with. The topic was a natural one for the writer of the letter to bring up, since Major is an expert on fishing tackle and fishing. He got interested in the outdoor life when he went West to recuperate from a chest wound he received in the first World War. He became the recreation director of a hotel in the Yosemite. On the side, as his health improved, he undertook to double for stars who came out to make movies on location; once, he remembers, he went over some dangerous rapids in a canoe, as Boris Karloff. Next, backed by various transportation companies, he travelled around the world investigating the possibilities of remote fishing grounds and wrote books on the subject. Anyway, Major sent his friend some simple tackle, with advice about using it in that part of the world. A while later, a girl in his publisher's office happened to say in his hearing that her boy friend, stationed in the Aleutians, was pining to fish the local streams, so Major sent *him* some appropriate tackle. After he had done something like this a few times, he began to get mail indicating that the word had spread over the globe by grapevine that fishing tackle was to be had by writing to him. Since his fishing equipment totalled six hundred pounds and occupied most of his basement, he was able to fill these orders out of stock for a while. When his own things were gone, he turned to his sporting friends, then asked all the sporting-goods retailers for any samples they might have left around. Finally, through the columns of the *Sporting Goods Dealer*, he appealed to manufacturers, and enlisted his friends to help him refurbish whatever was sent in. He now has about thirty-five assistants, and more than enough gear to keep them busy flows in week after week. Handling the correspondence resulting from the enterprise is almost a full-time job. What with this and the actual work on the tackle, Major usually puts in a sixteen-hour day. Whenever Major hears from a soldier who wants tackle, he sends a simple kit that would be useful where the soldier is stationed, and requests further details on what kind of fish there are, what the fishing grounds are like, and other pertinent information, as well as the name of the recreation officer, if there's one in the neighborhood. It's better that the local recreation officer be in charge of the tackle since he can see that more men use it and pass it on to newcomers if the personnel is replaced. Major won't send out expensive and irreplaceable equipment unless convinced that the recipient will know how to use it; amateurs have to get along with hand lines.

The nation's fishermen have generally been immobilized by travel restrictions and the pressure of their business, Major says, and are willing to part with their tackle in a good cause. He gets a lot of contributions, too, from estates that are being settled; people don't like to sell or throw away the tackle used by the deceased, and are glad to send it where it will do some good. It does plenty of good, judging from the mail from the servicemen. Right now, soldiers in the Aleutians are fishing through the ice with tackle Major sent them, submarine crews are fishing over the side when they surface, and the China-Burma-India region, until now a closed piscatorial book, is about to be thoroughly explored by American fishermen.

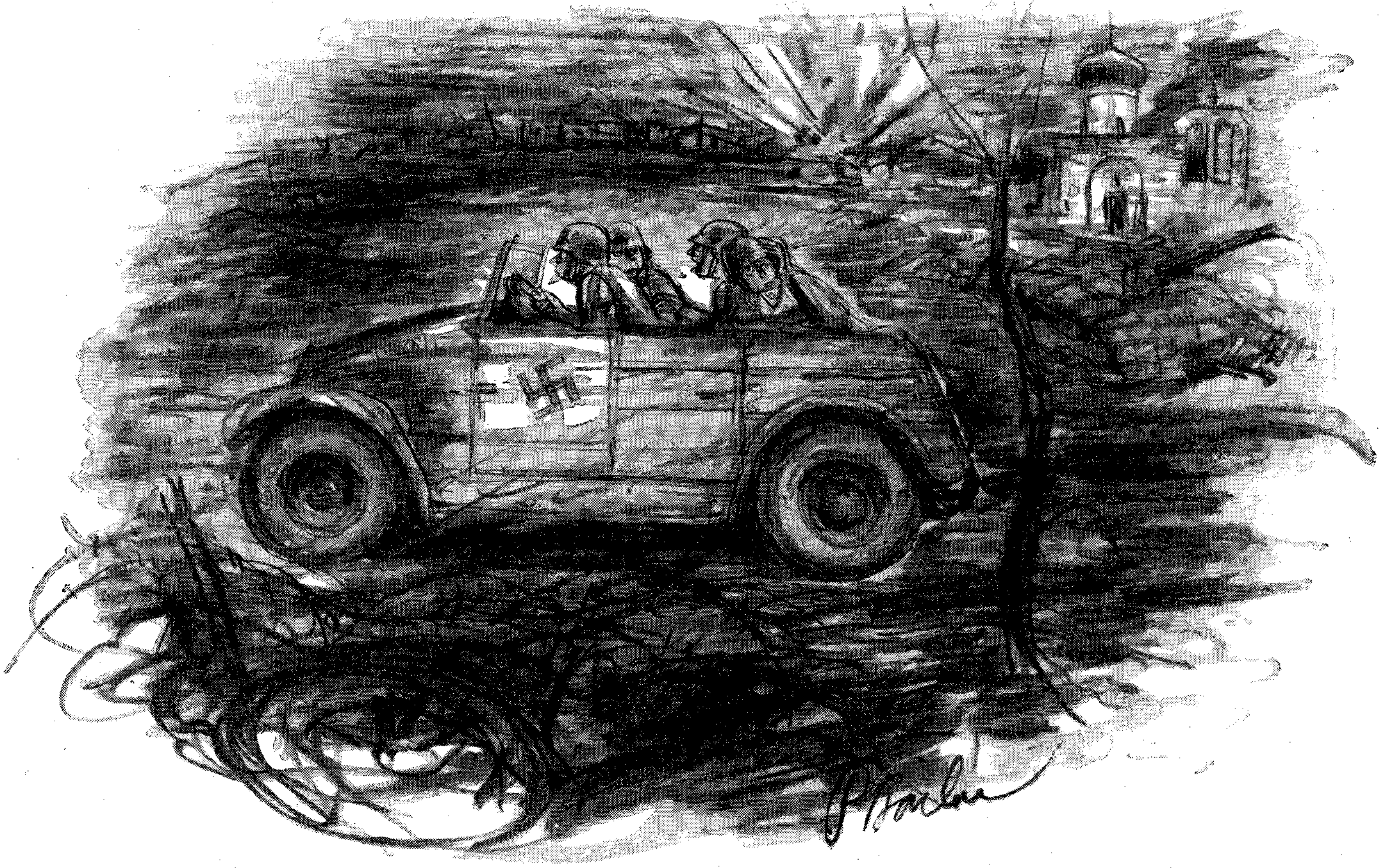


Pigeonhole

A WASHINGTON friend of ours who sometimes has to do business with an officer in the Navy Building dropped in there the other day to make sure that the Navy man had his current address and telephone number. The officer's secretary, a pert little Wave, dipped into her files and verified the address and number, then put the card back into a folder marked "P." Our friend's name begins with "B" and he called her attention to what he supposed must be an error. "No, that's all right," she said. "I file you under 'People Who Drop in Once in a While.' "

Enemies' Eyesight

AS you are doubtless fully aware, defective vision is no bar to active service in the Japanese Army. If it were, there wouldn't be a very big army, since at least one-third of the population



"But look on the bright side, Hermann. Now if we get a furlough we won't be so far from home."

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of Japan has some form of poor eyesight, usually myopia. When we were in school, we were taught that the reason was that little Jap babies were carried about on their mothers' backs and squinted into the sun during their formative years; the latest theory is that it's a deficiency in Vitamins A, C, and D, all of which are lacking in the normal Japanese diet. Who knows? Who cares? At any rate, the optical industry in Japan has for some years been very big. The opticians' shops in Tokio are the most elaborate in the world, and the cost of glasses about one-third what it is in this country. At Osaka, the centre of the industry, there is a special shrine where a *gankyo sai* (optical festival) is held every year. No ethical Jap optometrist or optician would dream of missing a *gankyo sai.*

Until 1920 or thereabouts, the United States and Germany supplied Japan with almost all her optical goods. Then the local industry expanded and within eight years Japan was sending *us* lenses, rims, and other optical equipment. Japanese lenses are not made of glass but are ground from a clear white quartz which is mined extensively on the islands, and they're inferior to the American product but considerably cheaper. By 1936, Japan was shipping us four million lenses a year. In that year, Congress passed a law requiring imported goods to be stamped with the place of manufacture, whereupon at least one Japanese manufacturing city adopted the alias "Usa" and kept right on doing business as usual. The Federal Trade Commission was never amused by the Usa gag and is still prosecuting importers who before the war distributed goods bearing that stamp or label. Up to 1941, Germany was also embarrassed by big imports of Japanese spectacles.

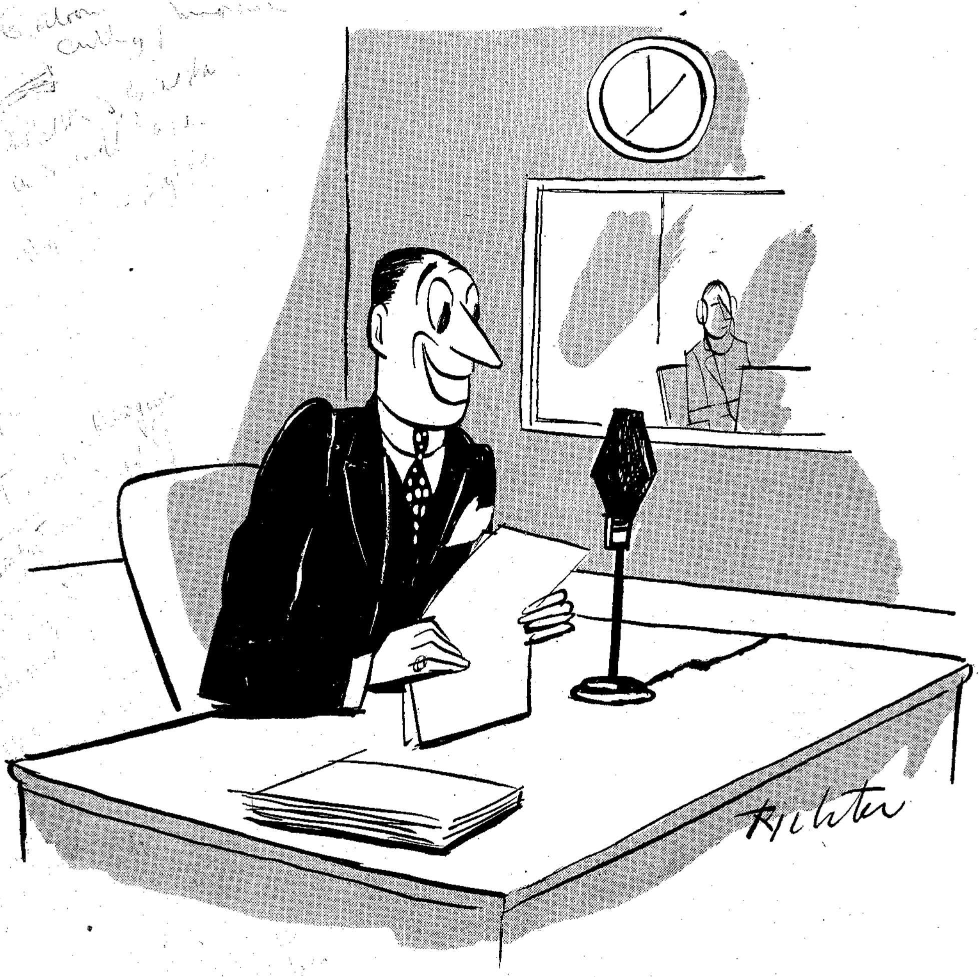
In Japan, men, women, and children wear the heavy, black, imitation-tortoise-shell rims that were popular over here in the mid-twenties. There are several reasons for the popularity of this style. For one thing, metal has always been scarce in Japan and substitutes are used wherever possible. There is also the anthropological consideration that the Jap nose is too flat for pince-nez to get a good grip. Also, the Japs are traditional admirers of several questionable aspects of American culture—big-league baseball, hard straw hats, and the like—and, since they began to manufacture their own spectacles at about the time the horn rims were epidemic over here, they have more or less become frozen at that stage of our aesthetic development. A great many Japs who have nothing wrong with their eyes wear spectacles anyway, just to be in the swim. Ninety-five per cent of the geisha girls do; they consider it fetching, as do their admirers.

Chess Problem

A SOLDIER we know tells us that he saw two of his comrades-in-arms engrossed in a chess game at a U.S.O. canteen. The position was a highly complicated one, and our friend stopped to watch. For several minutes neither player spoke or made a play, then one of them roused himself and inquired, "Say, which am I—black or white?"

Pleasant Sound

WE are prepared to explain the principles of a new musical departure called "color harmony," having had a



"And now a new experiment in radio. We are going to bring you a full hour of commercial announcements completely uninterrupted by music or entertainment of any kind."

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quick briefing by Mr. Louis Gesensway, its inventor. At least we think we are prepared. Mr. Gesensway is a first violinist with the Philadelphia Orchestra who has decided that a great many of the works he is called upon to play simply won't do. They'll have to be scrapped completely. That is because, in his own words, "The possibilities of conventional music are nil." His own answer is color harmony, the main feature of which is a forty-tone scale based on the old diatonic, or eight-toned, job.

"Color" is a musical term relating to accidentals, or notes foreign to the key in which a composition is written. To put an F sharp in a piece written in the key of C is to "color the F." Mr. Gesensway composes music that is shot through with what would ordinarily be called accidentals, but they aren't accidentals, because he doesn't write in keys at all. In his forty-tone scale there are five tones to the diatonic's one because he includes not just C, for instance, but C double flat, C flat, C sharp, and C double sharp. Everybody knows, he says, that C sharp and D flat, though they are the same key on a keyboard, are essentially different tones and you might as well face it.

Now then, people may say that this is the same old stuff as the atonality of the composer Schonberg. Not entirely. Schonberg deals extensively in chromatics, which Gesensway doesn't, and Gesensway, though—like Schonberg—not restricted to any key, *is* restricted to a mode. His "Quartet for English Horn, Flute, Violin, and Violoncello" is written in the mode of A. That is to say, it is not written in A major or A minor, but it has the general quality of A. It is A-ish, so to speak.

Mr. Gesensway has given one concert, at the Philadelphia Academy of Music. "Nobody walked out," he told us. "They came prepared to be shocked, but they weren't, because my music, though dissonant, is not repellent. In fact, it has rather a pleasant sound." The concert was staged on a shoestring, with the assistance of Mr. Schima Kaufman, also of the Philadelphia Orchestra, a violinist with promotional talent. During the preceding week, Bonwit Teller in Philadelphia had nine windows devoted to color harmony. In order to obtain a few testimonials to use on the back of the program, Mr. Gesensway took some samples of his work to various prominent musicians. "Toscanini was puzzled," Mr. Gesensway told us, "but he liked it. He said he was too old for that kind of thing himself, but he'd like to hear some younger man conduct it." Stokowski said, for the record, "This is music of today." Eugene Goossens said, "Unusual handling of instruments." Pierre Monteux said, "Exceptionally well written." Vladimir Golschmann said, "Originality, vitality. In short, many qualities." José Iturbi said, "Your work has my deepest respect and admiration." When Mr. Gesensway told Eugene Ormandy that he was putting on a little concert and would like an appraisal of his work, Ormandy said, "Certainly. What would you like me to say?" "Perhaps you'd better have a look at this," said Gesensway, handing him a copy of his "Quartet." Ormandy glanced at it and came up with "I consider Mr. Gesensway one of the outstanding composers of our country."

Mr. Gesensway, who is thin, bushy-haired, and in his late thirties, was born in Latvia but came over to Canada as a boy. He studied at the Toronto Conservatory of Music and later at the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia. In 1926 he got a job with the Philadelphia Orchestra, from which he took a leave of absence in 1930 to go to Budapest and study under Zoltán Kodály, the Hungarian composer. In the course of his studies, he has developed, in addition to color harmony, a fondness for the intricacies of tempo. "Take ordinary four-four time," he said to us. "How many ways do you suppose there are of writing four beats to a measure?" We didn't know, but we do now. It's 1,460.

Rainy Day

A PLACID-LOOKING lady accompanied by a big dog dropped into a drugstore on upper Madison Avenue last Monday evening for a package of cigarettes. She gave the clerk a quarter, and out of her change tossed a nickel to the dog, who caught it in his mouth. This startled one of the other customers into shouting, "Watch out! He'll swallow it!" "No, he won't," she said. "He carries it in his mouth until he gets home and then hides it under the living-room rug." As the lady and the dog turned to go out into the night, she added in a whisper, "He has almost four dollars saved up—thinks we don't know about it."

Volcanology

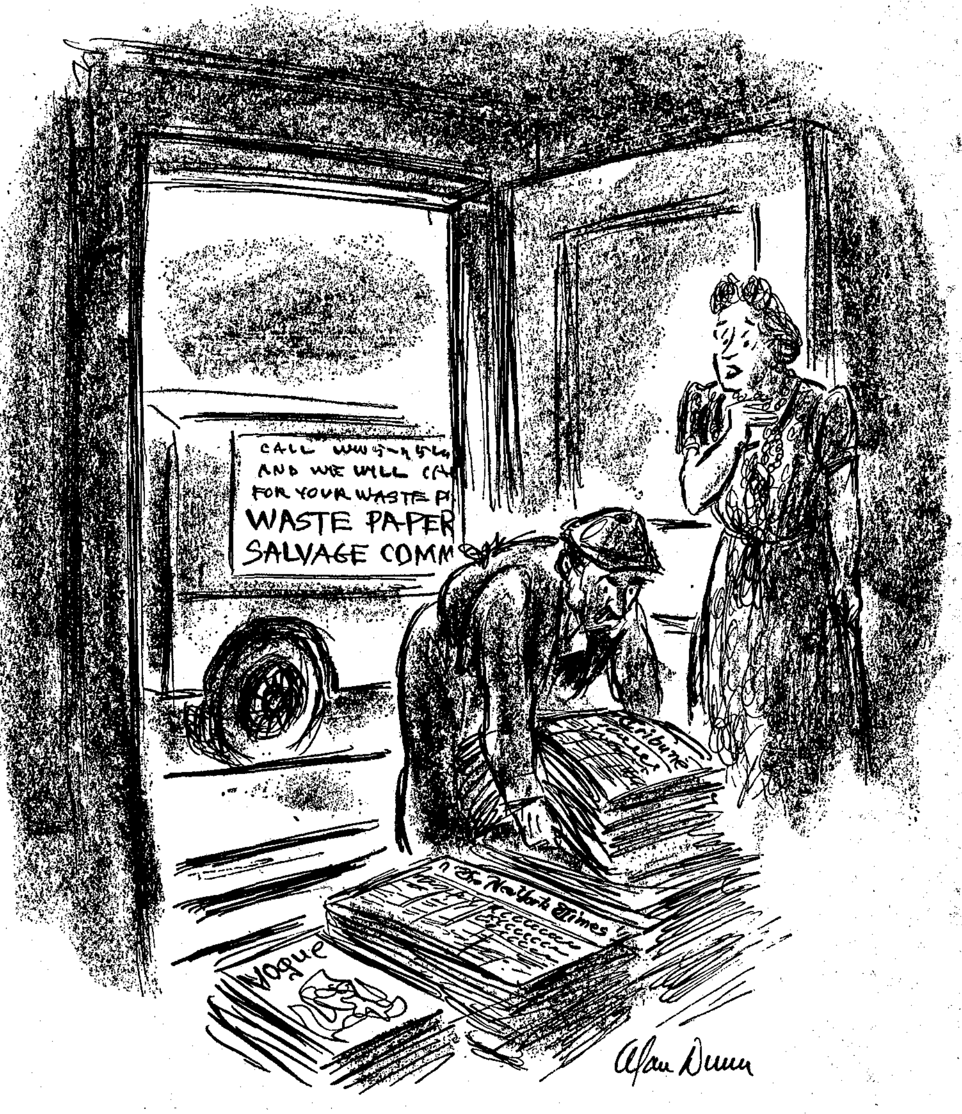
LAST week's eruption of Vesuvius is said by a local volcanologist we have talked to to be the worst since 1906, when twenty million cubic metres of lava were discharged. That's enough to cover Central Park twenty feet deep. In 1872 there was a pretty bad one, too. All in all, about eighty eruptions of Vesuvius have been recorded; the latest is rather routine—few lives lost, some damage to property, great excitement. Nothing like what happened in 1631, when eighteen thousand people were killed; that time seven streams of lava flowed out of the crater, wiping out several villages. The one you remember from Ancient History 1 occurred in 79 A.D. and completely buried Pompeii and Herculaneum. After the big blow off of 1631, which, by the way, was the thirteenth within the memory of man, Vesuvius began to erupt oftener but with less violence. Judging by the record of the past hundred and fifty years, it may be expected to get a little stirred up every decade or so, but sometimes it's just a slight flow of lava from a fissure. Vesuvius, like a good many other time-honored institutions, isn't what it used to be.

The eruption of 1906 was accompanied by earthquake shocks, which didn't happen this time, but a description of it will give you some idea of what it must be like now. During the first few days of the 1906 eruption, there was a dry rain of volcanic ash, so heavy that people in Naples, seven miles away, went about the streets with open umbrellas. Then there was a series of violent explosions that seemed to take place within the crater. These were accompanied by an unusual visual effect—a number of thin, luminous arcs spreading outward and upward from the summit. (The same phenomenon was observed during the first World War in high-speed photographs of cannon fire; refraction of light caused by the joggling of the atmosphere is what the scientists think.) At any rate, a hundred thousand Neapolitans evacuated the city. The eruption lasted for eighteen days, and at its height it threw a melodramatic light for miles. A group of volcanologists stayed on the slopes throughout that period, taking notes and dodging gobs of warm mud that came hurtling through the air at them. When there was a big fire at the top, there was, owing to the draft, a steady, strong wind blowing up the slopes; when there wasn't a fire, the mountainside was covered by a cloud of smoke so heavily magnetized that the scientists' hair stood on end. One day they were bombarded with live caterpillars as well as mud, and several days later it was live flies. Nobody has ever explained the flies and caterpillars satisfactorily. Another mystery was that in a nearby village solid matter thrown from the volcano broke a lot of windows in the sides of buildings facing away from the crater.

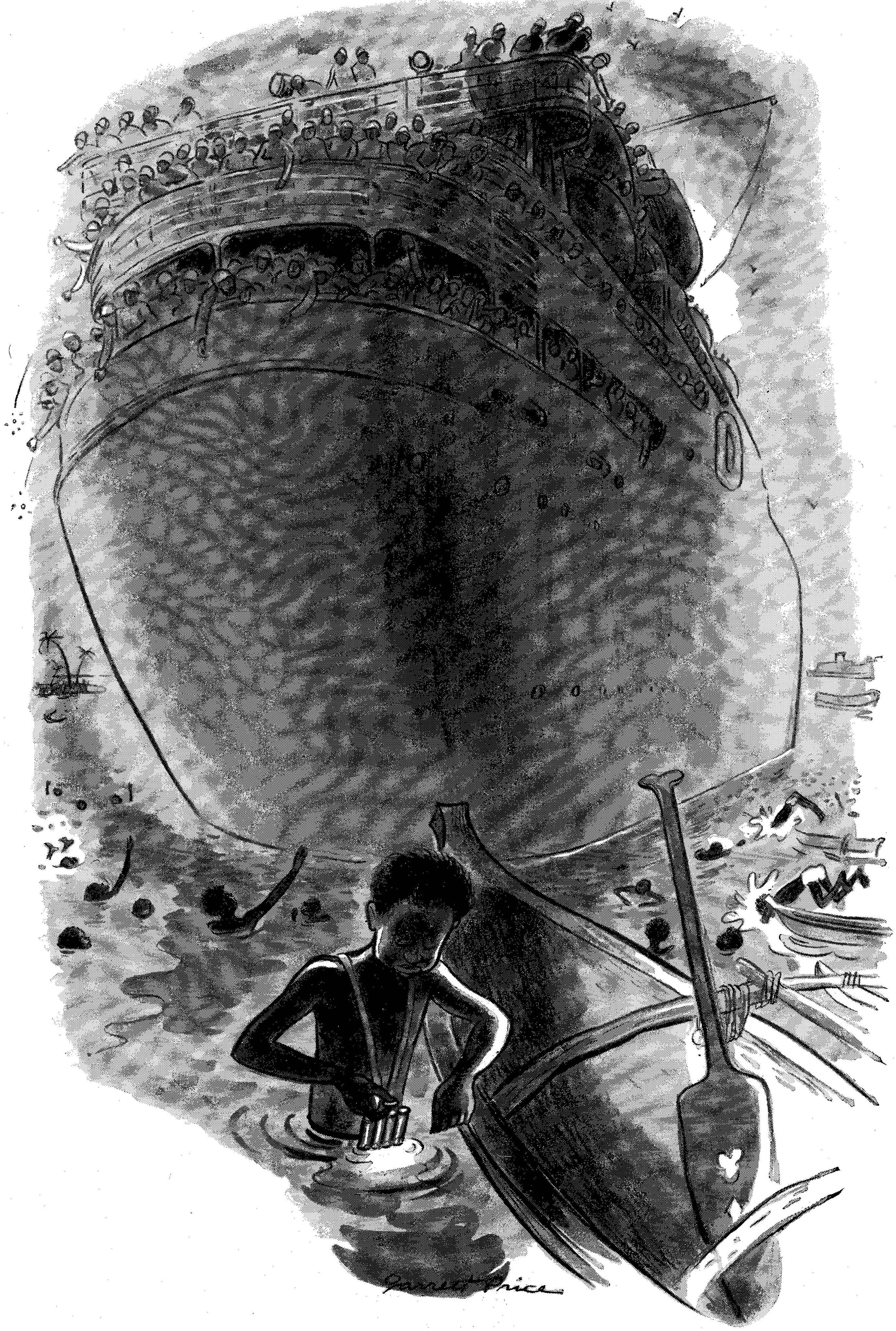
Science is far from being able to predict what Vesuvius, or any other volcano, will do, or to explain what it has done. Sometimes Vesuvius spouts hot water containing boiled fish and seaweed; sometimes it spouts a vapor that is lethal to human and animal life (it killed the elder Pliny in 79 A.D.). Once it spouted pure carbonic-acid gas, like a big soda fountain. Incidentally, a volcano produced what was undoubtedly the biggest noise ever heard on this planet. In 1883 there was a volcanic explosion on the island of Krakatao, in the East Indies, that was heard three thousand miles away.

Farewell

TWO prosperous-looking fellows with briefcases, who could have been attorneys or brokers, entered the I.R.T. station at Fourteenth Street, deep in argument. As they waited, on the express side of the platform, the discussion became somewhat acrimonious, and after they had boarded an express and were headed for Forty-second, standing up face to face in the five-o'clock crush, it turned into real bitterness. "If that's the attitude you're going to take, sir," one of them said huffily at last, "I bid you good day."



"I suppose in some neighborhoods you get nothing but the 'Journal-American.'"


Garrett Price

GARNISH YOUR FACE WITH PARSLEY AND SERVE

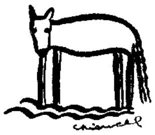
On a balmy summer evening in Los Angeles two years ago, heavy with the scent of mimosa and crispy-fried noodles from the Chinese quarter, I happened to be a member of the small, select audience of cocaine peddlers, package thieves, and assorted strays at the Cozy Theatre that witnessed the world première of a remarkable motion picture called "The Sex Maniac." Most of the production, I grieve to say, is little more than a blur in my memory, but one scene still stands out with cameolike clarity. Into the consulting room of a fairly mad physician, whose name I somehow remember as Lucas Membrane, hurtled a haggard middle-aged woman, towing her husband, a psychotic larrikin about seven feet tall. The Doctor examined the patient cursorily through a pocket lens, inspected his tongue, and, muttering "Just as I feared—dementia praecox," inoculated him intravenously with a hypodermic no larger than a bicycle pump. The patient slowly expanded, gnashing his teeth, until his head grazed the ceiling. Then he darted into the next room, where a luscious showgirl in a diaphanous shift unaccountably lay asleep on a slab, and, booming like a bittern, hustled her off into the canebrake. His wife and Dr. Membrane stared after him, shaking their heads in mild perplexity. "Well, Doc," observed the former, inflecting her words in the classic manner of Miss Beatrice Lillie, "I've seen some pretty . . . strange . . . experiments in my time, but *this* . . . is tops."

I was tempted to echo these sentiments yesterday when, in the Sunday edition of the Newark *Star-Ledger* which I received as lagniappe with fifteen cents' worth of sour tomatoes on Division Street, I ran across an arresting article on various home beauty treatments evolved by Hollywood personalities. It appears that, far from favoring expensive skin foods and massage creams, our reigning film favorites prefer cosmetics drawn from their own kitchen shelves. Like Dolores Moran, for instance. Any discussion of lovely Hollywood elbows would be incomplete without a reference to hers; I myself recall more than one such discussion that seemed frustrated and sterile because no reference was made to Miss Moran's elbows. To keep them trig and alluring, the blond starlet rests them on two halves of a lemon for twenty minutes while she rehearses her lines, then rubs them satin-smooth with olive oil. Julie Bishop preserves her hands by rolling them in oatmeal (which, of course, she discards before playing her more romantic love scenes), and Ida Lupino safeguards an already creamy complexion with a poultice of powdered milk. Urging her readers to branch out for themselves, the beauty editor of the *Star-Ledger* appends several other recipes of a similar homely nature, notably a hand pack of corn meal and benzoin, an egg whipped up in lemon juice to rejuvenate tired or muddy faces, and a flocculent suspension of cornstarch in boiling water as an emollient for leathery skins.

What with a soaring luxury tax and a shrinking supply of cosmetics, it was inevitable that Elizabeth Arden would be supplanted by the grocery counter, but I am none too sure of the effect on the masculine gender. I foresee almost certain repercussions in the divorce courts and the Sunday-evening radio tribunals, and I offer the following *mise en scène* as a horoscope of what to expect shortly over any major network:

[*Scene: A radio station. John J. Antennae, spiritual father to millions, broods remotely before his microphone, pondering the philosophy of Ralph Waldo Trine and waiting for the announcer to complete his commercial. Fox-nosed, sallow, closely related to God on his mother's side, Antennae has been by turns an insurance technician, reception clerk in a cut-rate mortuary, and used-car salesman. From the side he dimly resembles a spider, an effect he tries to counteract with a ghastly veneer of benevolence.*]

Announcer: . . . So why not back up our boys in the steaming jungles of New Guinea by chewing Respighi's Bubble Gum, that amazing new blend of chicle, old tea leaves, and pine shavings? Remember, folks, maladroit tests by wool-gathering scientists have shown that Respighi's contains no single ingredient that could kill a horse, and even if it did, the hydrochloric acid in your system will dissolve anything. And now, Mr. Antennae, the case of Mr. M. W.



Antennae (*nasally*): Step up, please. (*Milton Wefers, a dispirited taxpayer in his mid-thirties, falters to the podium.*) Very well, sir, tell us your story. (*Wefers blubbers wordlessly.*) Come, come, tears aren't going to help. Here, take my hand. Now then.

Wefers (*brokenly*): Mr. Antennae, I first met my present wife in high school.

Antennae: Just a moment. Am I to understand that you first met your present wife in high school?

Wefers: That is correct.

Antennae (*sharply*): You mean you had not met this woman—this little lady to whom you have pledged the most sacred vow the human voice can utter—previous to the time you speak of? Answer yes or no.

Wefers: No. Well, shortly after we were married—seventeen years, five months, and four days, to be exact—I started in noticing that this party, that is, my wife, was covered with cracker meal.

Antennae: Cracker meal? You don't mean Cranquebille, do you?

Wefers (*lymphatically*): Cranquebille? What's that?

Antennae: It's a story by Anatole France.

Wefers: How could my wife be covered with a story by Anatole France?

Antennae (*waspishly*): I'm the one who's asking the questions around here, Percy.

Announcer: Yes, Mr. Antennae—and friends in our listening audience—do *you* ever ask yourself the question: What am I doing to keep myself sweet and wholesome for those boys in the steaming jungles of New Guinea? It's your patriotic duty as an American to protect the home front with Respighi's, that yummy, gummy confection that irradiates the vocal cords and promotes pharyngeal fun!

Antennae: All right now, go ahead with your problem.

Wefers: So like I say, Mr. Antennae, it made me nervous my wife always wearing cracker crumbs at the table. I mean it got on my nerves. It was like living in the same house with a breaded veal cutlet.

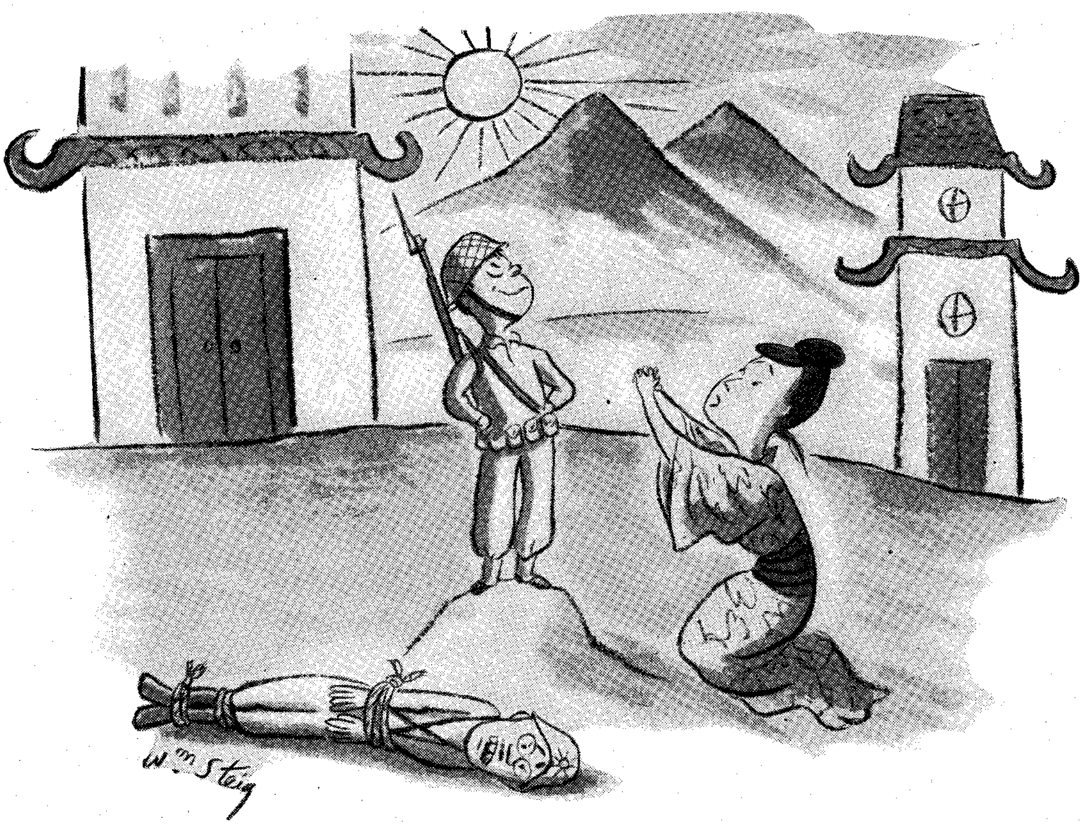
Antennae (*silkily*): I see. I take it you've had considerable experience sharing your residence with breaded veal cutlets?

Wefers: Well, no, but I—

Antennae: Tell me, young man, have you ever had any—ah—psychic disturbances? Ever been confined to an institution?

Wefers: No, sir.

Antennae: Never received a blow



DREAMS OF GLORY

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on the head, to the best of your recollection?

Wefers: No, sir. Well, pretty soon I begun to watch her and I saw all kinds of things that made me suspicious. Every time I come home at night, why she would have her nose in a grapefruit.

Antennae: How do you mean?

Wefers: I mean she would be lying down with this grapefruit on her countenance. She said it took out the wrinkles.

Announcer: Yes, folks, and speaking of wrinkles, here's a new one! Did you know that every stick of Respighi's Bubble Gum is subjected to six hundred pounds of live steam to bake in the invigorating freshness of the great north woods? The next time you're in a lumber yard, make this test for yourself: whittle off the end of a fresh spruce plank and chew it to a pulp. That same zestful tang of turpentine and resin comes to you in each factory-fresh packet of Respighi's, the Friendlier Gum, chosen all-time favorite by our boys in the steaming jungles of New Guinea!

Antennae: Now, my friend, continue your story. You claim that this behavior on the part of your loved one caused you a feeling of anguish?

Wefers: It did, Mr. Antennae. (*Sobbing*) I was a loving husband at all times; I was always bringing her little bags of fruit and candy and kissing her on the nap of the neck—

Antennae (*hastily*): Yes, yes, no details, please. Go on with your narrative.

Wefers: One Sunday morning I went in the kitchen and found her making some fried eggs. I thought they were for my breakfast, but instead of putting them on my plate, she placed them on her chin, like a kind of a hot compress.

Antennae: You discussed the incident with her?

Wefers: She stated that it would give her a firm, well-molded, youthful throat. Then I started to take some farina out of the double boiler, but she said she was saving it for her forehead. She also told me she planned to use my marmalade under her eyes to banish crow's feet.

Antennae: What was the upshot of these actions?

Wefers: Well, I couldn't stand it any longer, so I went down to the public library.

Antennae: To think things out, is that it?

Wefers: No, sir. To reread a story by Melville Davisson Post called "Corpus Delicti."

Antennae: Oh? What was this story about?

Wefers (*bashfully*): I'd rather not say.

Antennae: What transpired after that between you and your wife?

Wefers: I'd rather not say.

Antennae: You seem to have gotten pretty close-mouthed all of a sudden.

Wefers: Yup.

Antennae: Since the Sunday you speak of, has there been any substantial change in your wife?

Wefers: Oh, boy.

Antennae: Have you noticed anything out of the ordinary in the household?

Wefers: Well, there was a funny smell of nitric acid in the bathroom, but it went away after a while.

Antennae: And what, precisely, brings you here tonight? What is your problem?

Wefers: Well, Mr. Antennae, I tell you. A couple of weeks ago I got interested in a certain party, a hostess in a rumba school. She returns my affection and we were wondering if we should get married.

Antennae: You're sure your wife doesn't stand in the way?

Wefers: Positive.

Antennae: Well, my boy, I'm going to give you youngsters the sort of advice I don't believe I've ever given anyone before. *Go* to this person, look deep into your hearts, I beg of you, and when you've found the answer—*if* you have the courage in yourselves to face the questions that *need* answering, mind you—*make* up your minds, won't you? . . . You will? . . . (*Emotionally*) God bless you!

Announcer: Folks, have you ever stopped to realize how barren the world would be without a sticky, glutinous blob adhering to your dentition? Do you know that in the steaming jungles of New Guinea, your boys consider Respighi's Bubble Gum their number one ration? They're counting on you, Respighi-chewers; don't let them down. It's *so* juicy—*so* tasty—and golly, we've got *so* much of it on hand!

—S. J. Perelman

•

Colonel Jones is from Los Angeles, California. He is married and the master of two cocker spaniels.—*Tinker Tailspin, Tinker Field, Oklahoma City, Okla.*

Man of some stature, in other words.

MAJOR TOLD ME

Ah King was an old man, as they count age in China, where people age fast. He must have been nearing fifty, but he didn't look it. He carried himself straight, conscious that he had served British Army officers for the better part of his life, and though his manner toward those he considered his inferiors was not exactly bullying, he was certainly majestic with them. He managed, too, to give the impression of being well above normal height, which he wasn't. To Charles and me and our baby, Carola, he acted like a trusted old retainer, though again he wasn't. Charles, who is a major in the regular British Army and had been stationed in the Orient for ten years, had taken Ah King over from another English major who left Hong Kong, where we were living, a year before Pearl Harbor. I suppose that Ah King considered us legal heirs to the twenty-five years he had already contributed to the Army.

He had little use for civilians, but anybody in uniform was quite all right. His attitude toward our officer friends was the same as it was with our new baby; he was indulgent, avuncular, and proprietary with all of them. For instance, he noted before I did, when Lieutenant Jones paid us a call one day, that he was a lieutenant no longer but a proud young captain. Ah King knew just what to say. "Captain now, more money!" he remarked, beaming.

When the war burst on us, I had to make over my domestic arrangements very quickly. Charles had to move downtown to Army headquarters immediately, since he is a staff officer. I packed to take Carola up the Peak, the mountain which dominates the island of Hong Kong, for I had been previously assigned to act, in the event of hostilities, as assistant dispenser of drugs in the British War Memorial Hospital up there. Dr. Selwyn-Clarke, Hong Kong's Director of Medical Services, lived across the road from the hospital, and his wife, Hilda, invited us to stay with them so that I could look after Carola conveniently between working hours. Her house, she told me when she called to get us, was crowded with bachelor medical assistants, Chinese doctors and their families, and nurses. "We'll have three children besides your baby and mine," she said. "Twenty in all for meals—isn't it awful? Bring all the liquor you have in the house, dear." She flinched a little at a loud explosion, but didn't even glance up.

"Won't you want my servant to help out with that gang?" I asked.

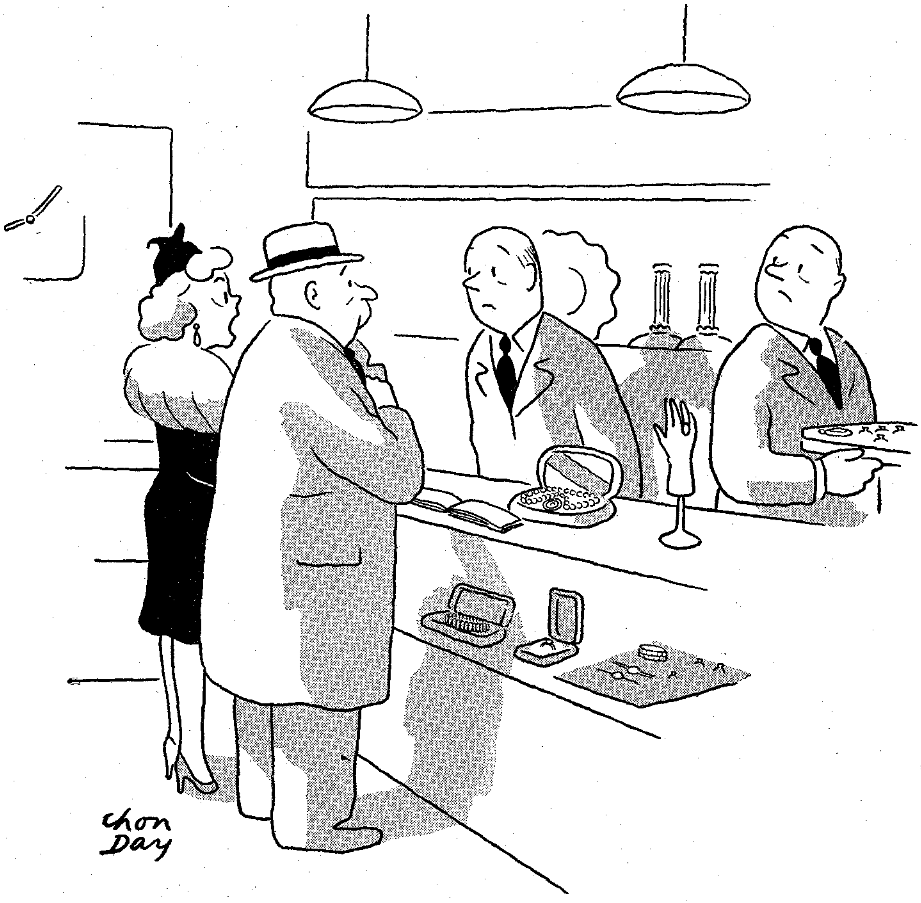
"Oh, no, we have masses of servants, thanks. You'll have to bring Carola's amah, naturally, but that's all we'll want. Ready?"

Ah King helped us with the bags down to the car, and I said goodbye with reluctance. I had come to depend on him a lot.

We didn't know yet that the Japs had broken through our front line of defense over on the mainland; war seemed more exciting than alarming when we gathered at the Selwyn-Clarkes' that evening for dinner. We had cocktails and joked about everything. Next day, however, was less amusing, because the Japs started shelling. I didn't like it and I suppose the servants liked it even less.

Everyone knows now how quickly it all went against the British in the siege. On the third day, Hilda's servants began to disappear. "Do you think Ah King might come up here and help us out," she asked me, "or will he make excuses and run for it, like the rest of them? I'm quite aware that this isn't the safest spot on the island." She was not overstating the case. The house was cozily situated between two British artillery emplacements, both of which the Japanese were trying earnestly to hit with shells and bombs. We put the nurses and children into the cellar and kept them there all day, every day, though it was difficult to make the older children stay put. One time I almost killed a little Chinese boy by trying to save his life; when a bomb hit near us, I threw him head first into the cellar.

That cellar wasn't safe, since the house was on the hillside and only half of the cellar was underground. But it was dark and closed in and it helped give an illusion of safety. I hate even remembering it. The children and the amahs crouched there in utter misery, and so did I and the other mothers whenever we were home. I don't think men could have stood it for an entire day. Men wanted to be able to shoot back, at least; we women and children just huddled together and took it because there was nothing else to do. Whenever a bomb fell nearby, the closed door leading from the cellar directly to the garden would bulge inward, a flash of reddish light would



"Quick, somebody get him a pen—anybody!"

show through the gaping cracks in the wood, the old house rattled, and the children shrieked. Then we elders would try to act nonchalant to stop their being frightened. I dream about it now.

"I'm certain Ah King will come," I said eagerly to Hilda. Quite aside from the discomfort, I was homesick. Even if Ah King couldn't stop the war, he would remind me of Charles and our home and I would feel better. Ah King arrived within two hours after I phoned him. He had climbed the Peak, carrying his white uniforms in a bag slung over his shoulder.

"Major told me, 'Look after Missy,' " he said when Hilda had given him his orders and he was settled into the kitchen. It was his way, I knew, of assuring me that in his mind I was still boss. But he took his orders from Hilda and cooked constantly and adequately until the evening that Dr. Selwyn-Clarke telephoned for everyone in the house to move quickly to the hospital. Hilda tried to be offhand about it as she reported his order. "It seems the Japanese have landed and are still landing on the island, my dear. This is Selwyn's plan that he made long ago. Women and children will be safer at the War Memorial, he thinks, just in case the Japs work their way up here before we can drive them out. Of course, it's nonsense to think the Japs could do that, but we'd better obey Selwyn."

THE hospital staff were not at all pleased when our forlorn little cavalcade showed up at the front door. They certainly would have turned us away if we hadn't been the Director's household. They turned everyone else away consistently, all through the siege, waiting for the flood of wounded who never arrived. The War Memorial was just too far up in the clouds to be useful for casualties. For strategic purposes, as we were to discover, the Peak was a washout generally.

Ah King saved our popularity. "A cook?" cried Matron, the British superintendent of nurses. "Oh, that's wonderful. All our cooks have run away. I'll hand the kitchen over to him immediately."

Ah King took the news well. "All right. Major say, 'Look after Missy and Carola.' If Missy live hospital, I cook for hospital, never mind."

"You see, Ah King," I said, "all the other boys have run away."

He beamed in proud contempt. "I know. They no belong Army cooks. All the time afraid."

THE MAN IN THE BOWLER HAT

I am the unnoticed, the unnoticeable man,
The man who sat on your right in the morning train,
The man you looked through like a windowpane,
The man who was the color of the carriage, the color of the mounting
Morning pipesmoke.

I am the man too busy with a living to live,
Too hurried and worried to see and smell and touch,
The man who is patient too long and obeys too much
And wishes too softly and seldom.

I am the man they call the nation's backbone,
Who am boneless—playable catgut, pliable clay;
The Man they label Little lest one day
I dare to grow.

I am the rails on which the moment passes,
The megaphone for many words and voices;
I am graph, diagram,
Composite face.

I am the led, the easily fed,
The tool, the not-quite-fool,
The would-be-safe-and-sound,
The uncomplaining bound,
The dust fine-ground,
Stone-for-a-statue, waveworn, pebble-round.

—PETER BLACK

• •

In a hospital cap and apron, he set about earning our keep. He had long hours and a thankless job because there was scarcely anything to cook, the food-transportation system having broken down. What there was to do he did, efficiently and with good temper, thereby showing more self-control than I did. I was getting hungry and cross. Thank heaven, I thought to myself one morning as I was giving Carola her bottle, the war caught us before the baby was old enough to want cooked food. Hilda came in then, just as Carola was drinking her last ounce and her amah, Ah Cheung, was gathering up diapers and blankets. "Don't be frightened," Hilda said to me at once. "He's quite all right and quite safe. They told me to assure you he's quite all right."

"Is it Charles? Why, what is it?" I cried. Ah Cheung grabbed the baby and the bottle from me as I jumped up, but in an instant I felt so weak that I had to sit down again.

"He was wounded, my dear," Hilda told me. "In the chest. They've got the bullet, though. He was able to talk; he asked them to phone you."

"Where is he?"

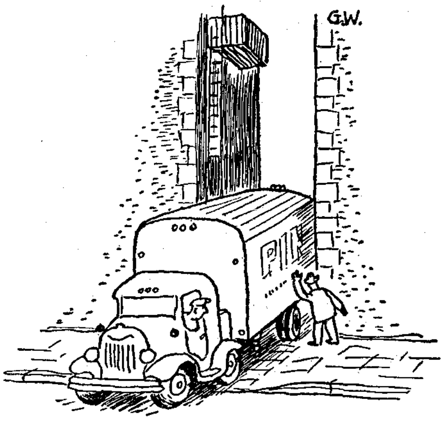
"At the Queen Mary Hospital—they brought him in there this morning."

"I wonder," I said, standing up, "how I can get there quickest. What do you think?"

"Oh, you mustn't think of going," said Hilda.

"But of course I'm going. Why shouldn't I? Is he dying?"

"No, no, I'm sure he isn't. But—" She hesitated. What she really had in mind, I think, was that she didn't want me to leave her alone on the Peak with her child and mine while I rushed down to the town and mixed into things. The Queen Mary was almost at sea level, and on the south side of the island. Without me, Hilda would be even less happy than she was at the moment, but she couldn't very well advance that as a good reason. "You wouldn't be able to take Carola," she pointed out.



"Oh, look! They're playing store."

• •

"Of course not. I'll leave her up here. I'll have to hitch-hike."

"Your duty is to your child," insisted Hilda.

"Nonsense. Who's talking about duty?"

At this point Ah Cheung broke the first rule of a good servant and interrupted us. "Missy, what trouble? Why Missy cry?"

"It's the Major, Ah Cheung. Major's been hurt."

"Ai-yah." She pattered off, wailing, to Ah King in the kitchen and left me to fight it out with Hilda.

"For one thing," said Hilda, growing icily angry, "you won't be able to get there. For another, I don't wish to be saddled with the responsibility of a child as young as—"

"What is it, Missy? Major hurt?" Ah King had deserted his pots of watery oatmeal. "Ah Cheung say Major's at Mary Hospital. Better go right now."

"Ah King, you can't go," said Hilda impatiently. "You're working for the war, for the government. You can't desert your post." Then she turned to me. "Now, Mickey," she began, "even if there is nothing in the dispensary to do, you must remember your child."

Before she finished, I walked out of the room. I went to the phone in the office and called Vera Armstrong. Vera was the wife of a British civilian; the Armstrongs were living about a quarter of a mile away in a house which had a deep, fairly safe cellar where I knew Vera and her two children spent most of their time. She and I had a short and satisfying talk, and I came back to Hilda dry-eyed and strengthened for the tussle. "Vera is calling for the baby and Ah Cheung as soon as they've finished breakfast," I announced, "so the question of responsibility need not trouble you."

"Oh," said Hilda.

"And now," I said, "I want my coat. Ah Cheung, where is my coat?"

I MADE the trip to the Queen Mary on foot and by truck and ambulance and morgue wagon and it seemed to take at least ten years. It would take that long to tell about it, so I'll pass it up. The British communiqué for the day probably mentioned increased enemy air activity and shelling. As I left the Peak's chilly heights, it seemed to me that they were in for a rather busy day at the War Memorial, but after a while I was so occupied with dodging air raids that I forgot to wonder what might be taking place up there. When you are heavily involved in war's alarms, you are apt to forget that similar horrors are going on elsewhere, too. Besides, so many bombs and shells landed near me as I struggled on toward the Pokfulam district, where the Queen Mary Hospital is, that I assumed —wrongly, as it turned out—that the Japs had stopped bothering the Peak.

In the Queen Mary compound, though, things were comparatively quiet. No Japanese warships had yet come around to shell that side of the island and the Japanese bombers were not aiming at that section. I arrived late in the afternoon. Charles had spent hours in the resuscitation ward since they brought him in, and frequent injections of saline and blood plasma had carried him through a bad period of bleeding.

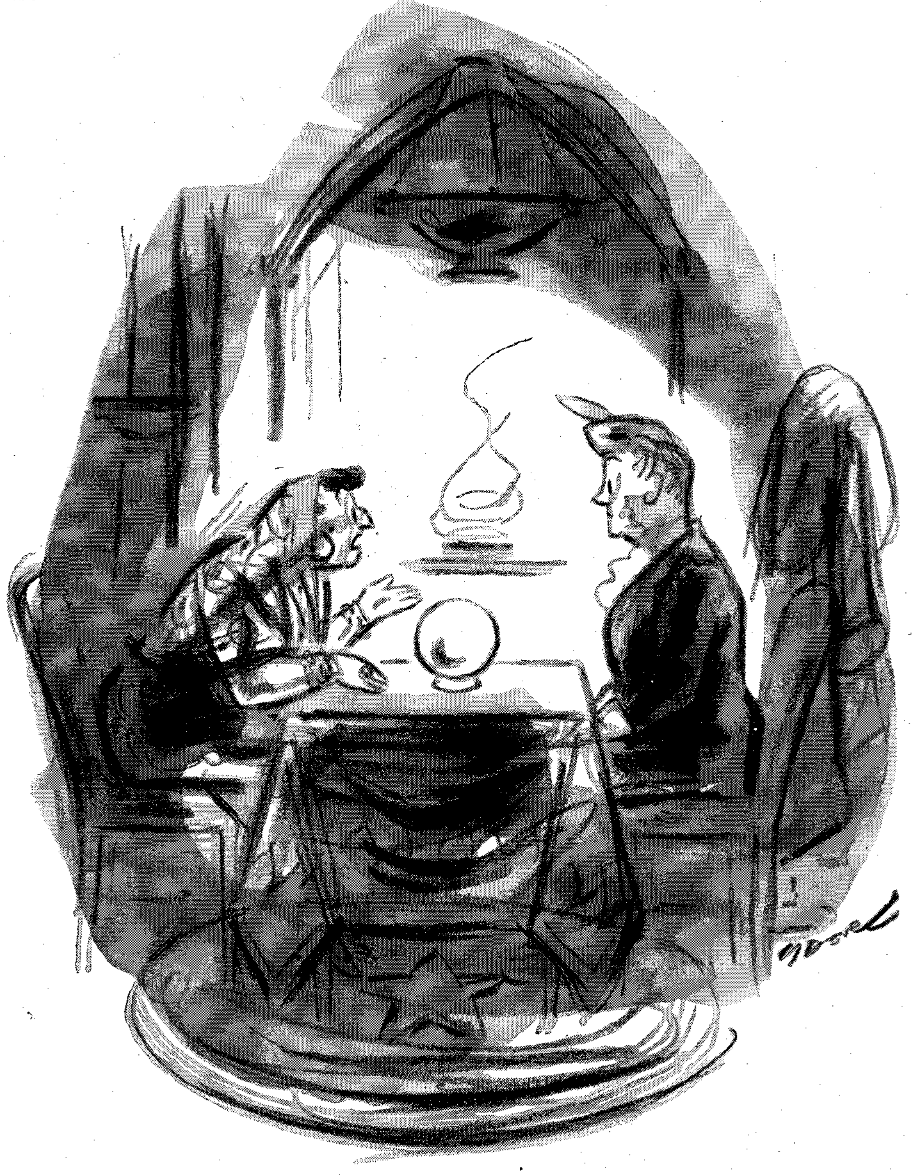
"I didn't mean for you to come all this way," he said. "I only meant for them to tell you I was all right."

"Well . . ."

He was cross. "How did you get here, anyway? It's dangerous."

"Hitch-hiking. How are you, and what happened?"

"I'm perfectly all right," he said. His face was greenish white and his hair was plastered with dried mud. They had cut his shirt off and dirt had dropped off his head onto the pillow and



"You're going on a long automobile journey—but where in the world will you get the gas!"

• •

had smeared his coarse muslin pajama jacket. He was lying on an Army cot.

"Give the bed a push up, will you?" he said. "I'm supposed to lie at an angle, with my shoulders high, the doctor said. There's an iron handle down there at the foot of the framework."

The man on the next cot saw my puzzled face. "You're on an Army cot, old boy," he said to Charles. "What did you think?"

"Oh. They told me I was to have a special bed. Well, never mind. Try to find a couple more pillows, will you, Mickey?"

I wadded up my coat and propped him higher.

"Where's Carola?" he asked.

"She's O. K. Don't worry. I left her with Vera Armstrong."

"I suppose that's quite all right," he said doubtfully.

"Sure it's all right. Vera's good with the baby. You know that."

"Still, I don't like you getting separated from her. I suppose it's safe, though."

"Oh, the Peak's quite safe," I said with assurance.

I FOUND a place to sleep at a friend's house near the Queen Mary. The telephone service was working only spasmodically now, but before I went to bed I got a call through after a little trouble and reached Vera. "How are you up there? How's Carola?" I said.

"Oh, it's you." Vera's voice crackled faintly across the wire. "We're all right, considering. My dear, it's simply hellish up here. Carola? I'm awfully sorry, Mickey, but I couldn't fetch her today. The bombing was terrible. I tried to get to the hospital three times, my dear, and every time I stuck my nose out the door a damned plane would fly over and I would have to fall on my face and crawl back into the house. But don't worry. She's sure to be all right. A hospital, after all . . . "

I was not at all happy about it. Vera obviously didn't know that hospital. Everybody was out for himself. There were few patients left and the place was being run more like a refuge and hostel for its nurses and doctors than like a real hospital. I put a call through to the War Memorial and got Matron. "Carola?" she said. "Oh, she's probably all right. I haven't seen her about today, myself, but as you know we have a lot to do. But wait a minute—didn't Mrs. Armstrong come and get her? I heard . . . "

The phone was cut off then, and I couldn't get her again. Oh, well, it would probably be all right to wait till morning, I decided. Still, it didn't seem quite safe.

VERA reported by phone the next afternoon that she still hadn't been able to make it to the War Memorial. "And I don't know, now, if I dare leave the children for that long," she said frankly. "Jack doesn't think I should. You've no idea what it's like up here now. They've mowed that apartment house, Peak Mansions, down completely, just with shells. Did you hear about it? One family was wiped out. They hit our house today, a glancing blow, luckily, or there would have been no roof left. Oh yes, about Carola—don't worry, my dear. Just phone the hospital."

It would have been better if I had not got through to the War Memorial. The receptionist answered the phone. She had just been sick, she told me, in the garden, because she had been watching some of the air-raid victims carried in and it was her first experience. "And how is Carola?" she asked me brightly.

"What? Isn't she there?"

"Why, I don't think so," she said. "Is she supposed to be? Didn't somebody come and take her away?"

In the course of the afternoon, I tried everything I could think of to get somebody to take me back up the Peak. It was no use; people weren't going up that road by daylight any more. There was a certain spot near the top where the Japs had the range beautifully, and a shell went whizzing past or exploded every second and a half. The roadway had disappeared in that spot.

In the meantime, I reported to

Charles that Carola was fine and all settled in the Armstrong house. Charles' wound was hurting a lot and he kept me pretty busy. The afternoon was further cheered up by Hilda's arrival, complete with her bags and her daughter. "Oh, it was impossible to live up there any more," she said. "We had seven shells on the roof of the War Memorial only this morning. . . . Carola? Why, no, I didn't see her. I haven't seen her since you left. Didn't Mrs. Armstrong come and fetch her?"

The phone system to the Peak went completely out, but I got a call through to the Hong Kong Hotel, in town, where an American friend of ours, Bill Hunt, was living. I reached him at eleven that night. I felt that he was probably my last resort. It was a long, confused story I told him, but he grasped the main points.

"Now settle down!" he shouted. "Calm down, do you hear me? Don't let Charles know anything about it and I'll get that baby. I'll get her, see? All I have to do is promote a car somewhere between now and early morning. The thing to do is get started kind of early, before the bombing gets under way. When does Charles expect you at the hospital in the morning?"

"He'll begin worrying if I'm not there by eight-thirty."

"Well, I'll get the baby down by seven-thirty. You stick around the house and wait for us."

By eight the next day, nothing had happened. By eight-thirty, I had decided that Bill Hunt was another casualty. At a quarter to nine, he phoned. "Listen. There's been a little accident to the car I was taking up, see, and I'm getting another one ready right now. Just stick around. Don't be nervous. I'll get that baby."

Bill drove up at ten-thirty, and they all poured up on the porch to the accompaniment of a brand-new air raid. Carola was packed in a Chinese back sling hanging from Ah Cheung's shoulders. Ah Cheung and Bill were laughing; Carola was howling.

"Well, we made it!" roared Bill as I grabbed the baby in what must have been the best cinema style. "Jesus, what a morning! We ruined a couple of cars, and—well, where the hell did *you* come from? I told you you couldn't!"

Ah King walked out from behind the car and picked up a bag. "Missy all right?" he asked politely.

"I told you there wasn't room!" said Bill. "Where were you?"

"On the luggage carrier, Master," said Ah King. "Very rough."

I was able after a while to find out what had happened. Ah Cheung and Ah King had waited twelve hours for Vera and then had given her up. Ah King had commandeered the necessary furniture and mattresses, and the three of them, Carola and Ah Cheung and Ah King, had simply set up housekeeping in the furnace room of the hospital. Bill had found them there after a systematic search from roof to cellar. Ah King had thought it the deepest and safest place. They had been unaware of my frantic phone calls. Ah King saw to it that there was enough to eat. Little by little, as the shelling grew fiercer, nearly everyone had left the hospital. "Not one other houseboy still working on the Peak," said Ah King proudly. "All run away. Even doctors run away. I don't run away. Ah Cheung very fear. I make Ah Cheung wait, no run away. I say, 'Missy look after us. Wait.' "

"But who's cooking now for the hospital?"

Ah King shrugged. "Major told me, 'Look after Missy.' Missy down in Pokfulam now with Carola. Major all right?"

"You can go and see him tomorrow," I said.

Carola had gone to sleep in my arms and Bill was getting into the car. Ah King picked up the bag again. "Good," he said. "What side kitchen in this house?" —EMILY HAHN

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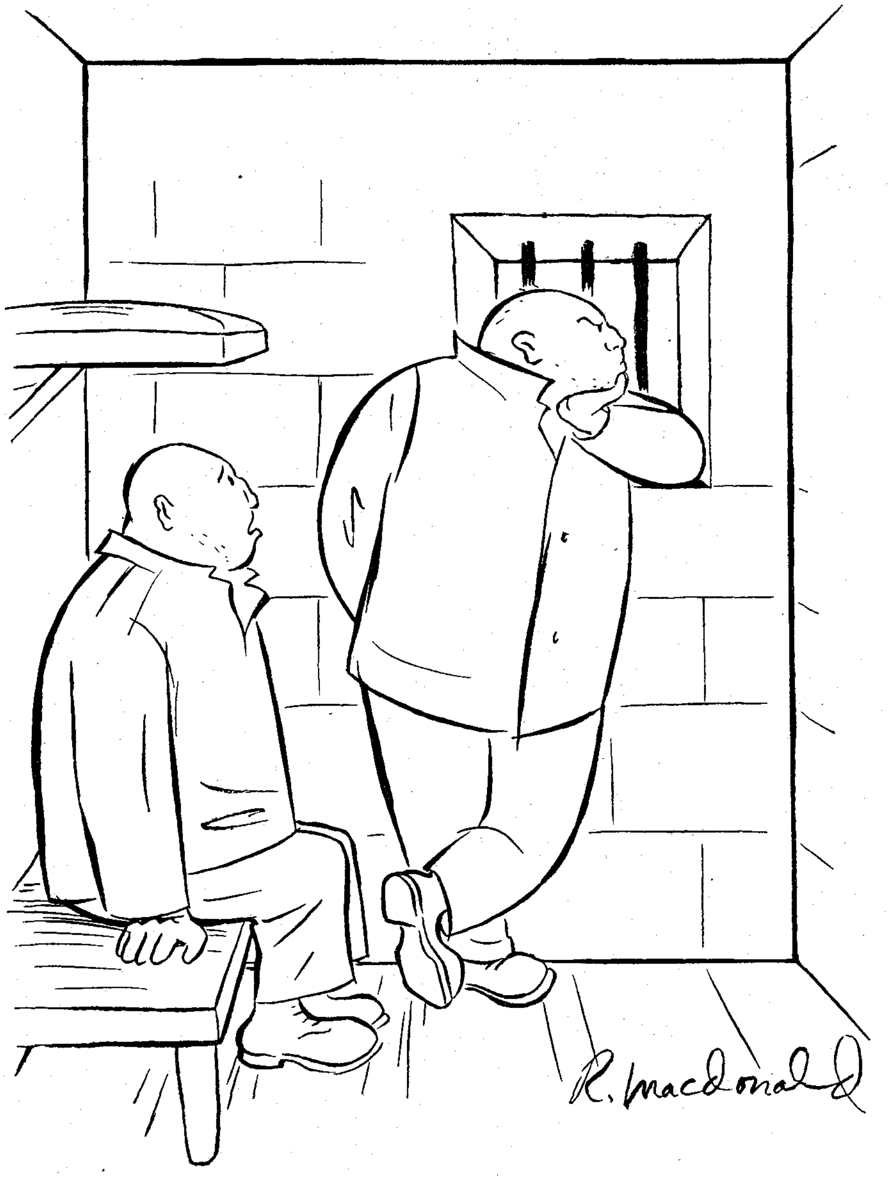
NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From the Syracuse Post-Standard*]

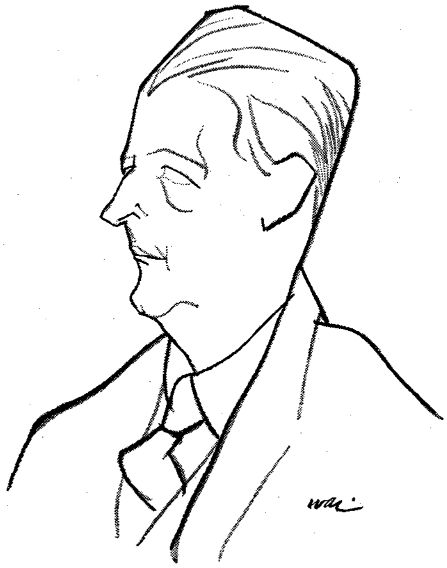
. . . the Republican members or those who were serving last year all loudly affirming "No" sotto voce.



"What's the matter, Spike? You been avoiding me lately."

PROFILES

UNSHAKEN FRIEND—I



Maxwell Evarts Perkins

MANY book publishers share the opinion that their colleague Maxwell Evarts Perkins, vice-president of Charles Scribner's Sons, is the best editor in the trade. At the same time, they regard his methods as old-fashioned almost to the point of being other-worldly. He never attends their professional gatherings and he refuses to go to booksellers' conventions. He never accepts invitations to other publishers' cocktail parties or gives parties of his own to celebrate the publication of Scribner books. He doesn't send notes to book reviewers telling them that something on his spring list is the greatest event since "Gone with the Wind." He doesn't invent plots for best-selling novels and call in his authors to write them. He doesn't ask literary agents for hot tips or look through the magazines for new names. His authors say that he never talks to them about potential sales or movie rights. Despite his refusal to do all of these things, which are routine among the higher-powered editors at other publishing houses, he is known for making more literary discoveries and semi-discoveries than anybody else in the field (F. Scott Fitzgerald, Ernest Hemingway, Thomas Boyd, Ring Lardner, Thomas Wolfe, John P. Marquand, Erskine Caldwell, and Marjorie Rawlings are a few of the authors he helped to launch on their careers); there is usually a Perkins book near the top of the best-seller lists (in 1943 six Scribner publications were book-club choices, with aggregate printings of 1,677,000 copies in the first nine months of the year); and it is believed that more books have been dedicated to him than to any other man alive. Among the authors who have dedicated books to Perkins are Hamilton Basso, Thomas Boyd, Van Wyck Brooks, Roger Burlingame, Struthers Burt, Taylor Caldwell, Ann Chidester, Charles Townsend Copeland (who addressed him as "Great Publisher and Steadfast Friend"), August Derleth, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Caroline Gordon, Nancy Hale, Josephine Herbst, Francis Lynde, Dawn Powell, Chard Powers Smith, Arthur Train, and Thomas Wolfe, who hoped that "Of Time and the River" would be "in some way worthy of the loyal devotion and the patient care which a dauntless and unshaken friend has given to each part of it." Besides the dedications, there have been dozens of authors' acknowledgments, or "without-expressing-my-gratitudes," as publishers sometimes call them. "But I cannot take my leave," says Charles Breasted, for example, in the preface to his recent biography of his father, "without expressing my gratitude . . . to my friend, Maxwell Perkins, for his inexhaustible patience and helpfulness and his consummate editorial judgment in enabling me to reduce a two-volume manuscript to one."

Perkins is a New Englander, even though he was born in New York and, except for three months in a Boston settlement house, has never worked anywhere else. The Manhattan Yankees, among whom the Perkins and Evarts families belong, are a small but recognizable tribe. They are the sort of people who are ridden by scruples and who, before going to bed, like to pass judgment on everything they have done during the day. They also like to follow their own peculiar rules of conduct. Perkins' maternal grandfather, William Maxwell Evarts, who was Secretary of State under Rutherford B. Hayes, once told his young friend Henry Adams, "I pride myself on my success in doing not the things I like to do but the things I don't like to do." Perkins has that same Puritan bent. Yet this bookish, professorial, modest, upright man has chosen a profession in which he has to deal constantly with writers, who as a class have distinguished themselves as barroom brawlers, drawing-room wolves, breakers of engagements, defaulters of debts, crying drunks, and suicidal maniacs.

The juxtaposition of Perkins with some rather dashing men of letters, including Hemingway and Wolfe, has led him into many predicaments. One came up when Perkins was reading the manuscript of Hemingway's third book for Scribner's. Old Charles Scribner II, a rather churchly gentleman who ruled his staff like a benevolent despot, had been disturbed by some of the language Hemingway had used in his second book, "The Sun Also Rises." Perkins told him that there wouldn't be any trouble this time, except for three words. "What are they?" Mr. Scribner asked. Perkins, who never uses a stronger phrase than "My God," and that only in moments of great emotion, found that he simply couldn't say them. "Write them, then," said Mr. Scribner. In his chicken-track hand, Perkins scrawled two of them on a memo pad and handed it to him. "What's the third word?" Mr. Scribner asked. Perkins hesitated. "What's the third word?" said Mr. Scribner again, giving the pad back to him. Finally Perkins wrote it. Mr. Scribner glanced at the pad. "Max," he said, shaking his white head, "what would Hemingway think of you if he heard that you couldn't even write that word?"

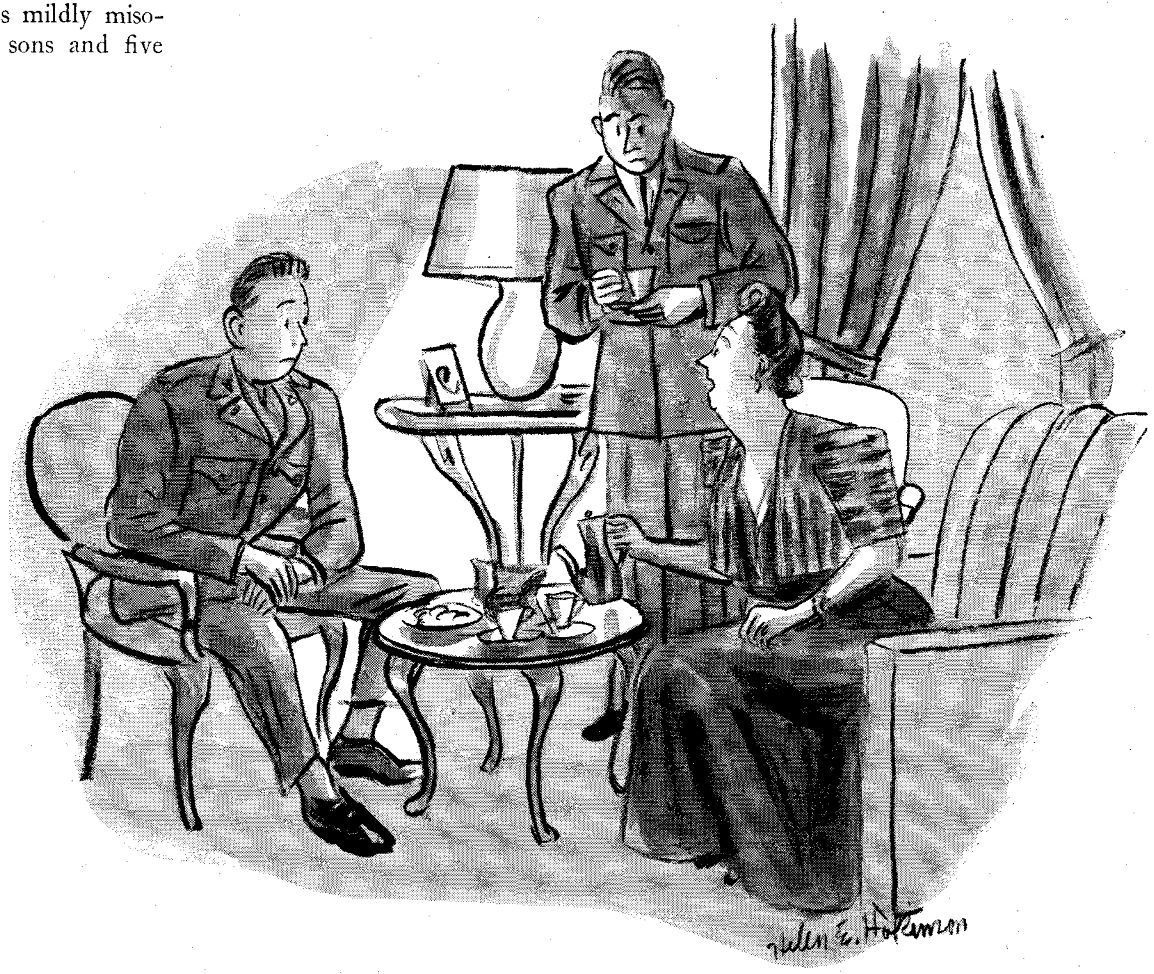
IN his college days, Perkins looked the way Napoleon Bonaparte did when he was a young lieutenant of artillery; Perkins had the same cleft chin, the same wide, sensitive mouth, the same Roman nose under a high forehead, and the same big ears close to the skull. When the resemblance was called to his attention, he began reading about Napoleon. Nothing survives from that phase except a great interest in military strategy; he follows the campaigns of the current war with almost professional attention and he likes to visit the battlefield of Gettysburg from time to time. As for the Napoleonic look, it has largely vanished, and certainly no man whose business it was to make himself obeyed would greet you with Perkins' tight-lipped, bashful New England smile. He dresses in shabby and inconspicuous grays, as if he were trying not to be noticed. Everybody, however, notices his hat, a soft, pearl-gray, uncreased felt, which looks something like an upturned soup kettle. It is only a size 7, but Perkins' skull is so narrow that the hat slips down over his ears and completely hides them. He used to wear a cowboy hat given to him by Will James, the cowboy author. He kept it on even when he was in his office. Lately he has become self-conscious about this habit, but the hat sits on his desk within easy reach and sometimes he touches it furtively.

Strangers get the impression that Perkins is either extremely shy or extremely cold. He likes, however, to wander through the Scribner office, stopping in front of one desk and then another to ask questions, while he holds on to his coat lapels with both hands. At such times he has the air of someone who is afraid that the right word will slip away from him. Often he doesn't answer the questions that are asked him in return; he is almost totally deaf in his left ear, a fact he doesn't like to explain. The right ear is sharp enough for telephone calls or face-to-face conversations but not for table talk or business meetings. At home, in New Canaan, he wears a hearing device, but he seldom brings it to the office. He has told friends that some of his best ideas have occurred to him while not listening to conversations.

Distant, courtly, and slightly uncomfortable with women, Perkins has spent most of his life surrounded by them. It has been the fate of this mildly misogynic man to have no sons and five daughters. The eldest, Bertha, now Mrs. John G. Frothingham, was born in 1911, Elizabeth (Mrs. Douglas Gorsline) in 1913, and Louise (Mrs. Robert G. King) in 1915. When his fourth daughter, Jane, was born, in 1918, Perkins sent his mother the succinct telegram: "GIRL." When Nancy, the youngest, was born, seven years later, he simply wired his mother: "ANOTHER." It isn't only at home that Perkins is beleaguered by women. At Scribner's, where he once dealt almost entirely with male authors, he now has a larger collection of high-priced female novelists than any other editor in New York. Among them are Taylor Caldwell, Marcia Davenport, Leslie Ford, Martha Gellhorn, Nancy Hale, Dawn Powell, Marjorie Rawlings, and Christine Weston. These ladies are alike in their daughterly admiration for Perkins. Nevertheless, in the voice of a man eternally badgered and put upon, he can sometimes be heard softly mumbling, "Women, women."

Usually his secretary, Irma Wyckoff, succeeds in protecting him from importunate female visitors who have no business seeing him. Sometimes, however, one has slipped by. Thus he was once confronted by an elderly and muscular woman who tried to convince him that he ought to publish her book on Swedish massage. "If you don't believe me, Mr. Perkins," young Charles Scribner III heard her almost shouting as he passed the open door of Perkins' office, "just feel of the muscles of my abdomen." Another time, a very young woman who wanted to write a novel insisted on having an interview with Perkins; she thought it would magically make her an author. Following an old custom of inviting writers and aspiring writers out for cocktails, he took her to a bar. This was a mistake; by the time Perkins had to leave, she was helplessly giggling in her chair. Perkins finally managed to get her out and to walk her—through the rain, as it happened—to the Hotel Lexington, where she lived, in the vain hope of clearing her head. He maneuvered her up to her room, where he took off her wet shoes and covered her with a blanket, keeping on his overcoat all the time as a safeguard against any misunderstanding. After the young woman had fallen asleep, he tiptoed out. When the spring lock snapped shut behind him, he found that his overcoat was caught in the door. His first impulse was to abandon his overcoat and flee. Then he tried pounding on the door to waken the girl. At last, after what seemed to him hours, he succeeded, but before he did he had to stop several times and look unconcerned when someone came down the hall.

This particular young woman never finished her novel, and there is some question whether she ever started one. However, authors just as young and equally unknown have sometimes received contracts from Perkins for books that were still to be written. He explains that his judgment depends on the person rather than the manuscript. That is



"I can't make up my mind about going to the country this summer. Do you think the boys overseas would like to feel that the Berkshires were still going on?"

something he learned from his predecessor, William Crary Brownell, head of the book department at Scribner's for forty years, who was known as one of the most brilliant editors of his time. Brownell used to say, "You can tell as much about a book by talking to the author as by reading the manuscript. Water can't rise above its source."

Having once accepted a writer, Perkins doesn't easily change his mind about him, even if the first book becomes what is called by publishers a "remainder" and has to be turned over to the drugstore trade. There is a not too accurate legend among literary agents that Perkins authors hit the jackpot with their third book. That was the case with Marcia Davenport and "The Valley of Decision," but her two earlier books were far from failures. It was more strikingly the case with Christine Weston, whose first two novels together sold fewer than five thousand copies. The third was "Indigo," which was taken by the Literary Guild and had an advance printing of two hundred and twenty thousand copies. On the other hand, F. Scott Fitzgerald and Marjorie Rawlings were successful from the beginning. Also, Scribner's published eight of Stark Young's books, none of which had a large audience, before he wrote the extraordinarily successful "So Red the Rose."

YOU CAN SEE AT A GLANCE

Each [service] ribbon tells its story, and you can see at a glance where a man has been and what he has done if you know how to read them.—*Life.*

Ribbons will be worn, and all your buttons
polished and policed, and in its place,
properly displayed upon the cap,
the eagle, anchor, whathaveyou. Forget the face:

your stars, your stripes, the symbols of your duty
performed or to be done or half completed,
will serve as passport into any bar
and guarantee at least one free beer once you're seated.

And questions will be asked, and the legend
extended and advanced, and in the haze
of drinks and music and tobacco smoke
you answer lightly, with a grin.
                                        Gloss over days

that lost their labels while you lived them; when
there was no time to change your battle dress,
you slept in rubble, and your disconnected eyes
grew used to broken landscapes peopled with distress.

You left all that behind. And when they ask,
you only say, "Sure. Being back is swell."
The ribbons are enough; for at a glance,
those who can read know where you've been.

                                        It's just as well.

What else do they need to know?

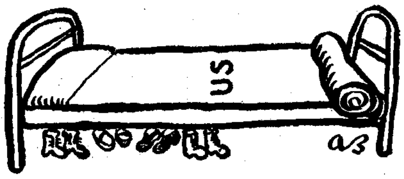
                                        Are you sure you would know what to tell?

—EDWARD FENTON

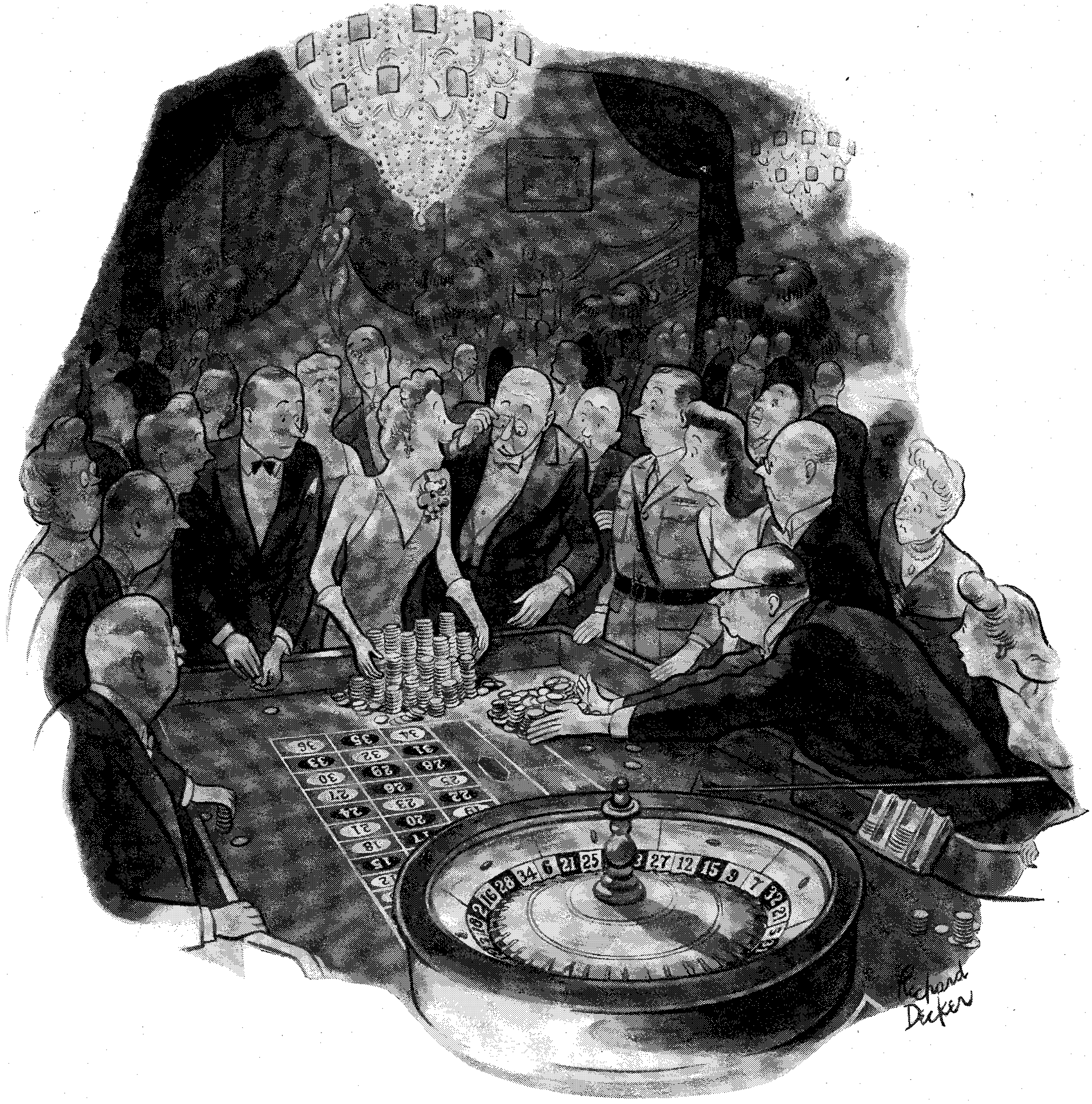
• •

BEING loyal to his friends and romantic about the whole literary profession, Perkins looks distressed when he hears one writer speak ill of another. If he himself can't speak well of someone, he usually says nothing. This gives destructive force to his occasional mild condemnations. He recently said of a very commercial publishing house, "Those people don't love books," and it was almost as if he was accusing them of malfeasance, barratry, and uxoricide. "The trouble with most editors," he once told a friend, "is that they are disappointed authors." He thinks that they should not indulge their own creative instincts by changing the style and structure of other people's books. "The source of a book must be the author," he says. "You can only help the author to produce what he has in his compass." Sometimes, not unlike other book editors, he will lapse into obstetrical terms. He will say of a writer, "He has a great book in him" or "She has an urgent necessity in her to write that book and it would be very bad for her if she didn't get it written." Of Thomas Wolfe's second novel, "Of Time and the River," he said, more simply, "This book has to be done." His own job, like a doctor's, is to see that the manuscript is completed and delivered.

When an author is sure about what he is trying to do, Perkins doesn't make or suggest any revisions, and the manuscript goes to the printer without so much as a shifted comma. This happens even when commas ought to be shifted, for Perkins has no interest in what he regards as unimportant details. Sometimes—and this happens to experienced writers as well as to beginners—a book gets itself into a snarl. The more changes the author makes, the more uncertain he becomes about what he really wants to do. It is at this point that Perkins' help comes in handy. "A big, long manuscript full of agony and confusion—that's Max's dish," one author has said. "Perkins has the intangible faculty," Marcia Davenport said not long ago, "of giving you confidence in yourself and the book you are writing. What you get from him isn't expressed in words; you might call it a tacit exchange of ideas. Let's say that you're working on a novel and find that everything is at a dead end. You go to see Max late one afternoon and he takes you out for a drink. You sit and talk there for an hour or so in a disjointed fashion, with long pauses, and by next morning you go back to work with all your questions answered and a perfectly clear vision of what you are trying to do."



It is very seldom that Perkins edits a manuscript in the conventional sense of the word. That is, he doesn't correct the grammar, sharpen the dialogue, transpose paragraphs, or strike out whole chapters. "Before doing anything else," Caroline Gordon, the novelist, once explained, "he steps into the author's place, and he is able to visualize the book almost exactly, I find, as the author visualizes it. The result is that when he has changes to recommend they don't seem to come from the outside." Roger Burlingame, another author who has worked with Perkins, said recent-



"What I can't understand—why doesn't everyone just keep doubling their bets?"

• •

ly, "He never tells you what to do. Instead, he suggests to you, in an extraordinarily inarticulate fashion, what you want to do yourself." Sometimes the suggestions are made in letters. Marjorie Rawlings, who lives in Florida and confers with Perkins by mail, has a large collection of them which she hopes someday to publish. Marcia Davenport has a Perkins letter of thirty typewritten pages, discussing the first draft of "The Valley of Decision." Her two earlier books hadn't been problems, but she had been working for nearly five years on this one and had written seven hundred and eighty-five thousand words—the length of eight ordinary novels—when she asked Perkins to help her. He brooded over the manuscript for several weeks and then sent her a letter that began, "We must somehow bring the underlying scheme or pattern of the book into emphasis, so that the reader will be able to see the forest in spite of so many trees. And that will mean reducing the number of trees if we can possibly manage it." A few days later he sent her the long letter, in which he offered detailed suggestions for reworking each chapter. Of an especially troublesome one he wrote, in part:

> Of course every chapter cannot be knitted into a structural unity, but in so large a book of so much variety, which runs a risk in itself of being loose and broken, it is important to gain unity wherever possible. In this chapter you tell of Clarrie's wedding, the birth of Elizabeth's baby, and the death of Clarrie in childbirth. Couldn't all this be brought into a unity by changing the dates and relating one thing to another? It could begin with the phrase, "What a strange year . . ." (see page 3) and then tell how Elizabeth wrote

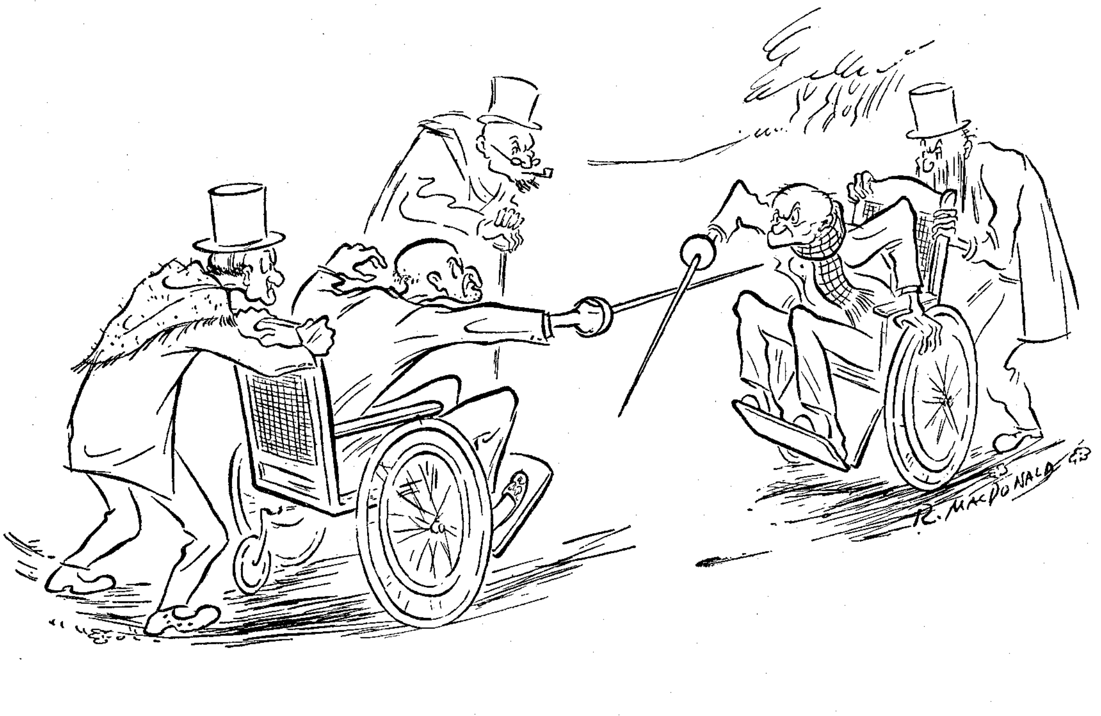
—but make the letter much shorter—and how Mary had promised to go to her.... But before she goes to Elizabeth, couldn't she, because of Clarrie's situation, bring out the pictures and reread Constance's letter about the wedding? The reader will then be in suspense from the start, almost, about Clarrie, and then Mary will go to Elizabeth after her little dialogue with Paul, which reminds you of the boys. After Elizabeth's baby is born, but before she leaves New York, will come the telegram; but it need not end, "Come immediately," for Constance might not ask that then, and anyway Mary did not go.

The suggestions Perkins made were so definite and so much in the spirit of the author's intentions that she put the letter at one side of her typewriter, the manuscript at the other, and reworked her novel from beginning to end. As each chapter was finished, she crossed out the related paragraph in Perkins' letter. The job of revision took her five months and the result was a novel, four hundred and sixty thousand words long, that stood second on the best-seller list for 1943. Its sale to date has been three hundred and forty-five thousand copies.

MOST authors find that the profession of writing books not only presents literary perplexities but is very poorly paid. There are probably not a hundred people in the United States who make their living entirely from their books. There are perhaps two thousand professional authors of books in all, but most of them have other ways of making money: they write stories or articles for magazines, they lecture to women's clubs, they teach in colleges, they work (right now, because it is wartime) for the government, or they spend part of each year in Hollywood. Most of them, if they depended solely on their royalty checks from book publishers, would have about the same living standard as sharecroppers. As a matter of fact, some of them never get a chance to endorse a royalty check. Before the war, the average book sold fewer than two thousand copies and earned in royalties something less than the customarily small advance that was given to its author on the day he signed his contract. At present there is a boom in publishing, but the advances on the whole remain small; they range from $250 for a first novel (or $100 for a book of poems, if the publisher has a big heart) to the exceptional $5,000 or more for, say, the memoirs of a foreign correspondent. Cecil Brown, whose literary training consisted chiefly of writing radio broadcasts before he went down on the British battle cruiser Repulse and lived to tell the story, received an advance of $7,500 from Random House for "Suez to Singapore." Larry Lesueur, who spent a year in Russia and wrote "Twelve Months That Changed the World," was given an advance of $10,000 by Alfred A. Knopf. Mr. Knopf was betting that this book would sell at least twenty-two thousand copies, and so far he hasn't won his bet.

Scribner's is not one of the publishing houses noted for making lavish advances. It is more likely to offer $500 for a non-fiction book or $1,000 for a novel it thinks will have a reasonable chance of success, these being standard figures. When literary agents place important authors on the auction block, Scribner's is usually outbid by Knopf, Random House, Simon & Schuster, or Doubleday, Doran, if not by two or three of them. On the other hand, Perkins himself has a reputation for taking chances that his competitors have turned down and for getting good books as a consequence. There was, among others, the case of Willard Huntington Wright. In 1925, while recovering from a nervous and physical breakdown, Wright, then known as a writer on art, was forbidden by his doctor to read any serious books. He began reading detective stories and eventually decided to write some himself. He took three synopses to his publisher, Horace Liveright, and asked for an advance of $3,000 to pay his doctor's bill. Liveright turned him down. Detective stories rarely sold well in those days, books by Wright had never sold at all, and, to make matters worse, he was now proposing to write under a pseudonym, S. S. Van Dine. Wright carried his troubles to Perkins, whom he had known slightly at Harvard, and got the advance. He also wrote the books—"The Greene Murder Case," "The 'Canary' Murder Case," and "The Bishop Murder Case," each of which sold over sixty thousand copies and broke the standing record for detective fiction.

PERKINS was born on the corner of Second Avenue and Fourteenth Street on September 20, 1884, and was named for his famous grandfather, William Maxwell Evarts, who, after serving in two Cabinets, was soon to be elected senator from New York. His other grandfather, Charles Callahan Perkins, was also well known. He was a Bostonian and an art critic (a friend of Robert Browning), who had lived for many years in Italy—where Perkins' father, a New York lawyer, was born—and had written a widely praised book called "Tuscan Sculptors." Returning to Boston, he conducted the concerts of the Handel and Haydn Society and helped to found the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. The Perkins clan has always been prominent in New England; it occupies fourteen pages of the "Dictionary of American Biography." Moreover, it has never been threatened with family suicide. Max himself was the second of six children—four boys, two girls—and that was only a little better than the Perkins average. When Max was two, his father moved the family across the Hudson to Plainfield. There Max sometimes went to baby parties that were also attended by Van Wyck Brooks and by Eleanor Stimson, who later became Mrs. Brooks. Another guest at these



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BONDS
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THAT'S **LUCKY STRIKE** TOBACCO

LUCKY STRIKE ***means*** FINE TOBACCO

yes, LUCKY STRIKE means *fine* tobacco

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Shocking
de
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parties was Max's own future wife, Louise Saunders, whose wealthy father had invented the system of underwater drilling used in the Baku oilfields. Max, however, felt that his real home was Windsor, Vermont, where he spent his long summer vacations and where one side of North Main Street was lined with Perkins and Evarts houses. Windsor is almost in the shadow of Ascutney, which Perkins thought was the most beautiful mountain in the world and had the most beautiful name. When his second daughter was born, he wanted to name her Ascutney, but his wife overruled him and the baby was christened Elizabeth Evarts Perkins, after his mother, and nicknamed Zippy.

When Max was nine, President Benjamin Harrison, making a tour of Vermont, paid the family a visit with a retinue of Republican politicians. Max and his older brother, Edward, were taken in hand by a maiden aunt and presented as two of Senator Evarts' grandchildren. The President asked, "Well, are you boys good Republicans?" There was a long silence. Max couldn't tell a lie, but he felt that it wouldn't be right in such distinguished company to say that his father was a family heretic and had voted for Cleveland, so he said nothing. Finally, Edward blurted out, "No, we're Democrats."

Max and Edward went to St. Paul's School, in Concord, New Hampshire, where there weren't many other Democrats and where Max was known as something of a rebel. When Edward went on to Harvard, Max was called home, to ease the strain on the family purse. His father planned to give him lessons in Latin and English, but these were soon interrupted by his father's death. Besides being a mugwump, the father had—like most of the Perkinses—theories about clothing and he refused to wear an overcoat in even the coldest weather. Max thinks that perhaps this had something to do with the fact that his father caught pneumonia and died within a week. His widow was left with six children and not much money to take care of them. For the rest of that winter, Max stayed in Plainfield and attended the Leal School there. A picture of John Leal, the headmaster, gray and scholarly, hangs in Perkins' office. With the passage of time, as his resemblance to Napoleon has faded, Perkins has somehow come to look more like John Leal.

At Harvard, which Perkins, financed by a cousin, entered with the class of 1907, he started off by getting the reputation of being a gay dog and by becoming a rather prominent clubman. He was elected to the Institute of 1770, D.K.E., Hasty Pudding, Fox, Signet, and Stylus, the last two of which are literary-social societies. He was even arrested, after the Yale game of his freshman year, for being in the company of a classmate who was drunk and disorderly. He and his companion spent the night in a cell with a sad Negro who kept saying, "I'm in great trouble," and who smoked his way through Max's supply of Richmond Straight Cut cigarettes. In an essay written for the *Advocate* in his senior year, Max recalled that when he came to Harvard, "The social side alone really appealed to me with any strength. I admired the 'sport,' the social butterfly. I too wished to dress well, to have many friends, to smoke and drink in cafés, to occupy a front-row seat at light operas."

As time went on, Perkins became more serious and staged a modest revolt against the Harvard club system. The trouble was, he said in the same essay in the *Advocate*, that club members associated only with one another and never got to know the more interesting members of the class. Perkins has never been democratic in his choice of companions, but his standards of selection are not the conventional ones. He goes around with people who write well. In college, as in Plainfield, his best friend was Van Wyck Brooks, who was sociable, in a shy way, but distinctly not social. Perkins' favorite club was the literary Stylus. Throughout his Harvard career, even in the days when he wanted to be a social butterfly, he was pretty much the slave of his New England scruples. He prided himself, like his grandfather Evarts, on doing the things he didn't enjoy. His great interest was literature, especially eighteenth-century fiction, and therefore he took his major courses in political economy, for which he had no bent whatever. He wanted to write novels, so he wrote essays. One of these essays, which the *Advocate* published, was "On Taking Things Easy," an art which he never mastered, and another was "On Getting Up in the Morning," which he said was a very foolish practice. At that time, he was getting up every morning at six o'clock and reading Herbert Spencer's "First Principles," which bored him to distraction.

AFTER being graduated from Harvard, Perkins worked for three months, in Boston, in a settlement house

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Fabulous Season of
RUSSIAN BALLET
BY THE Ballet Theatre
with MARKOVA • DOLIN • GOLLNER • EGLEVSKY
CHASE • KAYE • LAING • TUDOR • PETROFF
2000 SEATS 71¢ to 1.50 (PLUS TAX)
Evenings (Incl. Sun.) 85¢ to 4.20. Matinees April 15, 16, 22, 29, May 6, 7: 85¢ to 2.70 (Incl. Tax)

"AN IRRESISTIBLE DELIGHT!"
—BARNES, Herald Trib.
ALFRED de LIAGRE, Jr.
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Margaret SULLAVAN & Elliott NUGENT
in JOHN VAN DRUTEN'S Comedy
the Voice of the Turtle
with AUDREY CHRISTIE
MOROSCO, 45th St. W. of B'way.
Evenings 8:35 Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:35

MICHAEL TODD presents
BOBBY CLARK in
Mexican Hayride
with JUNE HAVOC GEORGE GIVOT WILBUR EVANS
Book by HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS
Staged by HASSARD SHORT
SONGS BY COLE PORTER
WINTER GARDEN B'way & 50 St. Mats Wed. Sat

THE THEATRE GUILD presents
(in association with Jack H. Skirball)
JACOBOWSKY and the COLONEL
The FRANZ WERFEL - S. N. BEHRMAN COMEDY
Staged by ELIA KAZAN
LOUIS CALHERN • ANNABELLA • OSCAR KARLWEIS
J. Edward Bromberg
Evgs. at 8:30 Mats. Thurs. & Sat. at 2:30 MARTIN BECK THEATRE 45th St. W. of 8th Ave.

THE THEATRE GUILD presents
THE MARGARET WEBSTER PRODUCTION
PAUL ROBESON
JOSE FERRER • UTA HAGEN
OTHELLO
EDITH KING • JAMES MONKS
Production designed and lighted by Robert Edmond Jones
SHUBERT THEA. Mats. Wed. & Sat

"MY GRATITUDE IS PRACTICALLY BOUNDLESS" —Gibbs, The New Yorker
OKLAHOMA!
ST. JAMES Thea. New York | ERLANGER Thea. Chicago

Additional Amusement Advertising on page 36

GEORGE ABBOTT'S COAST TO COAST
COMEDY HIT
KISS and TELL
NEW YORK • BILTMORE THEATRE
CHICAGO • HARRIS THEATRE
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Written by F. Hugh Herbert. *Directed by* Mr. Abbott

CHERYL CRAWFORD *presents*
MARY MARTIN
KENNY BAKER • JOHN BOLES
One Touch of Venus
with Paula Laurence & Teddy Hart
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Book by S. J. PERELMAN & OGDEN NASH ⁝ *Lyrics by* OGDEN NASH
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Dances by Agnes de Mille
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"THE FUNNIEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD"
ROBERT REUD presents
ZASU PITTS *in*
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By George Batson
"A HUMDINGER OF A PLAY, AS UTTERLY DELIGHTFUL AS 'ARSENIC AND OLD LACE'!" —*Rascoe, World-Tele.*
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Life Magazine
Robert REUD & Paul CZINNER present
ELISABETH
BERGNER
in The TWO MRS. CARROLLS
By Martin Vale
with VICTOR JORY
BOOTH Thea., W. 45 St. Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed., Sat.

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Winged Victory
by MOSS HART
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44TH ST. THEA. Every Evening Except Monday
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"Good . . . for the whole family."—*Nichols, Times*
50c $1 & $1.50 Plus Tax Sat. Nights Only 50c to $2.50 Plus Tax
Sonja Henie & Arthur M. Wirtz present
SECOND EDITION
STARS ON ICE
CENTER THEATRE, Rockefeller Center. CO. 5-5474
Eves. 8:40, Sun. 8:15. Mats. Wed., Sat. 2:40; Sun. 3
No Monday Perf. • Mail Orders Filled
MATINEES DAILY April 8th thru 16th

Josephine HULL Effie SHANNON
In
ARSENIC AND OLD LACE
4th YEAR!
"Unforgettably funny"—*Atkinson, Times*
HUDSON Theatre, W. 44 St. Evgs. Incl. Sunday 8:40
Matinees Sat. 2:40—Sun. at 3. No Tues. Perf.

"THE TALK OF TWO CITIES"
TOMORROW THE WORLD
BARRYMORE THEA. NEW YORK
Conrad NAGEL • Shirley BOOTH
SELWYN THEATRE CHICAGO
Edith ATWATER • Paul McGRATH

on Salem Street, famous in song for its second-hand clothing stores. There he enjoyed himself and was taken for a native of Boston. Then he came to New York and got a job as reporter on the *Times*. Unfortunately, he made the mistake of being hired by the managing editor, Carr Van Anda, instead of by the city editor, who liked to choose his own reporters. The result was that Perkins sat around the office for a year, writing almost nothing but obituaries and never being sent out on a story. Then an automobile racing driver named George Robertson, known as a daredevil, offered to take a *Times* man along on an attempt to break the record for the old Vanderbilt Speedway on Long Island. Perkins volunteered for the dangerous assignment. He was whizzed over the course at a speed of 68.8 miles an hour, while—as he later wrote—"flame and smoke shot from the exhaust pointing out from the engine hood in front of the mechanician's seat. The noise was terrific and the vibrations of the car terrifying." After that story, which took up two columns on Page 7, Perkins was given plenty of work to do.

He liked being a newspaper man, but he was engaged to Louise Saunders and felt that marriage required a more substantial calling. He cast about for a new career, and in December, 1909, Professor Barrett Wendell of Harvard gave him a letter to Charles Scribner, which read:

> DEAR CHARLES:
>
> May I have the pleasure of giving Maxwell Perkins this personal word of introduction to you. Old fellows, like me, don't know young ones as well as we would like to. But I knew Perkins' father very well, and you, as well as I, if I am not mistaken, knew his mother ages ago—a daughter of Mr. Evarts. And I have known and admired all four of his grandparents. So when he came to college, he had a rather hard record to hold in my esteem, and he held it, happily and pleasantly. He has in turn the right stuff. He is really the sort one can depend on.

In the spring of 1910, Perkins was put on the staff as advertising manager. In 1914, he was made an editor, under Brownell; shortly afterward he became a director and the secretary of the corporation; when Arthur Scribner died, in 1932, Perkins was made vice-president and was given a corner office, with two windows. These are the chief events of his business career. "Max, how did you ever start at Scribner's?" one of his authors asked him a few months ago. "Oh," he said, "I've always been at Scribner's. —MALCOLM COWLEY

(*This is the first of two articles on Mr. Perkins.*)

MAX GORDON HITS!
"Glib, daffy, enormously funny"—*Morehouse, Sun*
RUTH GORDON IN
OVER TWENTY-ONE
By RUTH GORDON
Staged by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN
MUSIC BOX, 45th St. West of B'way. Cl. 6-4636
EVGS. 8:40. Mats. THURS., & SAT. at 2:40
"The funniest show we've seen in three years."
—*Walter Winchell*
THE DOUGHGIRLS
By Joseph Fields
Staged by George S. Kaufman
LYCEUM 45th St. E. of B'way. CH. 4-4256
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:40

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In THE NEW OPERA COMPANY'S Production of
THE Merry Widow
with MELVILLE COOPER
DIRECTED BY FELIX BRENTANO
Choreography George Balanchine
Conductor Isaac Van Grove
MAJESTIC, W. 44th St. Evs. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

"Smash hit!" Winchell
MILTON BERLE in
ZIEGFELD FOLLIES
SENOR WENCES CHRISTINE AYRES SARA ANN McCABE
NADINE GAE TOMMY WONDER JACK McCAULEY
and SUE RYAN
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IMPERIAL THEA., 45th St. W. of B'way. CO-5-2412
TWICE SAT. & SUN. 2:35 & 8:35. No Perf. Mon.

"A REAL EVENING IN THE THEATRE"
—*NICHOLS, Times*
DECISION
AMBASSADOR 49th W. of B'way Eves. Incl. Sun. 8:40 Mats. Sat. and Sun.

KATHARINE CORNELL
in
LOVERS AND FRIENDS
with HENRY DANIELL
Arthur MARGETSON, Carol GOODNER, Anne BURR
Staged by GUTHRIE McCLINTIC
PLYMOUTH, W. 45. Evs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

"A RIBALDY AMUSING FARCE COMEDY"
—George Jean Nathan
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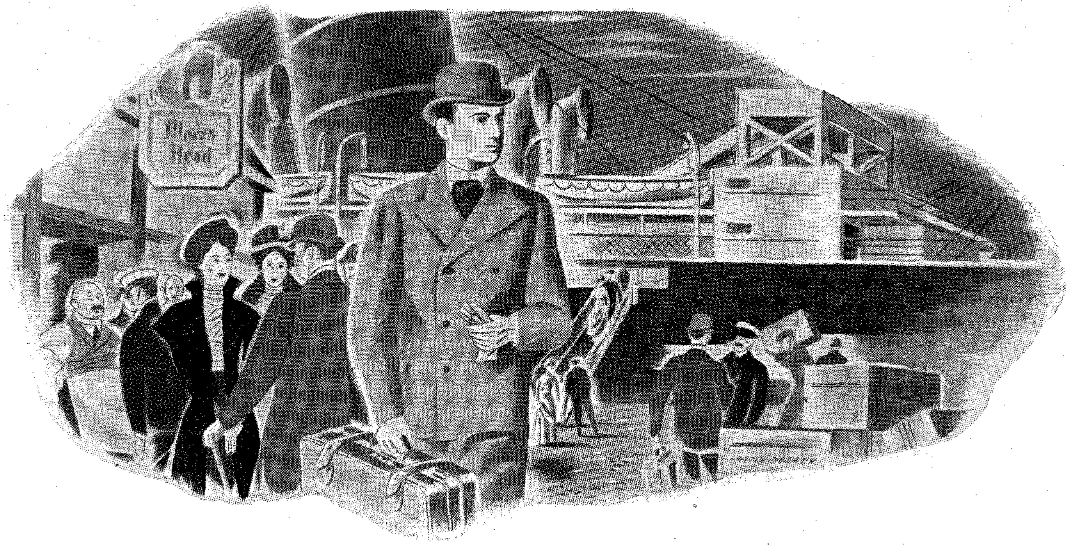

JOURNEY TO ENGLAND

For years he had dreamed of this moment . . . talked of it time and again with old Mr. Cross when the shutters on the little Mark Cross saddlery shop in Boston were safely up for the night. Some day he, Patrick Francis Murphy, would go over to England. There, where men are born to the love of leather, he would find skilled and understanding hands to build the Mark Cross way with leather into English-made wallets, handbags, luggage, accessories and gloves.

The "someday" had finally come. Now, head of the Mark Cross Company, here he was in England. Ironic, and sad, that Mark Cross himself had not lived to see their dream come true.

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If, currently, the store in your city has only a limited choice of Mark Cross leather goods, remember that vast quantities of leather are needed for war materials. Our booklet, *"That the Leather you Love will Last,"* tells simple things you can do to give your Mark Cross luggage and accessories extra years of proud and handsome service. Won't you send for it?

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LISTEN: APRIL 1, 1944

Can you analyze the fragment of a cargo bomb—or a saboteur's wallet?

Can you find in that fragment a certain metal made in Sweden and used only in German arms?

No doubt, with a spectroscope, in a laboratory, you could. But can you do it on the radio, to an unseen audience of some 5 million school-boys-and-girls (plus their parents)—so that they follow you keenly, and get more excited about the spectroscope itself than they ever could in a lab?

That's the way the CBS *American School of the Air* teaches physics to American boys and girls—as part of their regular school course.

Remember how we used to study geography and its relation to world politics? We sat at a desk and were forced to eat so many pages of Doakes' *Geopolitics*, or else...Today, in the *American School of the Air*, you're likely to hear a political discussion between an American pilot and an Australian pilot, both forced down, marooned on a Pacific islet.

Or take the solemn topic "sociology." Stiff dose for adolescents, you say? Not so tough on the air. Not as you hear four typical families at breakfast—one American, one Chinese, one English, one German—and then hear one of our country's best anthropologists compare the behavior of each family.

Radio makes no pretense of erasing booklarnin'. On the contrary: radio infuses warm contemporary vitality, reality and the validity of first-hand experience into the pages of the text. Where radio may go in quickening intelligence, purging old teaching-rituals of their dullness—no man dares to predict. But if you haven't set foot in a classroom for years, you might tune in any weekday to CBS at 9:15 a.m. in the East, 2:30 p.m. in the Midlands, 9:30 a.m. in the Mountains, 1:30 p.m. on the Coast. You'll understand why the teachers are as enthusiastic as the students.

★

(Shorter story this week than usual; paper shortage)

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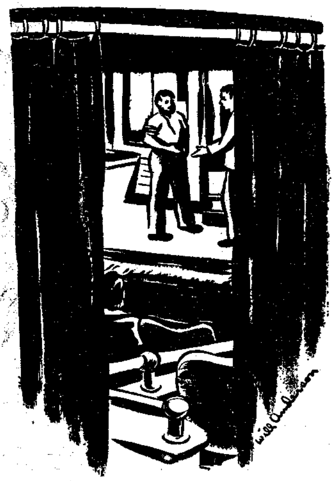
THE THEATRE

THE MASSACRE OF MISS BOWEN

NOW and then, for purposes not necessary to investigate, the stage gets hold of a pretty good book and, just as Injun Joe knocked off the doctor in the cemetery, really murders it. This happened last week when H. Clay Blaney presented what was said to be a version of "The House in Paris," by Elizabeth Bowen. Miss Bowen, in the majority critical opinion, is an honest and sensitive writer. In addition to the work now being burlesqued at the Fulton, she has written "The Hotel" and "The Death of the Heart" and she has even been compared, by what I suppose are moderately respectable English authorities, with Katharine Mansfield and Virginia Woolf. Personally, I would classify Miss Bowen somewhere beside the author of "The Constant Nymph," or as not precisely the property of the ages, but anyway she is a reputable author and what the adapters (E. Mawby Green and Edward Allen Feilbert) have done with her novel is something that really shouldn't be done with Ralph Henry Barbour.



Opening Miss Bowen's book at what seems to be its mathematical centre, I come on this: "She thought, young girls like the excess of any quality. Without knowing, they want to suffer, to suffer they must exaggerate; they like to have loud chords struck on them. Loving art better than life they need men to be actors; only an actor moves them, with his telling smile, undomestic, out of touch with the everyday that they dread. They love to enjoy love as a system of doubts and shocks. They are right: not seeking husbands yet, they have no reason to see love socially. This natural fleshly protest against good taste is broken down soon enough; their natural love of the cad is outwitted by their mothers. Vulgarity, inborn like original sin, unfolds with the woman nature, unfolds ahead of it quickly and has a flamboyant flowering in the young girl. Wise mothers do not nip it immediately; that makes for trouble later, they watch it out."

I doubt if this is completely defensible either as a philosophical system or even as a specimen of handsome writing. The only point is that, one way or another, it suggests a mind at work, while whatever is frisked out for the public attention at the Fulton is at best actors busy at work saying things that even their own parents would recognize as villainous. We have a situation in which a mother, easily identifiable as a woman who might well eat her young, continues to mix up the lives of every other character on the stage. There is a series of stately and interminable interviews, consisting of what appear to be sentences ripped violently from Miss Bowen's text. Of wit, or thought, or any rational development of character there seems to be none that can be detected by the thoughtful critic.

Ludmilla Pitoeff, as one of the most appalling women that anybody has ever written for the stage, gives what seemed to be an extremely mannered performance. As for the rest of the cast, Loraine Clewes, Alastair Kyle, Cavada Humphrey, and Michael Ingram preserved, I thought, the florid style established by their star.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

S.S. writes: The gentleman I am engaged to is not the slightest bit ticklish. This has annoyed me a little. What does it signify?—*Advice column in the Sunday News.*

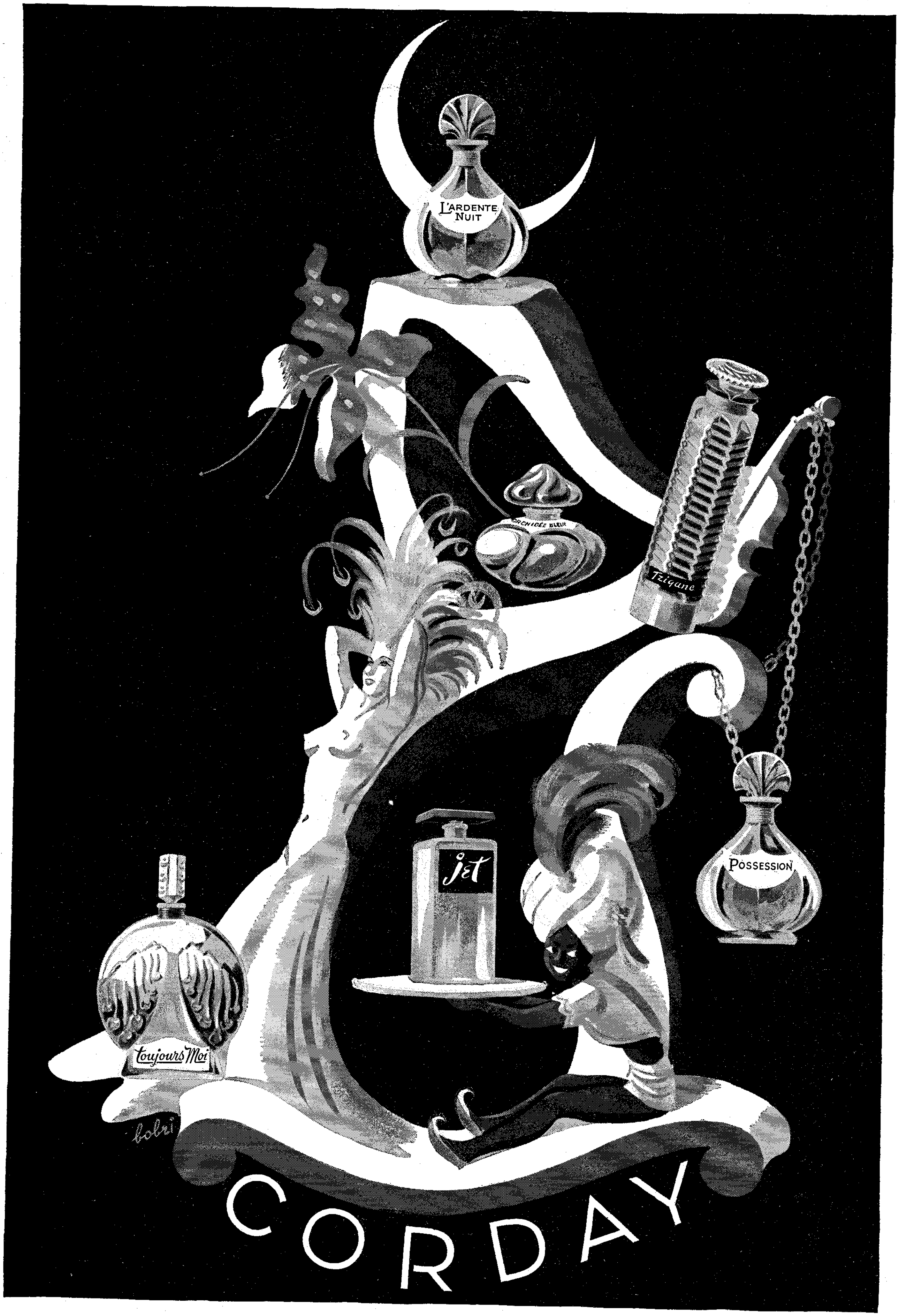
His nerves are atrophied. You better break it off.

•

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*From the World-Telegram*]

"There are a number of leaks in the military pay law now, and we want to get them all in the same basket and consider them as a whole," Mr. May said.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CORDAY

A REPORTER IN ENGLAND

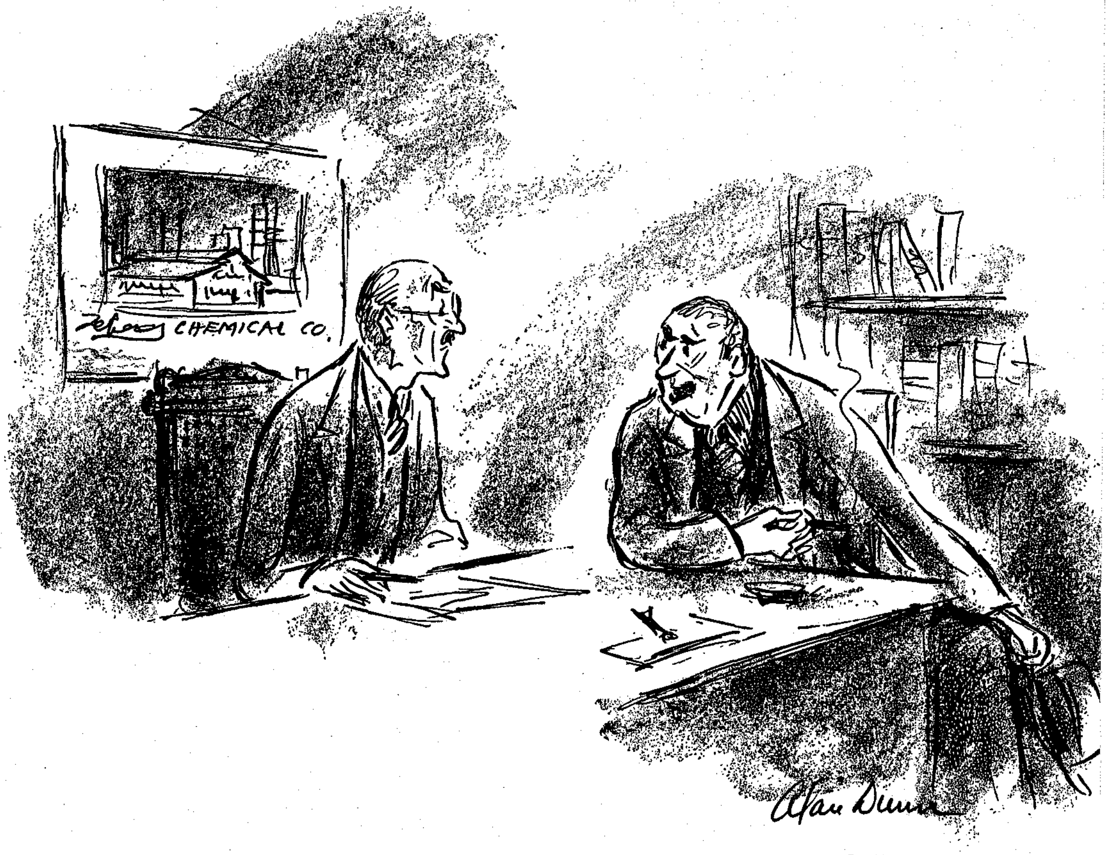
SCRUTINEER AT DARWEN—III

[Editors' Note: This is the final part of a three-part article on a by-election in Darwen, England.]

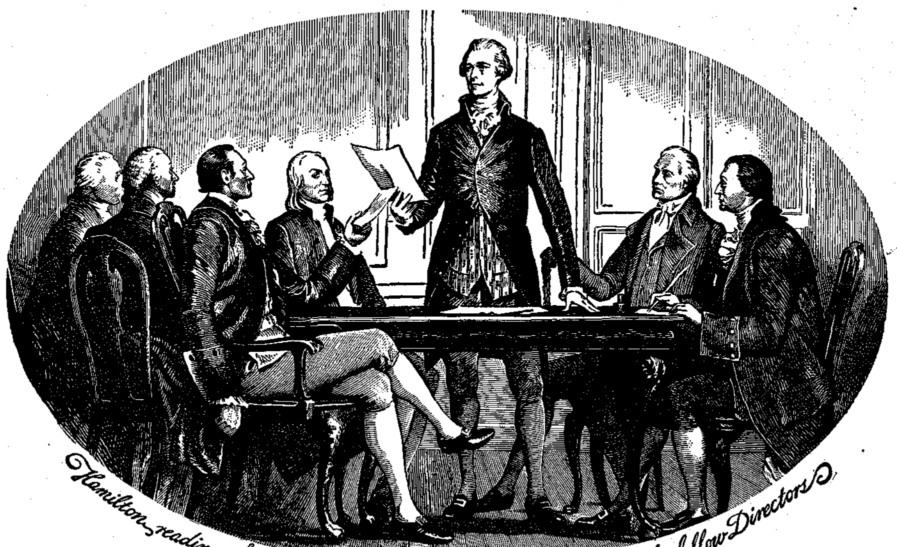
THE day before the by-election in Darwen had the same unsatisfying quality as the day before Christmas. The two Parliamentary candidates, Captain Stanley Prescott, the Conservative young man approved by the National Government, and Miss Honor Balfour, the emphatic young woman who was contesting the division as an Independent Liberal, addressed impromptu meetings in the streets and at factory gates; the sedans with loud-speakers continued to patrol the town, blaring "Vote for Prescott, Churchill's choice" or "Vote for Honor Balfour, the Independent candidate supporting Churchill." However, such expedients now seemed as ineffectual as a last-minute appeal to Santa Claus, when the presents have already been wrapped up and hidden away. Both candidates' attractions and defects had already been thoroughly argued over by the electorate. There was a feeling that the election would be very close. It was the stage in a contest when experienced party workers plan their election-day devices for getting the invalid, apathetic, and feeble-minded voters of their party to the polls. Everyone would count this time. The Conservatives, who had a permanent local organization in the Darwen Division, of course had an advantage over the Independents, but on the other hand the Independents could hope for help from the weather. Fog or snow might keep some of the Tory farmers in the northern end of the district from coming out.

Both parties had planned "pre-poll" meetings for election eve. The Conservatives had, according to some of the more outspoken men of Independent mind, high-pressured the town officials into renting them the municipally owned Baths Hall, which is the best auditorium in Darwen, for their meeting. Miss Balfour's meeting was to be held in the Coöperative Hall, on the upper floor of the Coöperative Stores building. Lancashire is the home of the British Coöperative movement, which began in the town of Rochdale, not far from Darwen. The stores sell everything from Brussels sprouts to coffins. The cold weather, the early blackout, and the scarcity of automobiles made it certain that both meetings would be small, but I was interested in gauging their comparative smallness. Since I lived at the "private hotel" where the Independent candidate and her friends were staying, I naturally decided to go to her meeting.

The audience at the Independent meeting seemed painfully small to me—hardly more than a hundred men and women—and it was evident from their faces that they had come to show good will and not from any need of being convinced. John Loverseed, the Common Wealth Member of Parliament from Eddisbury, an agricultural constituency in Cheshire, spoke first. Common Wealth, although purely Socialistic in doctrine, has had its most striking successes in normally Tory farming districts. Loverseed is a dapper, slouching young man who was a fighter pilot in the Battle of Britain but never rose above the grade of warrant officer in the RAF, from which he resigned after his election to Parliament. "I couldn't have a commission, because I went to Spain in 1937 and flew a plane against Franco," he told the crowd. "The Tory crowd that backed Fascism then are telling you that you can't be loyal Englishmen unless you vote for their candidate." He was followed on the platform by Father Lineen, a Darwen Catholic priest, who was backing Miss Balfour because she favored full state support of denominational schools. It was a juxtaposition, I thought, that would have astonished any British audience a few years ago. A leading physician of the town, who had always disliked a certain local industrialist, I gathered, spoke next and said that since the industrialist had "broken the electoral truce" by seconding Captain Prescott's nomination, he, the doctor, was campaigning for Miss Balfour at every bedside he visited. Both the doctor and the industrialist were members of the Liberal Party. There is a great difference of opinion as to what the electoral truce, which has been in force since the spring of 1940, means. The Conservative, Labour, and Liberal



"Strictly on the q.t., I think I can put you in the way of some tetramethyl-diaminobenzophenone."



Hamilton reading the Constitution of the Bank of New York to his fellow Directors

160 Years *since* March, 1784

POST-WAR PLANNING was in the Manhattan air in the spring of 1784. The British troops only a few months before had left New York to its 23,000 population. The "Gentlemen of the City," chiefly merchants and shippers, urgently needed a bank to provide credit for commerce and industry and to facilitate conversion to the dollar of the several currencies then in circulation.

Under the guidance of Alexander Hamilton the Bank of New York was organized on March 15, 1784. It was New York's first bank, for 15 years its only bank, successful from the start. In 1789, after the election of Washington as President, it underwrote the first United States government loan.

Since those simple days of knee breeches and snuff boxes the pages of American history have filled mightily. The thirteen original states have become an empire. Within that space of 160 years the full flowering, grandeur and griefs of the Industrial Age have developed. The power loom and cotton gin were swiftly followed by the railroad, telegraph, harvester...then the typewriter, automobile, airplane, radio, fluorescent lighting.

Within that time span touching the three centuries between stage coach and stratoliner, new vistas have been opened by preventive medicine, scientific agriculture, industrial chemistry and electro-physics. In 1798, Philadelphia appointed its first paid night watchman... today photo-electric cells sound alarms, and record the volume of traffic on super-highways. Then, it took 2 days to travel from Philadelphia to New York... now, wounded American soldiers can be flown from India or Italy to Staten Island hospitals in less than 5 days.

With this compound expansion of industrial and scientific knowledge during these 160 years, there does not seem to be a parallel advance in the art of self-government. No basic program so far adopted has improved upon that of our founding fathers. Improvisations have been necessary, but that vision of liberty under law, of a government of checks and balances, conceived and handed down by Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln, still gleams like a beacon through the murk of global war and the conflict of opposed ideologies.

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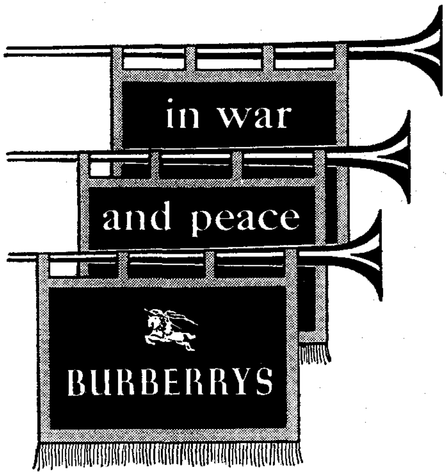

IN SPITE of bombings, blackouts and U boats, Burberrys have accomplished the heavy task of meeting British military requirements and still are able to make available some topcoats and raincoats for civilian patrons.

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Parties take the view that it means that all three organizations must fight any candidate who runs against the joint candidate of the Coalition Government in any by-election, while most local politicians think it simply means that they must not oppose the Government candidate but need do nothing to help him if he is not their own choice. The doctor, an Irishman with a determined chin, said, "I have opportunities to take the pulse of the public in more ways than one. I find that my patients are unanimously of my opinion." I could understand why a patient of his might consider it a question of vital importance.

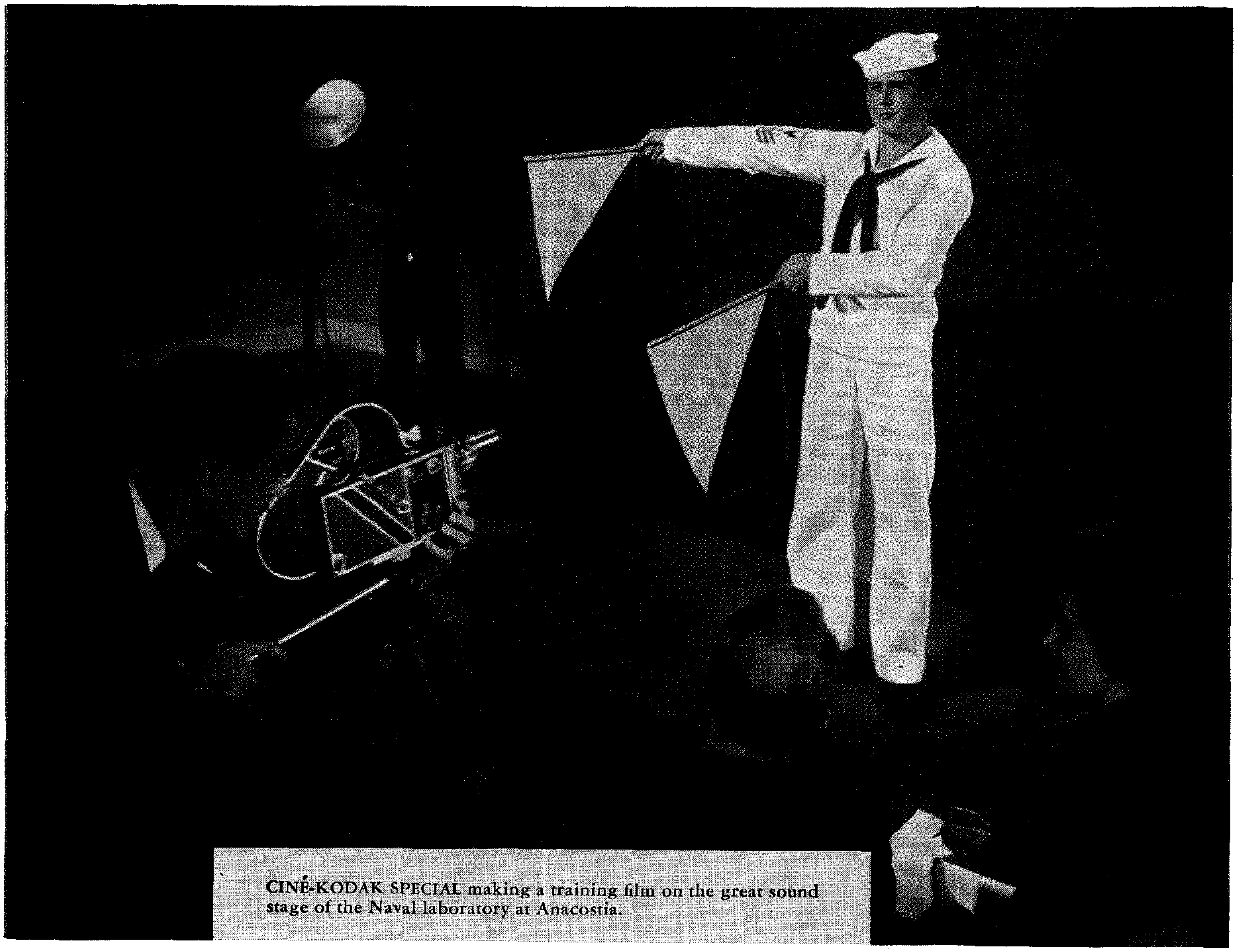
The star turn of the evening was Ivor Davies, the husband of Miss Balfour's election agent, or campaign manager. He is a tall, fair young man with a highly mobile Adam's apple and a resonant pulpiteering voice. He was, I knew, devoting to this campaign his leave from the RAF, in which he is a flying officer. Davies thrust out his chin, swaggered all over the rostrum, drawled belligerently, and generally acted like a nineteenth-century actor playing an eighteenth-century statesman. He had been a newspaperman before he joined up. He particularly got the crowd with a story of the great general strike of 1916, when lorries went unmolested through the streets of London only if they bore the sign "Moving by Government Order," which meant that they were bound on errands of extreme public urgency. Davies said, "And after three or four of them had passed, out came a little donkey cart, with a coster on it, smoking his pipe, and he had put a placard on the cart—'Moving by order of me own bloody self.' *Vote* by order of your own bloody self!" Davies got as much of an ovation as a crowd that size can give. Miss Balfour's brief speech at the close of the meeting was like an actress's response to a curtain call. She offered to answer questions, but the only member of the audience of well-wishers who had one to ask was an old chap with a cap and steel-rimmed spectacles who, a man beside me said, had attended every meeting he could get to and always said the same thing. The old man began to tell of the difficulty he had had in 1941 in obtaining feed for his five hundred chickens and twenty-five pigs, as a consequence of which they were now all deceased, though, if they were still alive, the country could very well do with them. "Time getting short," the chairman said. "Be con-cise, man." But the old fellow floundered on, not asking anything, until Miss Balfour interrupted him to say in a womanly, sympathetic voice that if elected she would study his problem with great interest. This left him agape, since he hadn't said what the problem was, and the chairman skillfully adjourned the meeting.

All of us from the hotel, including Miss Balfour, straggled back to it afterward, each arrival in turn getting a place as near as possible to the coal fire in the living room. Mr. and Mrs. Willie Baines, who keep the hotel, had attended the Prescott meeting as Liberal Party observers. Mrs. Baines, a woman of mettle as well as a cheerfully prepossessing appearance, said that when they had entered the Baths Hall, some rude Tory, knowing Mrs. Baines' Liberal affiliation, had cried ironically, "Honor Balfour!" " 'I should *think* so!' I said. 'I should *think* so,' " Mrs. Baines told us. "But Willie said, 'Sit down and don't be a bloody fool.' "

"Prescott looked fair exhausted, did the lad," Mr. Baines said. "He wishes he'd never heard of Darwen, does Prescott."

"It was a very poor meeting," Mrs. Baines said. "Willie and I were half the audience." This encouraged everyone.

THE candidates did not campaign on election day. It was gray, grim weather, but not as bad as the Independents had hoped for. The polls, as in the United States, were situated in obscure schoolrooms and such places on side streets, as if there were something slightly obscene in the practice of democracy. The cars with loudspeakers continued to circulate, but the slogans were by now so completely familiar that nobody listened. I went to the office of the town clerk, a Mr. Charles Coutts Byers, to get a document known as a certificate of secrecy, which would admit me to the count after the polls closed. The count was to be held in the Baths Hall and was to begin at eight o'clock that evening. To get the certificate I had to promise not to divulge what I saw until the final result was announced by the returning



CINÉ-KODAK SPECIAL making a training film on the great sound stage of the Naval laboratory at Anacostia.

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Hundreds of these Specials are in Army, Navy, and Air Force hands today, contributing to the most complete war record ever attempted. The Special's adaptability to the toughest and most varied conditions gives it a very great range of war uses—from filming action on Navy ships, and with our Army at the front, to making educational and instruction films in the great Naval laboratory at Anacostia, as shown in the picture above.

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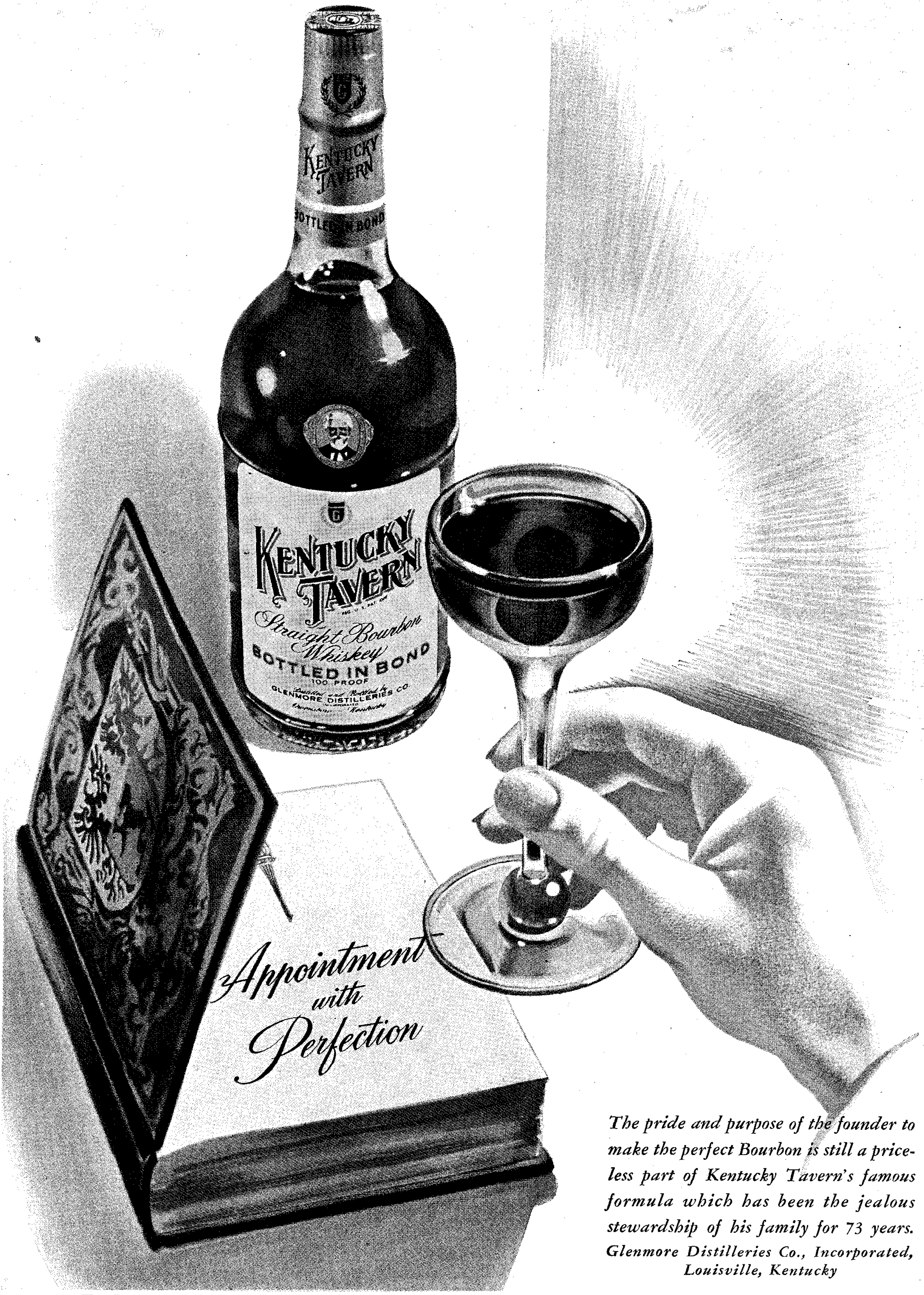
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officer. Mr. Byers told me that he was also the returning officer.

As soon as the pubs opened, at eleven-thirty in the morning, I began to make the rounds to feel out public sentiment. The licensing authorities in England have made drinking inconvenient in many ways, but they have not yet thought of the New York State device of closing the grog shops on election day. The people in the first two pubs I entered accepted my treats with good grace and spoke with considerable fluency on the state of the nation, but it turned out that they had moved into Darwen after 1939 (when the last registry list was made up) or had not been of voting age then, so they had no votes. This bore out what I had heard about the obsolescence of the voting list but did not help me form an opinion on the result of the election. My capacity for this sort of inquiry is not unlimited, but I made a third try at the Millstone Hotel. There I met only a crowd of reporters, who had no votes, and also the town's aged photograph enlarger, whose Liberal sentiments I already knew. The old man had voted early for Miss Balfour. He had read a story about the Darwen election in the Manchester *Guardian* that morning, and he had the *Guardian* man by the arm when I came in and was telling him about it. "Ah came downstairs this morrnin' carryin' shirt and drawers and socks and shoes to warm by fire, way one do in morrnin'," the old man was saying, in his straight Lancashire, "because it's bloody cold in 'ouse in morrnin', and I coughed few times, way one do in morrnin', and spit in fire few times, way one do, and there on table by fire old woman had left pint o' tea wi' three spoons o' sugar in it, and drop o' rum. Oh, she's grand lady, my old woman. And I put shoes by fire, way one do, and there on table were *Guardian*, and I read article, man, and oh, it were masterpiece!" The article, naturally, had given Miss Balfour none the worst of it; the *Guardian* does not favor the electoral truce.

I spent several more hours in the pubs, but I learned next to nothing.

TOWARD eight o'clock that evening I made my way through the dark to the Baths Hall, guided by a one-legged man who had no flashlight and fell down once because he didn't see a curbstone. He had insisted on showing me the way. Darwen is a hospitable place. There is little outdoor swimming in Lancashire, where the sun shines seldom even in summer, and a swimming

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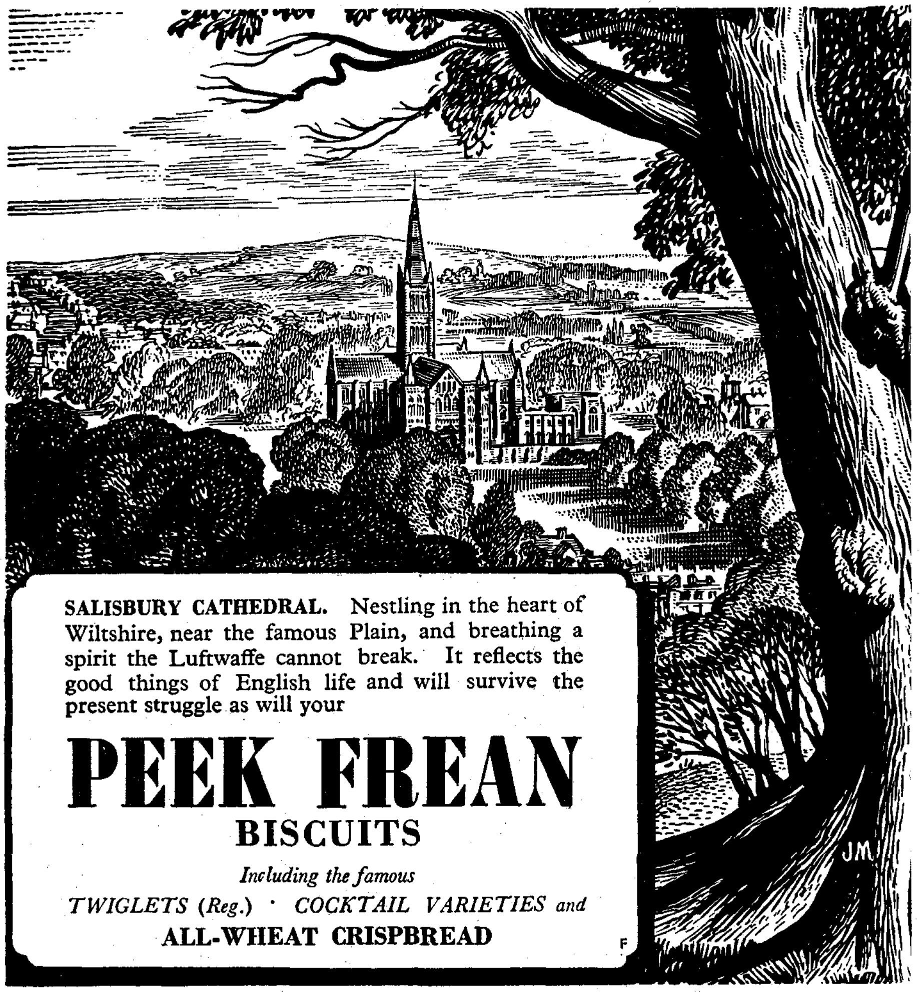

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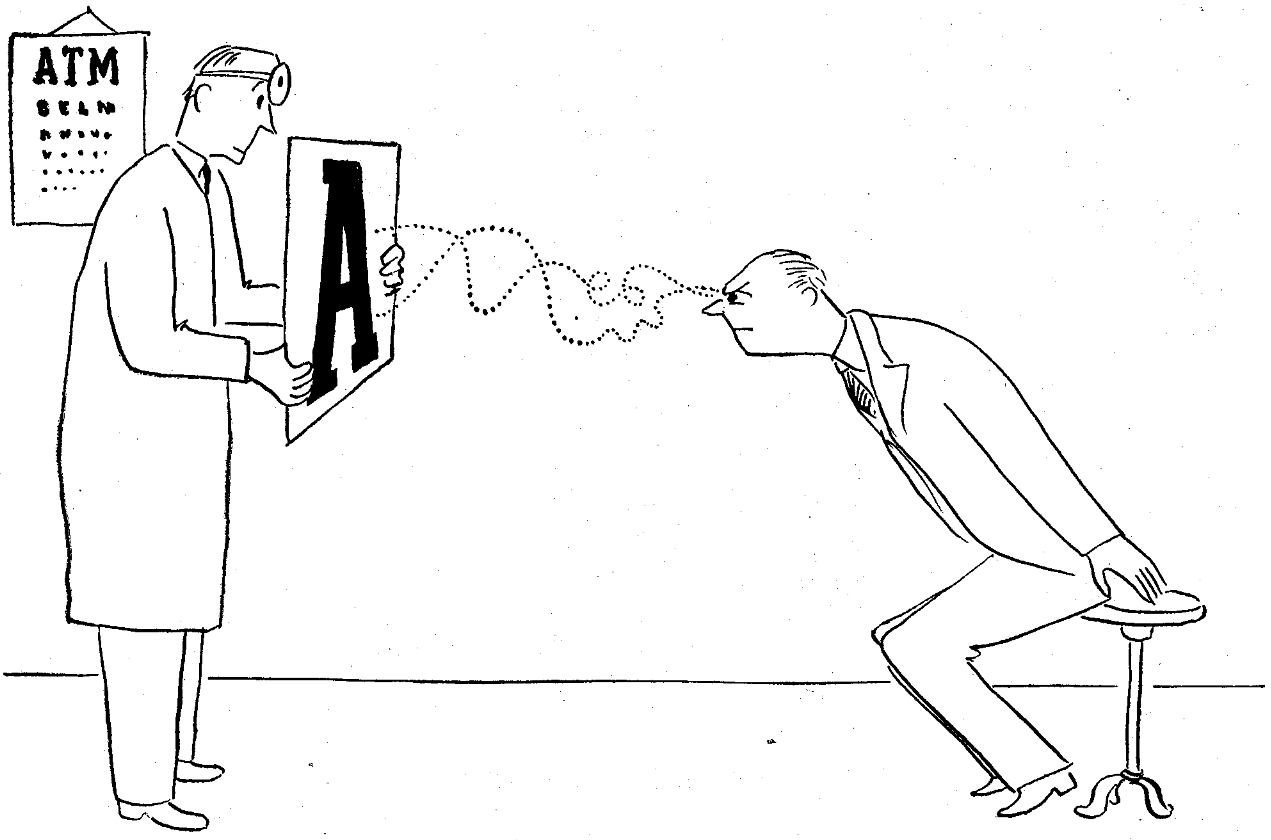
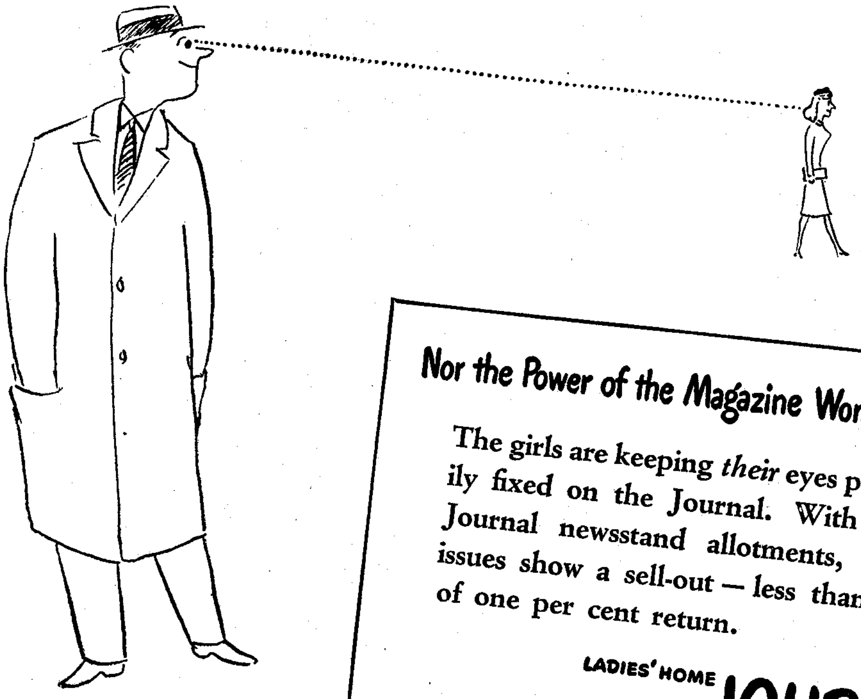
pool is therefore an all-year institution. The Baths Hall is built around a seventy-five-foot pool, which can be quickly floored over for dances and meetings—from which the town derives extra revenue—as well as for civic occasions. Seats for spectators rise in tiers from the sides of the pool. It is the one interior I saw in Darwen that is so modern that it seems placeless; it might be anywhere, from South Australia to Rhode Island or Sweden.

The holders of certificates of secrecy had to be on hand at eight, the hour when the polls closed, even though the count obviously couldn't begin until the ballots were brought in from the polling places. There were reporters from all the London and Manchester papers, as well as ones from towns like nearby Blackburn. We all sat up on the spectators' stand, chattering abstractedly and looking at the clock, like an audience in a high-school gymnasium at home waiting for the basketball teams to come on the floor. The town clerk, a small, neat man with a pointed face, was nervous because he had never acted as returning officer before, having taken office after 1935, the year Darwen (at the time of the last General Elections) had had its own last election. He was probably hoping that no difficult questions of procedure would arise, but he was doomed to be disappointed.

Tables had been arranged on the floor in a long rectangle open at one end. Mr. Byers and a couple of other men, evidently his assistants, sat at the open end, where they could survey the procedure. Chairs were set out along both the inside and the outside of the tables, two on the outer rim to every one inside. Pollard, my friend from the London *News Chronicle*, explained that the counters would sit inside the rectangle and the scrutineers, or watchers, would sit opposite them. There would be one Conservative and one Independent scrutineer for each counter. It was all as bare of ceremony as a municipal election in Pawtucket. Peoples, it seemed to me, recognize their alikeness when engaged in functions that are at the same time common to them and peculiar to their culture. Man, I reflected turgidly, for I had had quite a few drinks in the course of my survey in the pubs, is a thinking animal, and the English-speaker is a voting man. I felt nearer to the British than ever before. Cricket isn't baseball, tea isn't coffee, but an election is an election. The method of deciding moot questions by vote, I thought heavily, is our most conspicuous tribal trait, like

Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman!





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"All Wolves—when she wears her Botany Coat."

the enlarged lower lip of the Ubangi, and the knack of making the method work is our chief cultural heritage.

POLICE constables, wearing beehive helmets, began to bring in metal containers that looked like milk cans. These, carefully tied about with rope, held the ballots from the precincts. One of Mr. Byers' assistants unfastened each container, then dumped the ballots—small slips of paper made up in bundles like banknotes—on the desk in front of Byers. After emptying each container, this man, who must at some time in his life have been a vaudeville magician, would hold it up for all to see that it was empty and had no false bottom. The other assistant then passed down the line distributing the packets of votes among the counters. The packets contained Prescott and Balfour votes jumbled together; the first task of the counters was to sort them out. Rapidly the counters—most of them were girls—divided their lots into two heaps in front of them. All the piles looked about even. Next they counted the votes for each candidate. The scrutineers, sitting opposite them, made their own notations of the count. Sometimes the counters would run out of ballots and sit idle for a long time. Then there would be a spate of votes from some fresh precinct and everybody would be busy for a few minutes.

Mrs. Willie Baines came and sat by me. Mr. Baines, she said, was at the Baines restaurant, fire-watching. This meant that he had to stay there until early morning in case an incendiary bomb should fall on the roof, though never bomb had fallen on Darwen yet. From where we sat we could distinguish Prescott from Balfour ballots as they were counted. If the cross, which looked like a black smudge at that distance, was on the upper half of the slip, it was for Balfour; if on the lower half, for Prescott. "There's a good one," Mrs. Baines would say when a counter unwrapped a ballot with the black mark above the equator, or, with disdain, "Prescott again," when the mark was on the lower half. However, we couldn't get much of an idea of totals that way.

Captain Prescott, the Government candidate, came into the hall about an hour after the polls had closed. He was wearing in one lapel a great red, white, and blue rosette with ribbons of the same colors dangling from it, and was closely followed by his father, Sir William, a leonine man in tweeds. Sir William said to me much later in the evening, "This is rather different from the first time *I* stood for Parliament. *I*

ALL THE *Comforts* OF ROAM!

The day is coming when a train trip will again be something to look forward to eagerly — something to be enjoyed at ease, in spacious comfort — and all at moderate price. That of course will be after the war is won. It will be when the armed forces no longer need nearly half of all our passenger equipment to move fighting men. It will be when many coaches and Pullmans now busy in war service can be honorably retired to make way for new cars with comfort, convenience and thoughtful appointments beyond anything the past has known. That will take money — vast sums of money. It will take time. But we believe that it is worth while today to tell you what we plan for tomorrow — to help you realize that the wartime service we are able to give today is by no means a sample of what's in store for the future.

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ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY

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Great All-American Whiskies harmonized into one have made it
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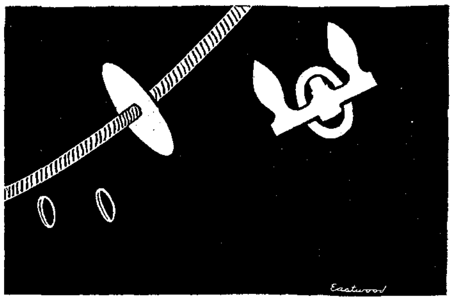
—backed by over 100 years of Knowing How

went in by ten thousand votes." Two or three of the Tory scrutineers applauded when the Prescotts entered. Mrs. Baines said, "Very faint." When Miss Balfour appeared, a few minutes later, Mrs. Baines saw to it personally that she got a more enthusiastic reception.

The Conservative election agent, a large, hard-faced man named something like Raddle, was by this time walking clockwise around the tables, peeking over the shoulders of his scrutineers and adding up their totals. Mrs. Davies, agent for Miss Balfour, walked counterclockwise, peeking over the Independent scrutineers' shoulders. The agents pretended to ignore each other. Mrs. Davies, in a black dress trimmed with white lace, looked as determined as a handsome Scotswoman can when she feels a righteous cause is in peril. Raddle seemed slightly intimidated. After a short while, the candidates' dignity yielded to the tension and they too began to circle, in the same directions as their respective agents. Mr. Davies and Dr. Johnson, another Independent campaign speaker, also began to circle. The count began to look like the Central Park reservoir when the early-morning walkers are on their beat. I went down from the stand to pay my respects to Miss Balfour, and she grabbed my arm and kept on walking. The voting, as far as I could judge, was still close. At one counter's post Miss Balfour would be leading by eight or nine votes, and at the next Prescott would be ahead by a comparable margin.

At one table the Independents were shy a scrutineer. Mrs. Davies hovered anxiously over this table every time she made the round, feeling her responsibility. During one of her pauses, Miss Balfour and I caught up with her. Mrs. Davies said to me, "Will you be a scrutineer?" I said I would, and sat down in the vacant chair. I have never been able to keep my mind on a count over twenty. In calisthenics at elementary school, I always swung my arms thirty-three or thirty-one times when it should have been thirty-two. Fortunately, by now almost all the votes were in; there



MOSQUITO BOMBERS HIT GESTAPO IN OSLO

Mosquitos left trail of havoc

DAY SWEEP FOLLOWS MOSQUITO NIGHT SUCCESSES

Mosquitos Over Prussia

Germans Gape At Rooftop Mosquitoes

MOSQUITO ATTACKED FIVE TRAINS

Intruder raids by moonlight

MOSQUITOS USE THEIR STINGS
Transport Shot Up in Wide Sweep

3 Mosquito Day Raids

MOSQUITOES BOMB BERLIN

Mosquitoes Triple Bombing Raids

MOSQUITOS BOMBED THE CAPITAL

RAF MOSQUITOES MAKE MOST DARING ATTACKS OF THE WAR

Two Daylight Raids On Berlin

BOMBS GREET GÖRING AND GOEBBELS

Mosquitoes Worry Nazi High Command

Mosquito Hits Ship

Mosquitoes Close to Cologne Last Night

Mosquitoes Went "Train-Busting" Last Night

MOSQUITOS—NOW INTRUDERS—BAG 2 PLANES, 12 TRAINS

Mosquitoes Surprise Germans in Daylight Raids

MALTA'S MOSQUITOS ARE STINGING MUSSOLINI.

GERMANS GAPE AT MOSQUITOS

FIGHTER COMMAND HITS GERMANY

Mosquitoes Extend the Intruder Patrols

MOSQUITO DESTROYS TWO NAZIS

Mosquito "Bags" Two Of The Enemy

Germany Feels the Sting of Mosquitos

NIGHT SWEEP BY MOSQUITOES

'Planes and Trains Destroyed

MOSQUITOS WRECKED LOCO WORKS

MOSQUITOS GO TRAIN BUSTING

In the attack today

DE HAVILLAND

On the trade routes of tomorrow

THE DE HAVILLAND AIRCRAFT OF CANADA, LTD., TORONTO

Mosquitoes' Day Blow at German Towns

Mosquitoes Out in Force

MOSQUITO STOPPED STEAMER

MOSQUITOS HIT RADIO WORKS

Birthday Bombs On Berlin—By Mosquitos

Mosquitoes Wreck Works

MOSQUITOES UPSET GERMAN TRAIN TIME-TABLES

Mosquitos Hit Rail Yards

MOSQUITOES' ACCURATE HITTING AT HIGH SPEED

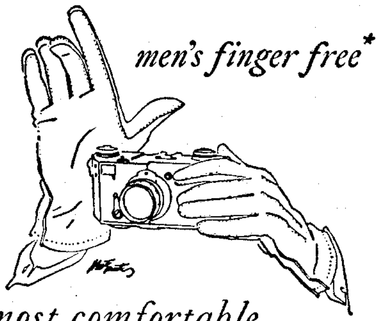
Mosquitoes' Birthday Bombs for Hitler

R.A.F. MOSQUITOS BOMB BEDECKED BERLIN

Stinging Germany

MOSQUITO GUNS AXIS SHIP IN BAY

FINE GLOVES



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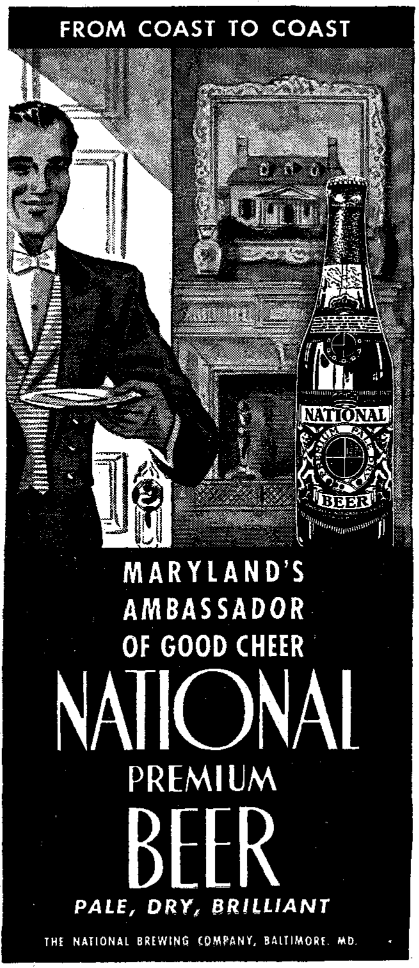


FROM COAST TO COAST
MARYLAND'S AMBASSADOR OF GOOD CHEER
NATIONAL PREMIUM BEER
PALE, DRY, BRILLIANT
THE NATIONAL BREWING COMPANY, BALTIMORE, MD.

were long pauses between the arrivals of milk cans. At last even these driblets ceased.

I got up, since there was no longer any scrutineering to do, and walked down toward the open end of the rectangle, where Mr. Byers, with Mrs. Davies and Raddle at his elbows, was considering several ballots that had been challenged. From Davies' and Raddle's animation it was evident that every vote counted. As I passed Prescott, he said to me, "Well, I'm down by fifty votes."

He looked so disappointed that I said, "Oh, you can't be sure."

He said, "I'll have a word with the Governor. This will be a knock for him."

About ten yards further on, I met Miss Balfour, who said, "I'm down by fifty votes, I'm afraid."

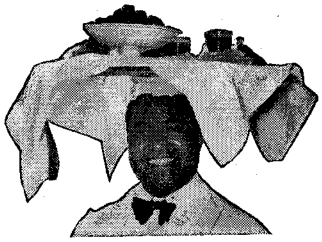
I told her Prescott had told me the same thing, and added, "You can't both lose, you know." Dr. Johnson came along just then and said, "Well, M' Lady, you're a Member of Parliament."

A minute later Davies said, "They just pipped us. That last batch of votes from Turton did it."

Mrs. Davies had not surrendered. She was talking to Raddle and Byers with more fire than ever. She came over to us and said, "We're sixty-six votes behind, out of eighteen thousand cast, and I'm calling for a recount."

So we got back to our tables, counters and scrutineers alike. The counters were handed bundles of Prescott votes to recheck. When they had gone through them all, the count was about eighty less than it had been the first time. Davies and Johnson looked happy again; Raddle looked crushed. "If this stands," Davies said, "she's in by twenty." Then the Tories insisted on a recount of Miss Balfour's votes. They totalled the same as they had on the first round. But the total of votes for both candidates was now considerably less than the total of ballots brought back from the precincts. Raddle would not concede the election; he insisted that a whole packet of ballots must be missing. A confused counter produced the packet; it had sat unremarked at her elbow. The votes were all for Prescott. We counted again; he was again ahead, but by seventy votes instead of sixty-six. Mrs. Davies said that since there was a discrepancy of four votes, another count might show a discrepancy in the other direction. We counted all the votes for both candidates a fourth time. The counters and scrutineers were gazing despairingly at the clock; it was past midnight, and the last

SPRINGTIME at The HOMESTEAD
VIRGINIA HOT SPRINGS



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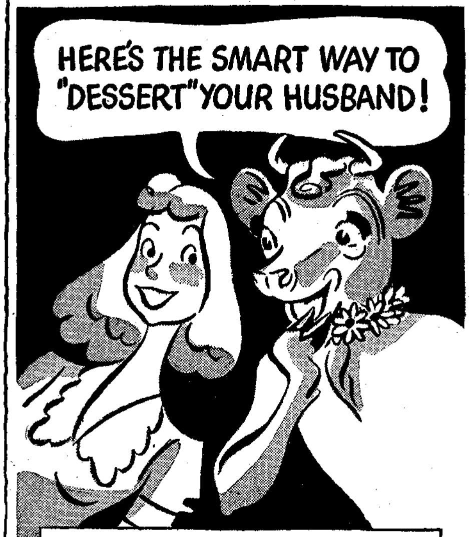
HERE'S THE SMART WAY TO "DESSERT" YOUR HUSBAND!

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• "Dessert" him with LIEDERKRANZ—the one cheese made by and for lovers of robust cheese! He'll love its fully mellowed, creamy center. He'll "eat up" every morsel of the tawny-gold, tender crust! LIEDERKRANZ is *wonderful* eating! (Order it when you dine out.)
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CHEESE
ONE OF BORDEN'S FINE CHEESES

tram to the northern part of town had already left. Democracy demands its price. We counted and scrutineered doggedly. In the end, Prescott was still seventy votes ahead. There was a consultation among the Independents. Mrs. Davies argued a while for making it an all-night session, but they finally decided to concede.

Mr. Byers called Miss Balfour and Captain Prescott to his side and announced the Captain's election as Member of Parliament for the Darwen Division by 8,869 votes to 8,799. After this, both candidates made nice little insincere speeches and Dr. Johnson said to Miss Balfour, "Never mind, my dear. You put up a wonderful show."

A FEW weeks later, young Lieutenant Hugh Lawson, a Common Wealth Party man who had helped in Miss Balfour's fight, beat his Tory opponent at Skipton, in Yorkshire, by a couple of hundred votes in an election in which each man had polled around twelve thousand. A second Independent candidate in the same election got three thousand. In these two successive by-elections the Coalition Government had managed to retain one seat, but it had polled only about twenty-one thousand votes out of approximately forty-five thousand cast. It all seems to mean that English-speaking people like to vote more than once in eight years.

—A. J. LIEBLING

•

For lunch Miss Day ate frankfurters along with several thousand cadets in an aviation cadet mess hall. She literally cleaned her plate...—*Maxwell Field* (*Montgomery, Ala.*) *Training News.*

That's not getting on with the war.

•

The Lyons bill, which was written for me by Morris L. Ernst and introduced into the Legislature by Assemblyman Irwin Davidson, was held constitutional by the Court of Appeals. This is the bill prohibiting theater owners or anybody else from theaters.—*Leonard Lyons in the Washington Post.*

Marvellous conception!

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Oswego* (*N.Y.*) *Palladium-Times*]

TACOMA, Wash.—Edward Wittmeier, garage mechanic, bought a new mail box.

Next day he saw the postman smile as he used the box for the first time. Then Wittmeier rushed out to get his mail.

ESTABLISHED 1818

"BETTER GO TO BROOKS TO BE SURE"

In addition to the three indispensables of Good Materials, Good Workmanship, and Good Style—there's a fourth element of "goodness" at Brooks Brothers that is just as important and just as dependable: Good Taste. 126 years of specializing in it have given us an unsurpassed experience in the fitness of things—for the time and the place and the kind of use, and for the individual person who wears them.

Spring Overcoats, $72 *to* $110
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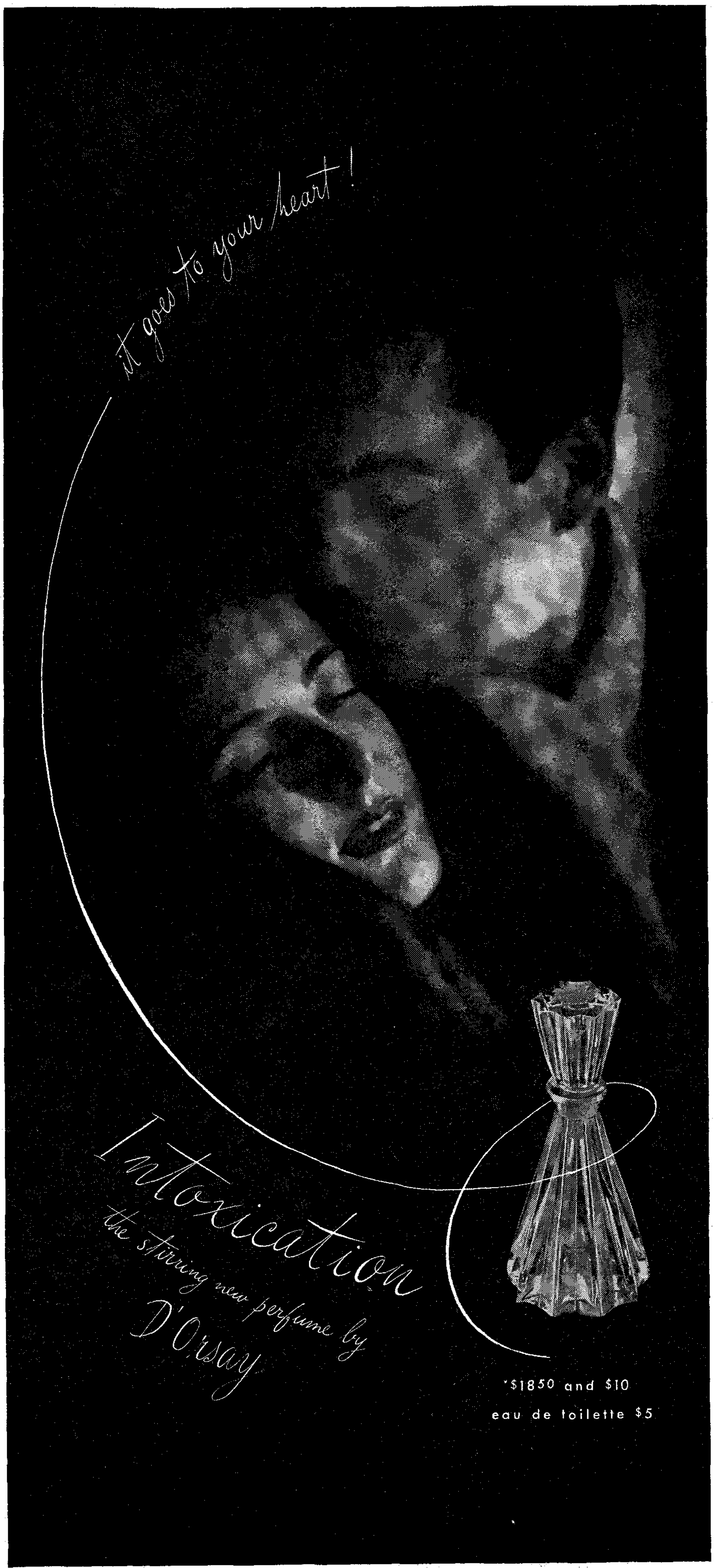

OF ALL THINGS

IN the Ukraine the retreating Wehrmacht is breaking up into smaller and smaller units. The Russians have plainly set themselves to the task of making little ones out of big ones.

•

The town of Cassino is evidently suffering from a severe shortage of sleeping accommodations. For days the Allies and Germans have been fighting desperately for the possession of a fourth-class hotel.

•

In Germany many citizens are being severely punished for "black listening" on the radio. The government insists that its own brand of bad news is better than the imported stuff.

•

The Japanese government announces a plan to cover the world with propaganda comic strips. For some reason, the rules of warfare do not forbid this hideous atrocity.

•

Sometimes it seems that the Italians have no luck at all. They get Mussolini quieted down and then all Vesuvius breaks loose.

•

Polls indicate that Tom Dewey is the Republicans' favorite candidate for President. Our Governor can stand still faster than his opponents can run.

•

New York is a town that does not let the war interfere with the higher things of life. Theatres are crowded, books are booming, and an art-lover has stolen a picture from the Metropolitan Museum.

•

Scientists warn us not to expect electronics to do our housework immediately after the war. These reactionaries are trying to tell us that we will return to the era of the hired girl.

•

The New York Board of Estimate has voted unanimously to retain the five-cent fare. The members found that there is no public demand for a subway whose ends meet.

•

Dispatches from the baseball training camps indicate that the teams are largely composed of elderly gentlemen and beardless youths. Big-league games this season will probably look something like fathers-and-sons tournaments.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

How your telephone system benefits from Rayon Insulation

FAMILIAR as you are with the dial-tone and the "voice with a smile," possibly you never realized how vital a role rayon plays in modern telephone service.

Ever since man-made fibers revolutionized America's textile industry, telephone engineers have been interested in these materials for electrical insulation.

To begin with, the cost of rayon has gone gradually down as yearly production mounted, so substantial savings can be achieved by its use. Secondly, the source of supply, being domestic, is assured.

To these economic advantages, superior engineering qualities must be added. Research early established that acetate rayon has high dielectric strength. It also has low moisture absorption. And tests on cables removed from trial installations after years of service have shown superb aging properties.

By wrapping wires with two layers of acetate rayon yarn, telephone engineers have created a cable which can be used in several types of switchboard service, each of which formerly called for a particular type of cable. These telephone engineers tell us that the electrical characteristics of both local and toll circuits have been improved. In addition, the number of colored wires, designating different types of service, has been reduced by approximately three hundred. The importance of these improvements can be judged when you realize that annual production of these wires totals several billion feet!

This relatively unfamiliar use for rayon demonstrates once again the point and purpose of American Viscose Corporation's research program...dedicated to development and continuous improvement in the uses of rayon fibers for America's textiles and allied products.

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This identification is awarded only to fabrics containing CROWN rayon, after they have passed the CROWN Tests for serviceability.

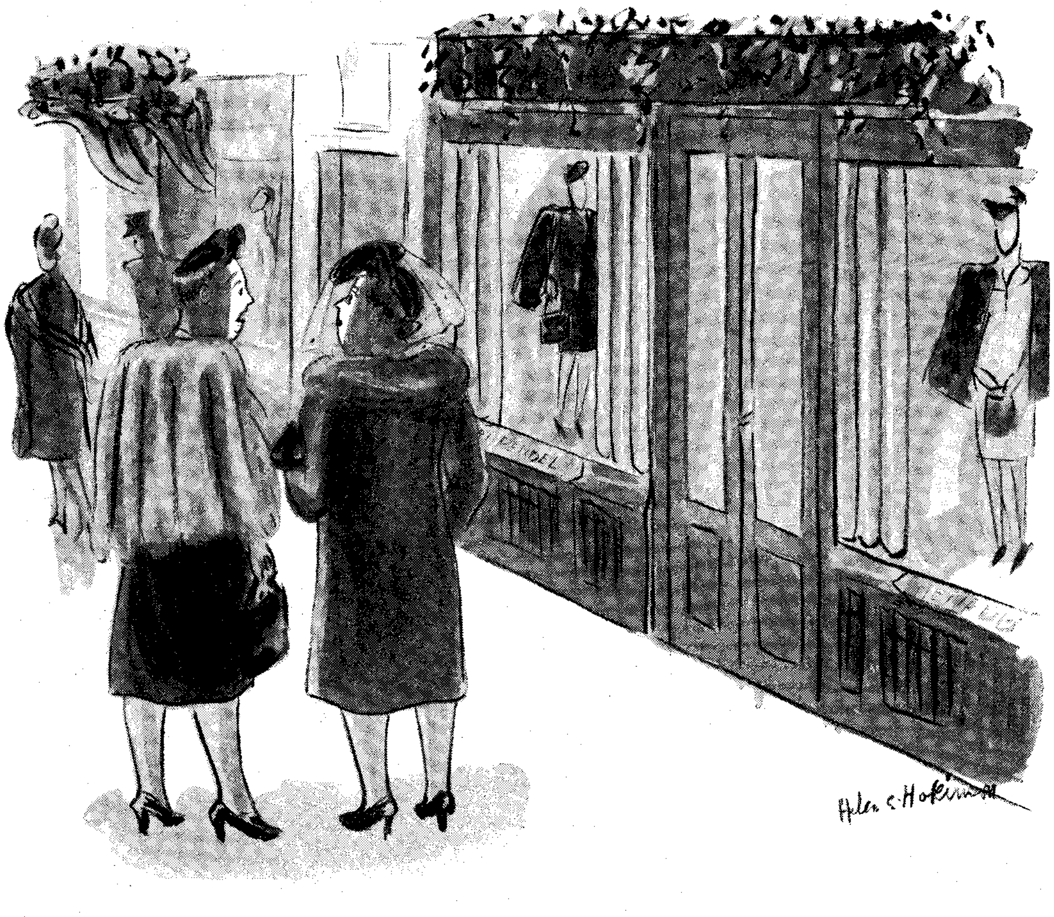
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

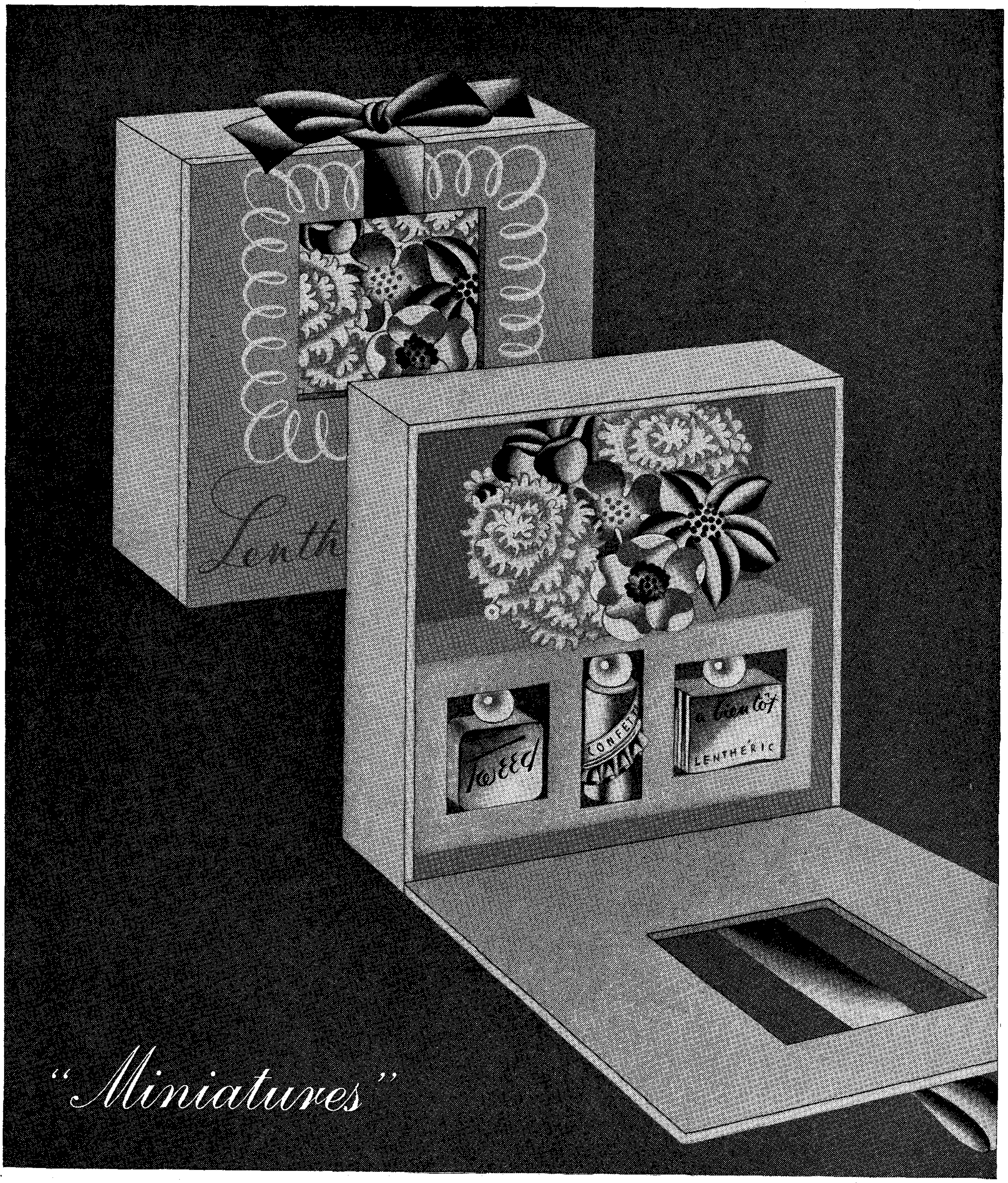
A CAUSE for rejoicing is the fact that the best clothes are becoming progressively less seasonal and that the retail shops, instead of trying to get ahead of the calendar by concentrating on prints in January and wools in July, are likely to have a permanent stock of clothes that can be worn the year round. Take Abercrombie & Fitch's collection of tailored suits of the type labelled "classic," at prices ranging from $49.50 to $95. Some of these are of a domestic wool tweed that we can all be very proud of. The jackets are longish and easy, with two-button fastenings and patch pockets, and the skirts have kick pleats. There are long box coats in the same material. There is also a group of domestic-tweed suits and topcoats, patterned in small checks and matching the colors of the other tweed, a notion which will delight the many people who feel that a suit and topcoat in the same pattern are too suggestive of life on the campus. Other checked domestic woollens have been made up into suits with jackets having high, pointed lapels, flap pockets on the chest, and darts across the centre back that look like narrow box pleats. The pleats across the front of the skirt *are* pleats. Abercrombie & Fitch have always been noted for their imported materials. This year they are showing suits of hound's-tooth weaves, the jackets having unlined lapels to carry on Abercrombie's policy of designing suits of lightweight wool with the least possible bulk so that they will fit easily under topcoats. There is Linton tweed on hand, too. It makes, for example, a suit with a fitted jacket and a turnover collar and having a small navy-and-red broken check, or a blue-and-brown suit with a cardigan jacket, more interesting than most because of the round shoulder yoke across the back, the square yoke in front, and the detail, which suggests lapels. Abercrombie also has suits in soft plaids, such as a combination of greige and beige with touches of blue and carrot red, and suits of the thinnest possible wool gabardines with hand-stitching for trimming. All very splendid.

FOULKE & FOULKE (undoubtedly relatives), at 6 East 53rd Street, being concerned with ready-to-wear clothes, are marvellous for those daytime fill-ins that every wardrobe always seems to need. Many of the things are designed on the premises and are, naturally, exclusive, such as a collection of dark rayon-crêpe street dresses trimmed, variously, with Kelly-green grosgrain ribbon, dusty-pink box-pleated ruffles, and red-and-white taffeta frills that partly fill in square décolletages. There are clothes designed for matronly figures. One of the lot is a dress of black rayon sheer with a V neck, bell sleeves, and a white-embroidered bright crêpe band running down one side to divert attention from a too prominent stomach or diaphragm. This is $39.75, which is a good, average price around here. The general ready-to-wear assortment includes two-piece jumper dresses, some with jackets of rayon crêpe printed with dusty-pink carnations and white English daisies. You will also find here one of the best washable-cotton tailored dresses I have seen around the city, made of a finely striped beige-and-white fabric with an all-over black floral shadow print. It has padded cap sleeves (the padding can be removed when it's time for the laundry), a fly front, and small black velvet bows on the chest and pocket; $25. With a big black hat and black gloves, you will feel suave in it anywhere in town even on an unpleasantly hot day. This shop has a small collection of negligees (one is a sheer frilled dressing gown in white with turquoise polka dots) and pajamas, notably a navy-blue cotton gabardine one-piece affair with a zipper front and wide piqué collars and cuffs. You could wear it serenely either at the beach or at an informal dinner.

RAINCOATS are being designed with more and more ingenuity, and now Peck & Peck have come out with rainproof *suits* that will look as



"I wouldn't dream of going in. I'm not dressed for it!"


"Miniatures"
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Tweed
Confetti
a bientôt
Lenthéric

TREMENDOUS TRIFLE . . . Lenthéric's engaging nosegay shadow-box presentation of three famous perfumes: "Tweed", "A Bientôt" and "Confetti" $4.40 (plus tax).

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Very Well Red
• a wise red with a gay blue twinkle
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Very Well Red
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attractive after the storm stops as they did before. Nothing startling about them; they're just for people who like to go around in the rain without coats, that's all. One is of natural-color elkskin, with a fly-front skirt and a loose, double-breasted jacket belted in the same material. Another, of a shepherd's-check rayon surah, has a buttoned skirt and a lumberjack top, with padded raglan sleeves. If you're going to be stuffy and insist on a raincoat, there is one of the rayon surah, with a drawstring waistline, a small bow in the centre of the front and back, and a wide, turnover collar. These things are all around $35. For days that are sunny and intend to stay that way, the shop has a tailored three-piece ensemble in a black tweed with white pin-point dots contributing a checked effect. The jacket has an English-schoolboy piqué collar; the loose, full-length coat is collarless and uses white pearl buttons to give a double-breasted look. Peck & Peck also have lots of rayon gabardines, in aquamarine, coral, chamois, and so on, made up into separate garments to be combined as you like. You'll see tailored dresses with short sleeves and fly fronts, jackets made in cardigan or lumberjack style, box-pleated skirts, slacks, and shorts. For sheer fun, P. & P. have separate vests, in white piqué or black-and-white shepherd's-check fabric with smoked-pearl buttons; $6.95 and $7.95.

LANZ, at 668 Fifth Avenue (53rd), now has something called Teen-Age Hangout on the third floor, which shows accessories and clothes for the young, such as coats of gray-blue wool trimmed with Tyrolian-type embroidery and lined with printed cotton to match the accompanying dresses, which are made in the Lanz peasant style. (The coats are $29.50, the dresses are $7.95.) There are also navy flannel suits with a poppy appliquéd on the collar of the jackets and poppies making epaulettes on the topcoats. This shop prides itself on fitting young girls who have accumulated what is known as "puppy fat." Lanz is continuing the fad of identical young-mother-and-daughter costumes—things like men's-wear flannel suits with touches of red and green embroidery on the fitted jackets (these are around $35) and matching three-quarter box coats that would be handy over almost anything, including slacks. He loves small cotton prints—one has white dachshunds and red sausages (a peculiar combination, but it will get by) on a pale ground—made up, in big and little sizes, into square-necked pinafores. Some need no blouses and others cry for, and get, them; affairs in fairy-tale prints (showing ogres and castles and princesses), with low backs and white piqué frills on the yokes, to give you a sample. Note: You have to shop in different departments for different sizes. All kinds of accessories abound in these prints—pillboxes and open-crowned sunbonnets, drawstring pouches and over-the-shoulder handbags, espadrilles with fibre soles, and like gay nonsense.

PEOPLE who have ideas of their own about clothes and want them executed in fine fabrics should know of Rabun Studios, at 810 Madison Avenue (68th); plenty of expatriate Europeans who used to patronize the "little dressmakers" and "little bag makers" of Paris somehow found this place before they had been in New York a week. This shop has handspun and hand-woven wools, silks, and beautiful pure linens (the last are $4 a yard in natural hue, $5 in color) from the Blue Ridge Mountains of Jawjuh. Most of the fabrics are thirty-three to thirty-five inches wide. There are rough silks, silk herringbones, rough silk-and-wool fabrics, and wool tweeds that come in grays and browns and also in heavenly off shades which can generally be combined effectively with a plaid. Handsome Ascot scarves, fifty inches long and having self-fringed ends, are there in a variety of wools and in heavy silk.

Asked the old, old question about where you can have these fabrics made up with skill and imagination, Rabun says that the smartest customers swear by the following characters (the prices quoted presuppose your bringing your own material): For suits, B. Fabricant, 9 East 53rd Street, who charges from $90 up; Nicholas Laszlo, 1124 Lexington Avenue (78th), who costs from $65; and Jacob Kohn, 982 Lexington Avenue (71st), whose prices start at $35. For dresses, Rabun recommends Mrs. Emilia Rossi, at 351 East 57th

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by
WESTMORE

...the liquid cream foundation created by the Westmores, the men who make up the Hollywood stars.

Ann Sheridan
Star of Warner Bros. picture
"SHINE ON HARVEST MOON"

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CASTILIAN

Not a cake, not a cream...Does not cause dry skin because it has a lanolin and oil base... Does not give an artificial masked appearance ...Overglo effectively hides tiny wrinkles, lines, and minor blemishes...Goes on evenly — does not streak. Easy fingertip application — no sponge or cotton needed...Overglo gives you a flawless complexion and a fresh, well-groomed appearance for the day without constant repowdering... Overglo comes in six flattering skin-tinted shades...One bottle lasts months. $1.50

(from $30 up), and Marcelle Milliat, 509 Madison (53rd), whose couture is Parisian and expensive.

Luxenberg, at 485 Madison Avenue (52nd), is another tailor who knows what he's doing. He works only with wool, either your own fabric or one from his stock. He is best known for men's and women's military uniforms, naturally, but he is also adept at suits that have dressmaker detail. You shouldn't, though, expect sunburst pleats and frills and other frivolities. If you supply the material, Luxenberg will make a tailored suit for from $58.50 up and a dressmaker one for from $62. If you choose your wool at Luxenberg's shop, the prices start at $75 for a tailored suit and $85 for a dressmaker affair.

The gradual disappearance of the notion counter above 42nd Street has made many inventive women unhappy, and they might be pleased to know about Benny Cohen, at 1369 Sixth Avenue (56th), and S. Semler & Son, at 514 Madison Avenue (53rd Street). At Semler, you can find zippers, snappers, dress shields, pinking shears, and other aids to women who are handy with a needle, and also a gorgeous array of buttons in all sizes, among them the hard-to-get pearl ones, from infant's size to those gigantic numbers. This establishment covers buttons with your own material and decorates them with hand-stitching at fifty cents a button, whatever the size, and makes belts to order, carrying out either its own ideas or yours. Cohen's shop has more or less the same materials. He also does custom belts and has gold and silver kid ones in stock.

ACCESSORIES DE LUXE: Georg Jensen, 667 Fifth (53rd), has magnificent heavy silk Ascots in necktie patterns (they're forty-four inches long and eleven wide at the ends); $4.50. There, too, you can still buy real silk umbrellas in sedate brown or navy with Malacca handles and ferrules; $18.50. This is also the place for hand-sewn fabric gloves that have true élan, whether they are shorties with one-button fastenings, eight-button slip-ons gathered at the wrists, or gauntlets. These are $3 and $4.50, in every imaginable color. . . . Mark Cross is making rapturous noises over handbags in a dappled hazel pigskin imported from England and made up here into envelopes with saddle-stitching, leather linings, roll tops, and many compartments. These are $17.50 and up, in sizes ranging from ten to over fourteen inches in

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length, and they are handsome adjuncts to almost any costume. If you have a dress that needs a more flamboyant lift, you might try Cross's rayon-taffeta bags in plaids combining, say, pink, black, and green or turquoise, red, and brown. These bags have loop handles gathered on a wide cord, like the net bags carried by French fishermen, so they tell me, but hardly in the same colors, I hope; $17.50. Poke pouches of the same fabric, with drawstrings, are $25. . . . Ella-David, at 545 Madison (55th), does custom hats for ladies of all ages, and is particularly successful in creating dashing affairs for older women who do not mind looking their age but would like to do it smartly. She designs small, flat, red straw sailors with parrotlike wings above and below the brim at one side, shiny black straws whose lines are softened by lime-green ruching around the minute brim—things like that. Her prices begin at $18. . . . J. Berlé, at 20 East 57th Street, started out to be a sculptor and now finds himself molding the feminine figure with his custom brassières. He loathes artificially exaggerated lines and strives for a natural look. His brassières are partly wired, separate the breasts, and fasten in the back with elastic. They cost $13.50 in cotton faille and $16.50 and up in pure silk, and require about a month to make. To women who take their figures seriously, it's Berlé, ten to one. —L. L.

•

POESY DEPARTMENT

[*From the Congressional Record*]

BRUMIDI IN DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA ROOM

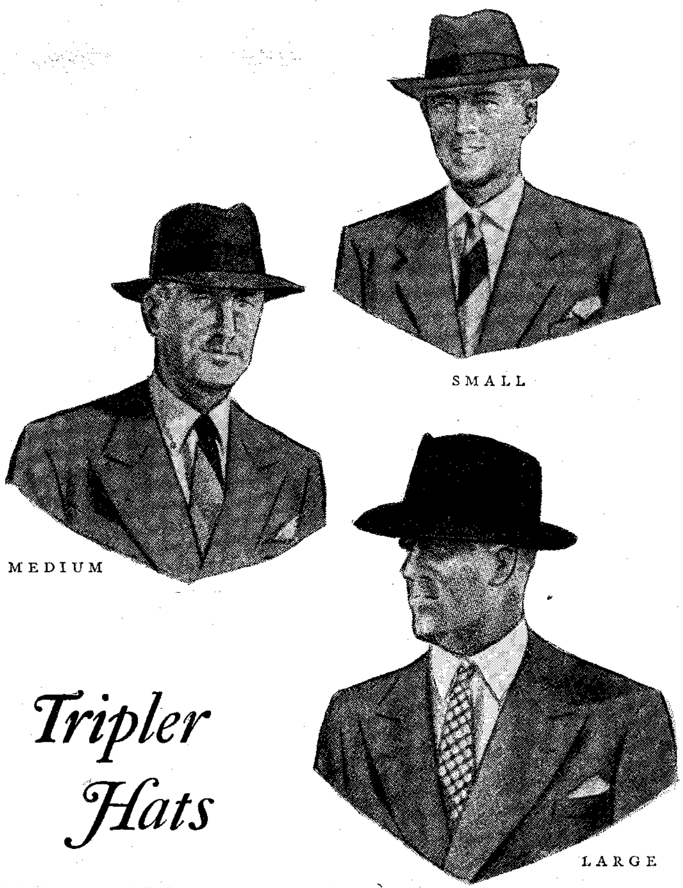
EXTENSION OF REMARKS
OF
HON. THEODORE G. BILBO
OF MISSISSIPPI
IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES
Friday, March 3 (legislative day of Monday, February 7), 1944

MR. BILBO. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent to have printed in the Appendix of the RECORD a poem by Horace C. Carlisle entitled "Brumidi in the District of Columbia Room."

There being no objection, the poem was ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

BRUMIDI IN DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA ROOM
A quarter of a century Brumidi proudly spent
In decorating, in his special way,
The Capitol in pictures, with one purposeful intent
Of painting scenes, to live beyond his day.
His heart within him yearned
To leave no stone unturned,
As daily toiled he, with determined zest—
And every small detail he wrought with great concern—
For he did nothing that was not his best.
The District of Columbia Room gives ample evidence
Of his unquestioned . . .

[EDITORS' NOTE: Remaining forty-three lines deleted because of paper shortage.]



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THE DUTIES OF THE PRO

It was a dismally cold day, and the wind, whipping through cracks in the wooden walls, filled the classroom with drafts. One stove being out of order, the forty-one officers had pulled their rough wooden benches around the other in an irregular semicircle, but it was still too cold to take off their coats and hats. Most of them were reading morning newspapers, working crossword puzzles, talking in loud whispers, sleeping, or staring listlessly at the colored GI charts and posters on the walls. They all appeared ready and anxious to leave on a minute's notice.

"What," Sergeant Howard asked, from the front of the room, "are the duties of the post, camp, or station public-relations officer?" A captain, intent on a crossword, whispered to the man on his right, got an answer, and bent his head again. There was no other sign of activity or interest.

"Any volunteers?" Howard asked. "Who can tell us what the PRO does to pass away the government's time?" His attempted joke fell flat. "Major Kaufman," he began, "perhaps you—" and then, embarrassed, he stopped. The Major's heavy white head was low on his chest, rising and falling gently with his breathing. Howard felt a sinking disappointment. The Major was one of the few in the class who could usually be counted upon for an answer.

"All right," Howard went on, blushing, "here they are—the duties of the post, camp, or station PRO. Those of you taking notes might want to jot this down. First, the PRO is responsible for all news released to the public. Second, he is usually adviser of the GI newspaper. Those are his two principal duties, but they're subdivided into several other jobs. Before we go into these, are there any questions on the two basic duties?"

There was a question, but it was one lieutenant asking another the time in a poorly muffled voice that could be heard all over the room. The rest of the class chuckled.

"Rough night last night, eh, Green?" someone called.

"You *will* go to Doc's!"

"Whyn't you go to bed nights?"

The lieutenant, about thirty, with a thin, shrewd face, blue-gray jowls, thick-lensed glasses, and a mat of curly hair, stretched luxuriously and looked at his friends with a smug smile. "What a chick," he said, yawning.

"Gentlemen—" Howard began impatiently, but as he spoke he knew it was no use. They were off again on one of the interminable sessions that had been interrupting his lectures since the beginning. Laughing and shouting, they had completely forgotten they were in class. Suddenly disgusted, he shouted, "O. K.! Ten-minute break!"

The class came to life immediately, dozing heads snapping up with new interest, and in thirty seconds the room was a babbling madhouse. Everyone seemed to be trying to shout above everyone else. Howard shook his head hopelessly.

He was unable to account for the officers' behavior. His commanding officer had instituted the course to give these men in the officers' replacement pool an additional technical background which they would be able to use later in their permanent assignments. There was no question that the course was worthwhile. Howard had planned it carefully and had had it approved by the director of training, and had given it in longer form to hundreds of enlisted technicians, who had accepted it readily and enthusiastically. There had been no trouble with the enlisted men, nothing but trouble with the officers. In spite of strict attendance rules set up by the S3 office, most of them were ten or fifteen minutes late every day. When they came in each morning, they saw that their names were checked off on the roster and then, apparently satisfied that they had discharged their obligations for the day, settled down to read or talk and smoke. When Howard called for attention, some put aside their papers and faced him, but always with reluctance. Given a rest period, the officers were uncontrollable, and all ten-minute breaks stretched to fifteen or twenty. Howard lived in constant dread of the director of training or the commanding officer himself walking in unexpectedly and finding him unable to handle his class. Yet there was nothing, nothing at all, he could do about it.

Glancing at his watch, Howard saw that the ten minutes was over. "All right, gentlemen," he called. "Let's put away the newspapers and cigarettes. Let's put 'em away."

The clamor subsided somewhat but did not die out. Lieutenant Green and three or four others went right on with their critique of the previous evening. The old Major closed his eyes peacefully. Most of the newspapers were folded, but they were placed on their owners' knees or alongside on the bench, to be read covertly. Howard drew a deep breath, wishing the class were over.

"All right," he repeated. "Let's get back to the duties of the PRO." He decided to strike at the principal offender. "Lieutenant Green!"

The lieutenant looked up, his face showing annoyance.

"Sir, what are the two big duties of the post public-relations officer?"

"The what? Oh. Well—" Green looked at one of his friends appealingly, as though asking what they were going to do with this upstart sergeant who dared break in on their conversation. The other simply stared back, and Howard waited.

"Too much Baltimore, Green," came a voice from the other end of the bench.

"Listen, Stanley," Lieutenant Green said, "you don't look so good yourself today."

"Please, Lieutenant," Howard said. "We were discussing this before the break."

"Answer the question, Green," an officer said. "Get your mind off that babe and get on the ball."

"Listen," Lieutenant Green said, "you—"

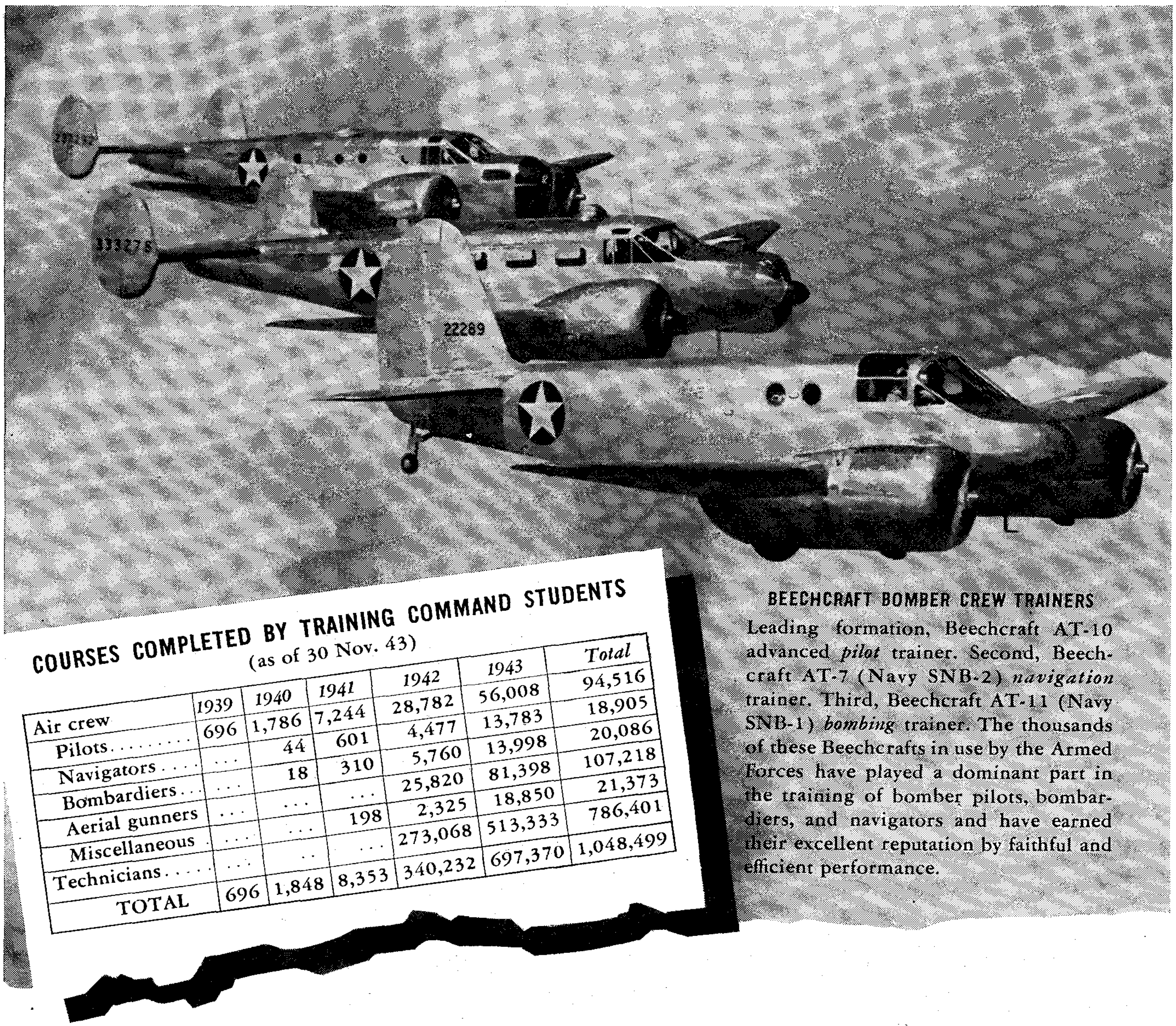
"Who can tell Lieutenant Green?" Howard demanded of the class. "Come on, who knows?" He tried to smile at them encouragingly.

"Release news and advise the goddamned paper," a tired second lieutenant said.

Relieved, Howard turned to him. "That's right, sir," he said gratefully. "The two duties are, one, to release all news for public consumption, and two, to act as adviser of the installation's newspaper. That's exactly what you'll be doing if the CO of your future outfit decides you'll be PRO in addition to your other duties, and from what we have heard from officers who have proceeded to other outfits, that has happened in a good number—large number—of cases. For that reason, it's a good idea to know a little something about these duties." The trick, Howard had discovered long ago, was to repeat all information over and over. It used up time, for one thing, and for another it seemed reasonable to suppose that if the officers heard it often enough, they might take some of it away with them.

Lieutenant Green, apparently satisfied with his recitation, shrugged and went on with his recital of his date.

"Now, under the one job, release of



COURSES COMPLETED BY TRAINING COMMAND STUDENTS
(as of 30 Nov. 43)

	1939	*1940*	*1941*	*1942*	*1943*	*Total*
Air crew						
Pilots	696	1,786	7,244	28,782	56,008	94,516
Navigators	...	44	601	4,477	13,783	18,905
Bombardiers	...	18	310	5,760	13,998	20,086
Aerial gunners	...	...	...	25,820	81,398	107,218
Miscellaneous	...	...	198	2,325	18,850	21,373
Technicians	...	..	...	273,068	513,333	786,401
TOTAL	696	1,848	8,353	340,232	697,370	1,048,499

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Leading formation, Beechcraft AT-10 advanced *pilot* trainer. Second, Beechcraft AT-7 (Navy SNB-2) *navigation* trainer. Third, Beechcraft AT-11 (Navy SNB-1) *bombing* trainer. The thousands of these Beechcrafts in use by the Armed Forces have played a dominant part in the training of bomber pilots, bombardiers, and navigators and have earned their excellent reputation by faithful and efficient performance.

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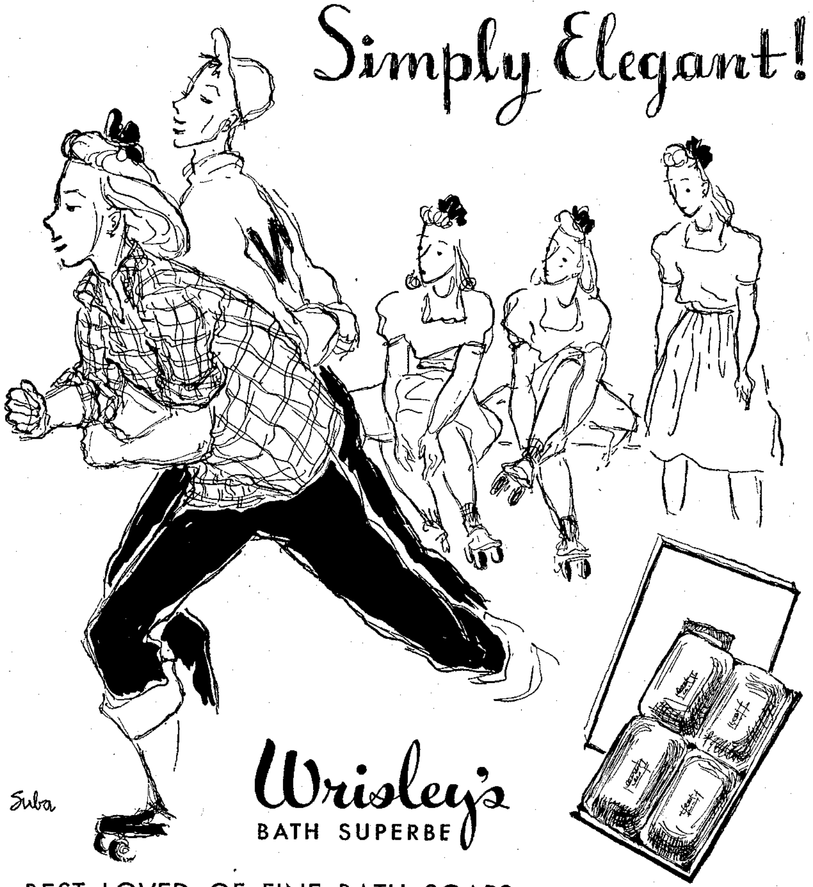

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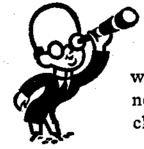

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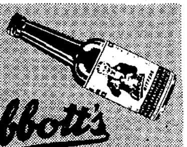

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news to the public," Howard resumed, "there are, as I mentioned, a number of susdivisions—subdivisions, I mean. The first is—"

A lieutenant suddenly burst out laughing. The sound came so unexpectedly and with such hearty force that it caught on at once, and in two seconds the class was in an uproar.

Howard stared at them unbelievingly and struggled to hold back the rage sweeping through him.

"Gentlemen!" he shouted. "Gentlemen!"

The sharp note in his voice caused the laughter and confusion to vanish as though turned off by a switch. All eyes fixed on Howard for a few strained, silent seconds. He faced their outraged looks, knowing they were waiting eagerly for him to make an untoward move.

"Gentlemen," he said in a quiet, shaking voice, "we're going to come to an understanding right now. This sort of thing has been going on all week and I won't have it any longer." He paused, but nobody said a word and nobody moved. "Certain rules were set up for this group in the beginning. They were outlined in our very first session, but nobody has paid any attention to them. You were told that those who arrived late for class would be marked absent, yet every morning more than half of you are behind schedule, far behind. You were told that there would be no smoking. In spite of repeated reminders the majority continues to smoke."

"Just a minute, Sergeant," a captain named Grey said sharply.

Howard turned on him. "The instructor is speaking at the moment, sir," he said. "There have been repeated interruptions. Very few of you have shown any interest whatsoever. Gentlemen, I don't like this class any better than you. I'd a hundred times rather be teaching enlisted men. I realize that many of you have covered much of this material before. But it's my job to give it to me—to you, I mean—and the least you can do is take it."

He lowered his voice, but the steady stream of words never hesitated. "You, for instance, Lieutenant Green. You've done nothing but talk since you've been in here this morning. And you, Lieutenant—over there in the second row—you've gone halfway through that book during the time the lecture has been going on."

"It's a good book," the lieutenant said, smiling. Some of the others smiled, but no one laughed.

"I don't care if it's the best goddamned book ever written," Howard

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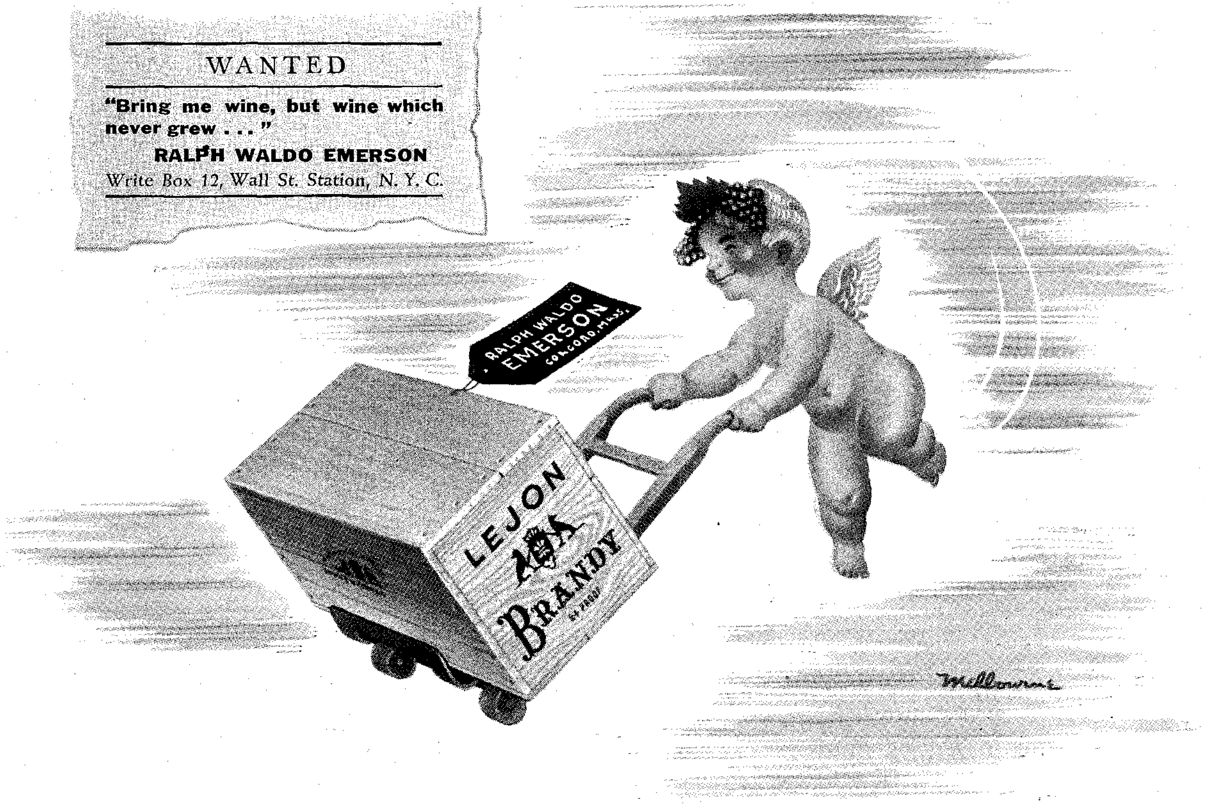

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84 PROOF

said. "You can't read it in this class."

The door opened then and a captain wearing fatigue clothes came in and took an end seat on the last bench to the right of the stove.

"You, sir," Howard said, pouncing on him, "you're more than two hours late! And what are you doing in fatigue clothes?" The minute he spoke he was sorry for his tone.

"The chart says—" the officer began to speak before he realized that the stern voice belonged to Sergeant Howard. Then he stopped in amazement.

"The chart does not say the fatigue uniform is regulation for this class," Howard said.

"Listen, Sergeant," said the captain, "watch your tone of voice. I was at the—"

"I'm not interested where you were," Howard said. "The point is, you're late. You're here without a written excuse. By all rights I should report you to S3. I explained that at the beginning of the course. Every officer who comes in late will be required to reply to S3 by indorsement. You know what that means—it goes on your record. Gentlemen, I don't want to turn anybody in, but—" By now he was so angry he scarcely knew what he was saying. All he knew was that he hated these men as he had never in his life hated anyone or anything.

Captain Grey spoke up. "Sergeant, suppose you report it when something is bothering you," he said. "You're out of order with your military courtesy. You can't talk to us this way. We're all soldiers, we've all been in the Army a long time. You can't get away with this sort of thing."

"Sir, many of the officers—"

"That will do," said Grey. "Go on with the class."

"Sir," said Howard, trembling, "it's only for the good—"

"That will do," Grey said again. "Go on."

"Very well, sir," Howard said. With weak fingers he picked up his notes, found his place, and began the lecture again. As he talked, not quite knowing what he was saying, he tried to avoid their eyes by staring above their heads, but he could feel them gazing at him. All the men in the room, even the ones who had been sleeping, were now paying strict attention. He cast a cautious glance at the captain who had come in late and saw that he was staring at him in fixed hatred. Howard's knees shook and his voice broke, and he was afraid to wonder what they were going to do to him.—SGT. RICHARD B. GEHMAN

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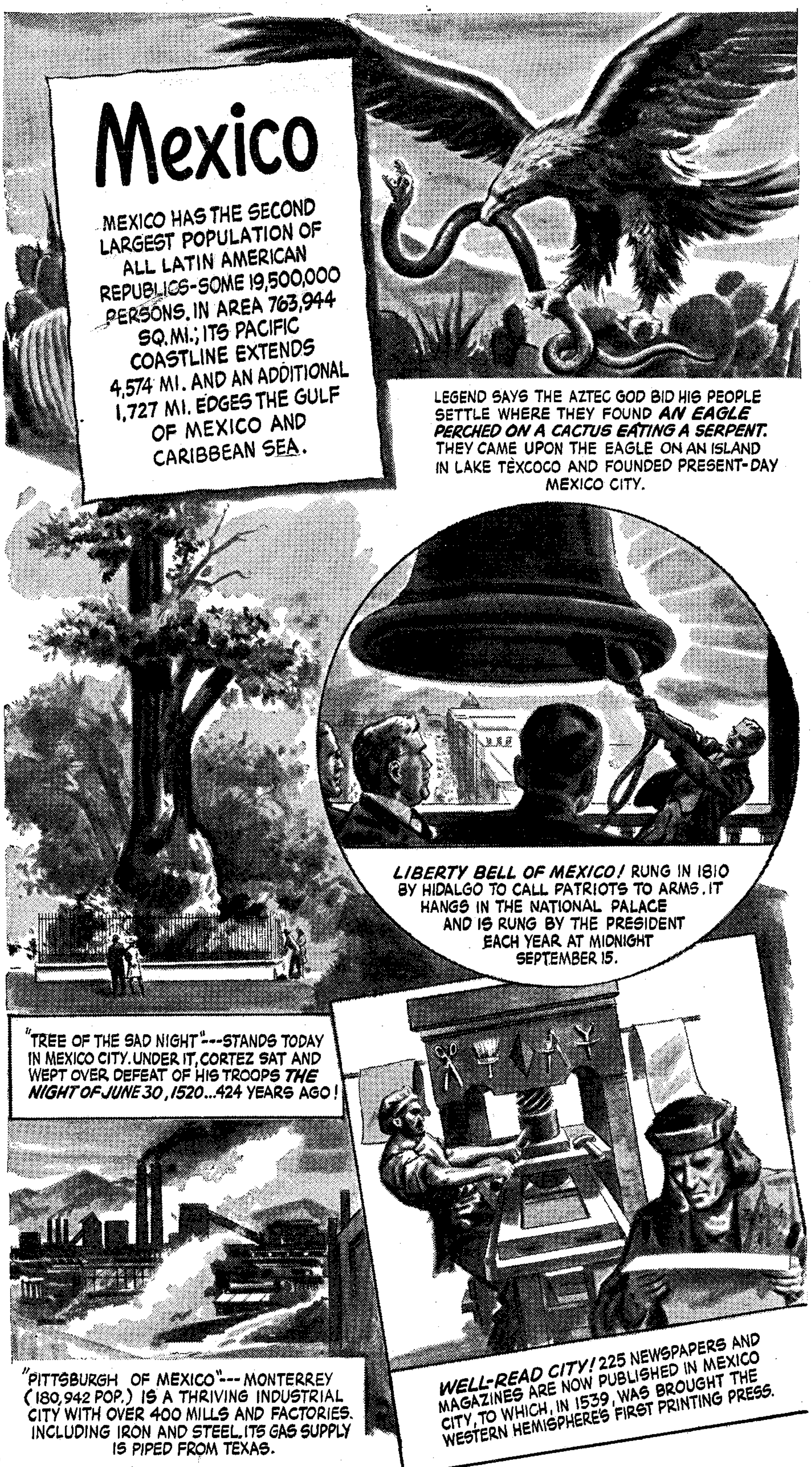

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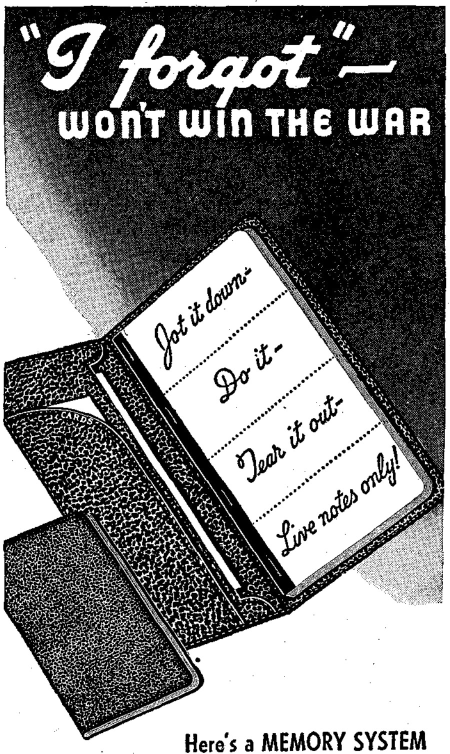

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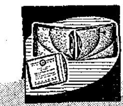

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To Our Readers

Paper shortage has obliged us to request the omission of certain advertisements from this issue and the reduction in size of others. To those advertisers and to their colleagues, who have made it possible for us to accomplish this, we herewith express our thanks.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Baffling Case

JULIEN DUVIVIER, since the days he directed "Un Carnet de Bal" and other pictures back in the old country, has been one puzzling Frenchman. He was imported to Hollywood, where presumably he's had all the care that he had in his native habitat, but, as far as I know, he hasn't turned out a good picture since he's been there. Not only that, he's made some imposingly bad ones. There were "Tales of Manhattan" and "Flesh and Fantasy," and now there's "The Impostor," with Jean Gabin. This was written, directed, and produced by Duvivier, and since it is about France and Free Frenchmen, you would think the master would have said, "Here is something like, *alors*," and gone to town. He didn't go to town, though. It's possible that the dialogue, which was translated from Duvivier's French by another fellow, is lame because it suffered in translation, but I doubt it because certain aspects of the picture that were purely up to Duvivier, such as story and direction, are lame also.

The characters in the story are another of the groups of assorted, strongly defined types that many domestic films, mainly ones about the war, have been built around lately. There is the farmer from Normandy, and the banker, and the vaudeville performer who loves Paris, and all of these and their friends, though they are now soldiers, seem unable to concentrate on anything but their backgrounds and what *La France* means to them. This may be realism, though it seems improbable, but even if it is, it is also a device that by now is worn out, done for, finished, through, washed up.

The main character, or type, is an escaped criminal who changes his identity and hides out in the Free French Army. He is a cynical, hardened man, but gradually even he grows patriotic and becomes a hero. Unfortunately, the crime he committed was a rough one, and, M. Duvivier having been in Hollywood long enough to know the rules, he's got to pay. In the end, he lies down obediently and dies.

TWO madcap comedies have showed up, both of which are examples of good ideas gone somewhat wrong. One is "The Heavenly Body," with Hedy Lamarr and William Powell. It's about an eminent astronomer whose wife consults an astrologer, and, as you can see, the possibilities are there. The man is naturally outraged and also inclined to hoot at the predictions in his wife's horoscope. He is confused when they come true. A fact to be noted right here is that the movie is apparently giving its all-out support to astrology, a stand which not everybody may be ready to go along with. You may not want to go along very far, either, with William Powell, who is usually fine but this time has lapsed too far into cuteness and has indulged in so many cockings of the head and flirts of the coat tails that he often seems more like a little robin redbreast than an astronomer. He has been asked to go through a few routines that handicap him badly, too. One is a kind of foolish drunk act and another is the business of running afoul of a garden hose and getting all wet. For the future guidance of comedians and directors, I would like to say that when a man finds himself being sprayed by a hose, he doesn't stand there spluttering, he goes away.

THE other comedy, "Her Primitive Man," with Robert Paige and Louise Allbritton, is an example of not quite such a good idea gone even wronger. This one is about a girl anthropologist who brings what she thinks is a head-hunter out of the jungle to her New York apartment to see how he reacts to civilization. The head-hunter is really a disguised white man who is trying to get revenge on the girl for some trouble she caused him. I'll be giving the picture all the best of it if I stop right there. —DAVID LARDNER

•

NEW YORK, MARCH 1.—(UP)—GOVERNMENT'S WARTIME PARTNERSHIP WITH INDUSTRY MUST CONTINUE UNTIL THE BRIDGE BETWEEN WAR ECONOMY AND PEACE ECONOMY IS GAPPED.—*U. P. dispatch received by a Columbus* (*Ohio*) *paper.*

And nowadays a skilled bridge-gapper is hard to find.

•

WE DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT IT DEPARTMENT

[*From Alice Hughes' column in the Philadelphia Record*]

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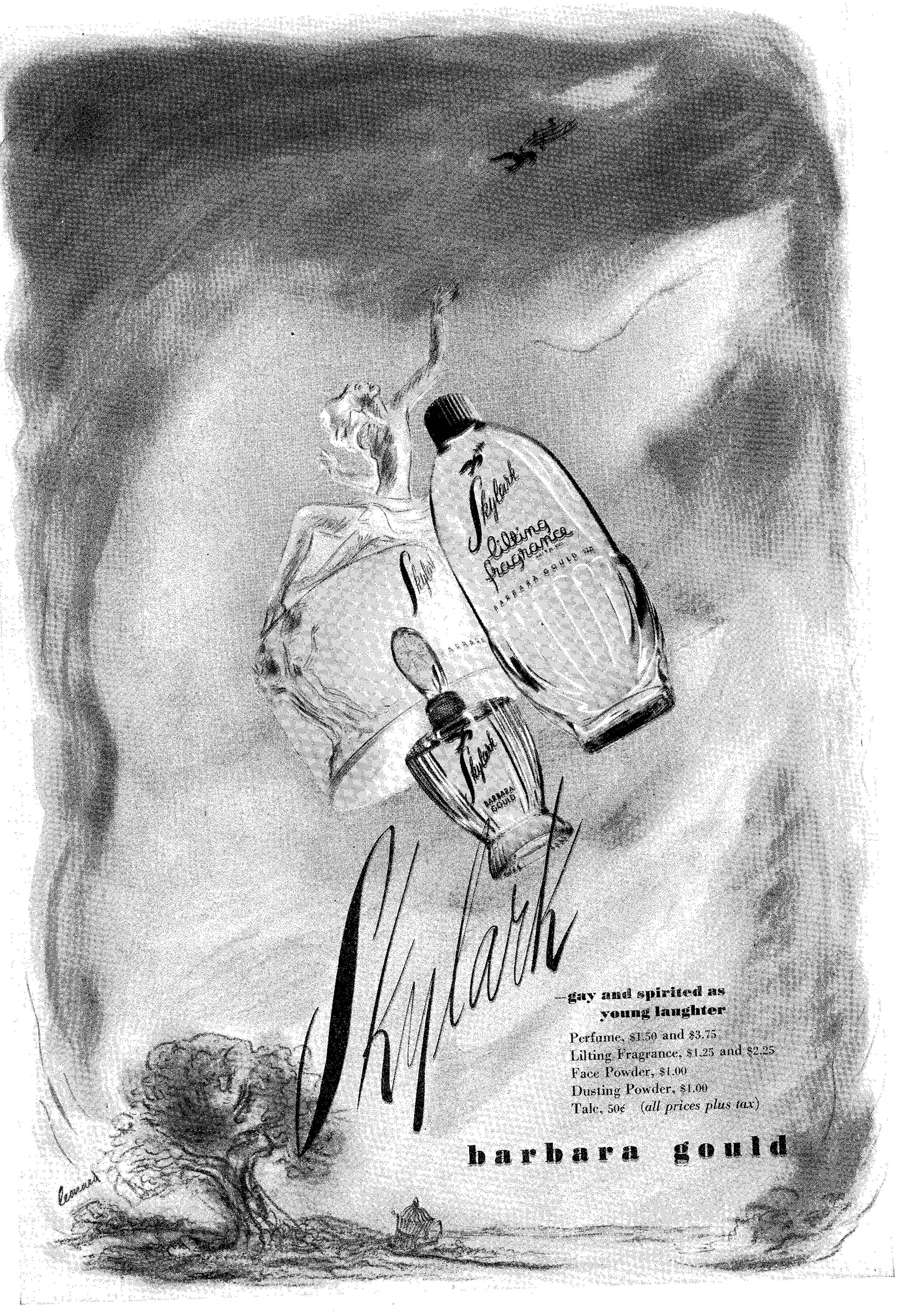
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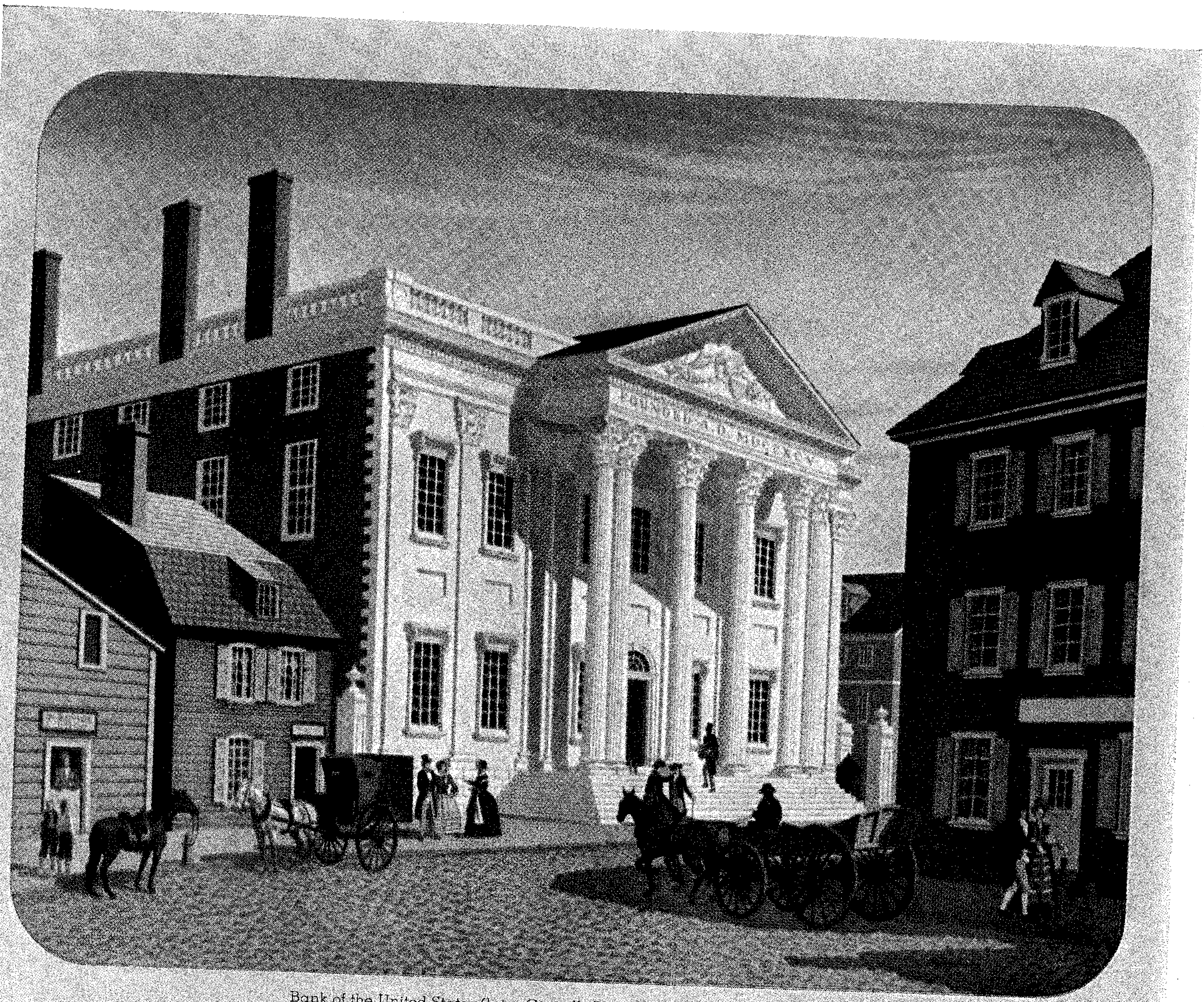
barbara gould



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BOOKS

Doubts and Dreams: "Dangling Man" and "Under a Glass Bell"

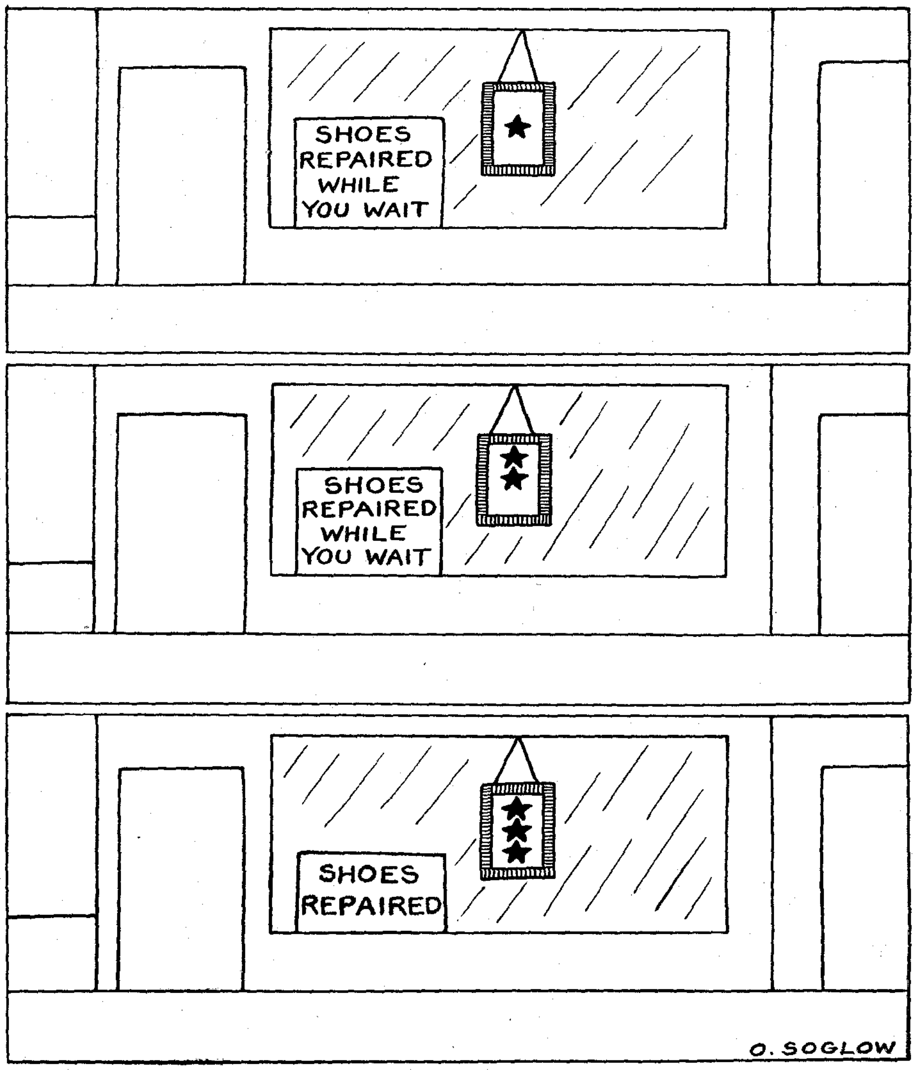
"DANGLING MAN," by Saul Bellow (Vanguard), is the story, told in the form of a diary, of a young Jewish boy in Chicago who throws up a job in a travel bureau expecting to be inducted into the Army, but, owing to various technicalities, is left for a year without being called. In the meantime, he cannot get his job back, and "there is nothing to do but wait, or dangle, and grow more and more dispirited." He lives on his wife's earnings, sits at home and reads the paper, and, though naturally of studious tastes, cannot bring himself to concentrate on anything. He has a love affair in a half-hearted way; then, when it begins to prove a strain, gives it up. He finds himself getting more and more ill-tempered: he quarrels with his old friends, with his brother, with his wife, and finally comes to blows with his landlord. He has long, brooding dialogues with himself that never come to any conclusion. At last, he cannot stand it any longer and applies to the draft board to be taken, with the result that he is called at once.

And now he is immensely relieved, and everybody feels better about him. Yet the moral situation is ambiguous. From the conventional point of view and from that of his natural instincts as a young man sitting idle during a war, he has of course done the right thing. But his action implies the defeat of other instincts which he had felt to be important. He had not wanted to have to admit that he did not "know how to use his freedom," that he "had no resources—in a word, no character." He had hoped in some way to vindicate the value of the individual even in a crisis where the fate of Western culture seemed to hang on collective enterprise; he had hoped to sustain an example of the independence of the human mind even at a moment when the body had to wait on the orders of the State. But the pressure of the times has compelled his surrender.

This is all there is to the story, but the book is an excellent document on the experience of the non-combatant in time of war. It is well written and never dull—in spite of the dismalness of the Chicago background and the undramatic character of the subject. It is also one of the most honest pieces of testimony on the psychology of a whole generation who have grown up during the depression and the war, and has its affinities with certain other recent books that seem in some cases superficially quite different: the "War Diary" of Jean Malaquais, which shows the same kind of mentality persisting in the conditions of the war itself; "The Journal of Albion Moonlight," by the poet Kenneth Patchen, in which a similar helplessness in face of the war, a similar desperation, is transposed into a delirium of rhetoric; and "So It Doesn't Whistle," by Robert Paul Smith, a novel of the kind of sub-bohemian life, rootless and almost ambitionless, led by young people in big American cities. Most of these writers and the characters in their books have, like the hero of "Dangling Man," passed earlier through a period of Communist thinking. Events have since appeared to prove false the political predictions of the Communists, and the young men have discarded the philosophy without altogether destroying the attitude. They do not much want to defend the status quo, which in the thirties they had learned to distrust, but they cannot refuse the challenge to stand up to the barbarism of the Fascists. In the meantime, their impulses toward artistic creation or intellectual expression are frustrated, bewildered, and soured. The war world and the world at home both seem to present pretty black pictures.

A typical passage in "Dangling Man" shows the hero looking out the window at the winter streets and chimneys of Chicago. It is strikingly similar to Malaquais's thoughts on his companions and his duties in the army:

> It was my painful obligation to look and to submit to myself the invariable question: Where was there a particle of what, elsewhere, or in the past, had spoken in man's favor? There could be no doubt that these billboards, streets, tracks, houses, ugly and blind, were related to interior life. And yet, I told myself, there had to be a doubt. There were human lives organized around these ways and houses, and that they, the houses, say, were the analogue, that what men created they also were, through some transcendent means, I could not bring myself to concede. There


SHOES REPAIRED WHILE YOU WAIT
SHOES REPAIRED WHILE YOU WAIT
SHOES REPAIRED
O. SOGLOW

be called a series of *pensées* on such varied subjects as England, France, life, death, and fear, has produced one of the most arresting short novels of recent years. There is not a whiff of politics anywhere, either, which, in view of a certain wave that the author once saw engulfing the future, is probably all to the good.

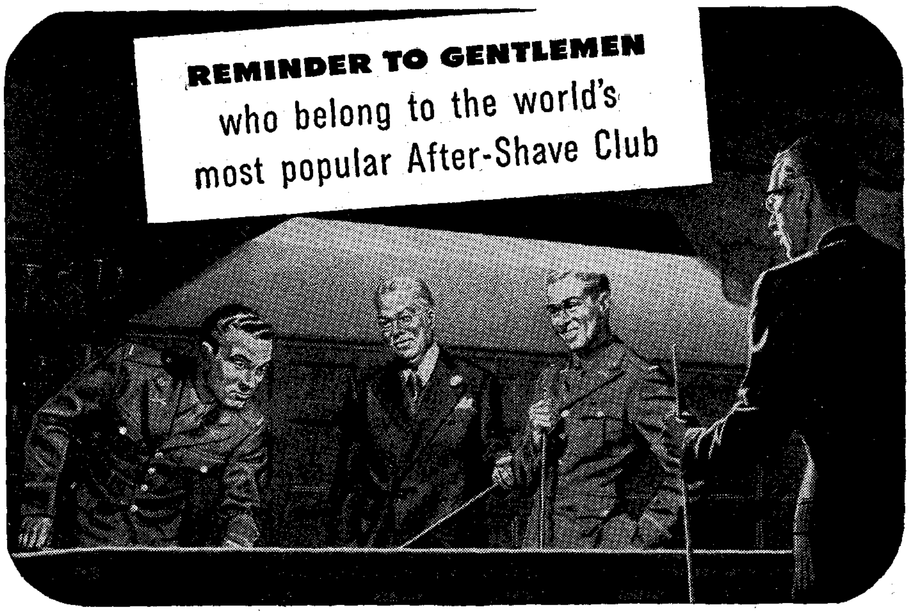
GENERAL

USSR, by Walter Duranty (Lippincott). More thoughts on Russia by the veteran foreign correspondent who for many years has been one of its foremost interpreters. Mr. Duranty does not have much to add to what he has already written about the Soviet Union, and what he has to say has become more or less familiar, but his book is an informed and sympathetic study of the country whose influence is likely to be an important factor in postwar Europe.

MEXICO SPEAKS, by Guido Rosa (John Day). Books about Mexico come in bunches these days, but this one is several grades better than the average. The author made the Grand Tour, like any other tourist, and often writes like one, but, by also visiting the remoter villages and towns and by recording the conversations he had with all kinds of Mexicans, he has assembled a series of portraits—some good, some bad, some indifferent—that make up a warm and colorful portrait of the country. Illustrated.

TRIUMPH OF TREASON, by Pierre Cot (Ziff-Davis). A long, laborious, legalistic defense of those members of the Popular Front government brought to trial by the Vichy regime at Riom. "This book," explains M. Cot, "is not intended to be an objective and complete analysis of the cause of the French defeat. . . . The best scholars today lack both the perspective and the necessary documents to reach definitive conclusions. . . . A man who would dare to judge and condemn under these circumstances would show a childish frivolity of mind or a criminal intellectual dishonesty." Despite this disclaimer, he makes out a strong case for those who hold that the collapse of France was brought about largely by those who were more afraid of the Left than of Hitler.

THE ENEMIES' FIGHTING SHIPS, by Jay Launer (Sheridan House). An exhaustive study of the naval strength of Germany and Japan, illustrated with charts, silhouettes, diagrams, and identification tables of all the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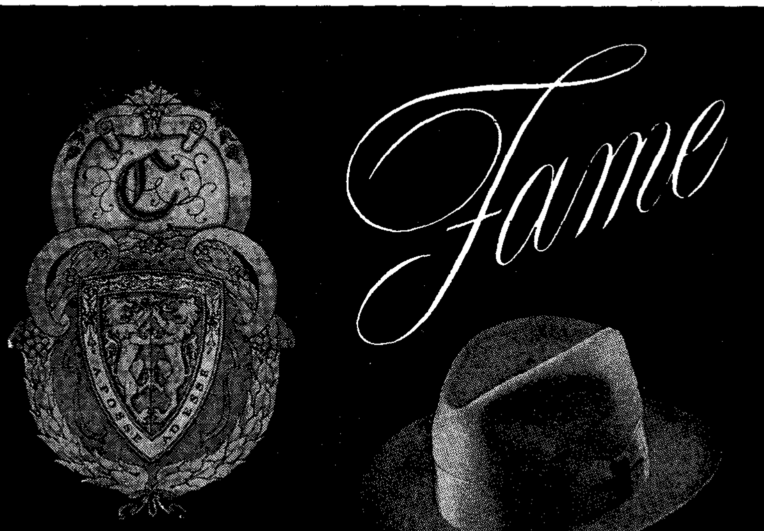

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units of the Axis navies known to be still afloat. There is also a discussion of naval strategy, particularly in relation to our war with Japan, as well as a detailed examination of German U-boat strength and tactics. The book is primarily intended for specialists and naval addicts, but it is also of value to the ordinary reader.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE MAN WITH THE LUMPY NOSE, by Lawrence Lariar (Dodd, Mead). A Red Badge Prize mystery, which lets you in on the doings of professional cartoonists, a touchy and suspicious bunch, some of whom, it seems, even get involved in un-American activities. After a lot of energetic dashing around New York, the police manage to round up the master mind behind a series of nasty political murders, the victims of which include a magazine editor and a cartoonist. You can put your finger on the fellow fairly easily with the aid of a number of cartoons which illustrate this very uneven mystery.

ALL FOR THE LOVE OF A LADY, by Leslie Ford (Scribner). Mrs. Grace Latham, who is still carrying on that interminable and absent-minded romance with Colonel Primrose, the Army Intelligence man, finds herself in the midst of a tricky murder case in wartime Washington. Since she always likes to give a hand to attractive young suspects, particularly if they think they're unhappily married, she manages to exasperate the Colonel quite a bit before he finally gets to the gist of the matter. Neatly put together.

FIRE WILL FREEZE, by Margaret Millar (Random House). The author of "Wall of Eyes," a recent psychological horror story, switches back to her original style, which combines horror and farce, not always successfully. This one starts off nicely enough with a widely assorted group of characters marooned in a Sno-bus, which is supposed to take them from their Sno-train to their Sno-lodge in Quebec. When the passengers find themselves in an isolated house with an insane woman and her nurse, things get somewhat tedious.

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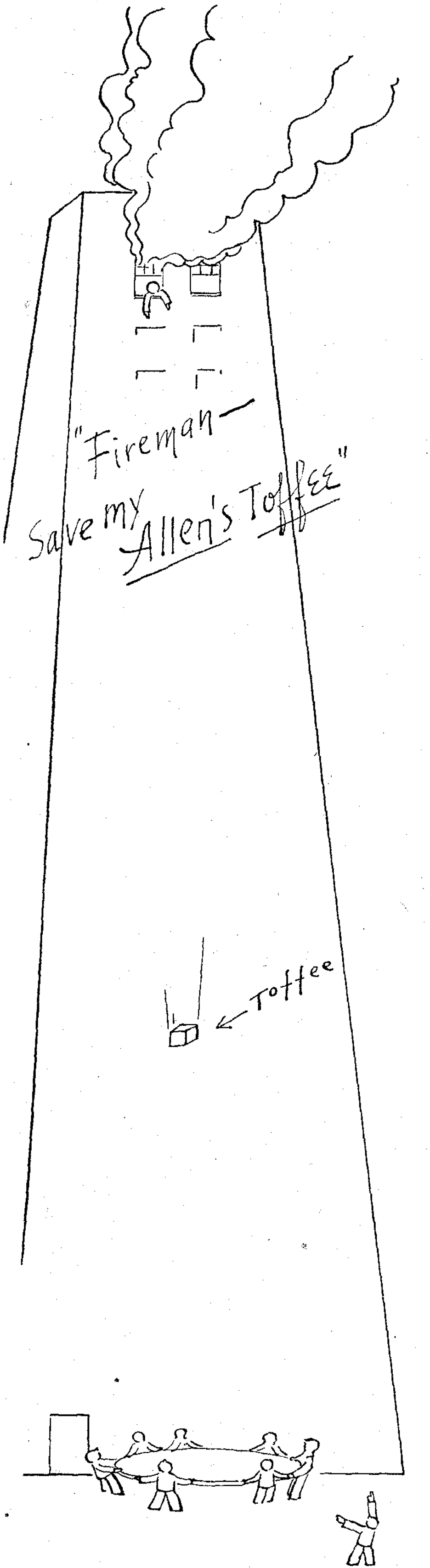
IT'S ABOUT TIME DEPARTMENT

[*Headline in the Staten Island Advance*]

D.A.R. HEARS
OF RUSSIA



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must be a difference, a quality that eluded me, somehow, a difference between things and persons and even between acts and persons. Otherwise the people who lived here were actually a reflection of the things they lived among. I had always striven to avoid blaming them. Was that not in effect behind my daily reading of the paper? In their businesses and politics, their taverns, movies, assaults, divorces, murders, I tried continually to find clear signs of their common humanity.

THE unpublished diary of Anaïs Nin has long been a legend of the literary world, but a project to have it published by subscription seems never to have come to anything, and the books that she has brought out, rather fragmentary examples of a kind of autobiographical fantasy, have been a little disappointing. She has now, however, published a small volume called "Under a Glass Bell," which gives a better impression of her talent.

The pieces in this collection belong to a peculiar genre sometimes cultivated by the late Virginia Woolf. They are half short stories, half dreams, and they mix a sometimes exquisite poetry with a homely realistic observation. They take place in a special world, a world of feminine perception and fancy, which is all the more curious and charming for being innocently international. Miss Nin is the daughter of a Spanish musician, but has spent much of her life in France and in the United States. She writes English, but mostly about Paris, though you occasionally find yourself in other countries. There are passages in her prose which may perhaps suffer a little from an hallucinatory vein of writing which the Surrealists have overdone: a mere reeling-out of images, each of which is designed to be surprising but which, strung together, simply fatigue. In Miss Nin's case, however, the imagery does convey something and is always appropriate. The spun glass is also alive: it is the abode of a secret creature. Half woman, half childlike spirit, she shops, employs servants, wears dresses, suffers the pains of childbirth, yet is likely at any moment to be volatilized into a superterrestrial being who feels things that we cannot feel.

But perhaps the main thing to say is that Miss Nin is a very good artist, as perhaps none of the literary Surrealists is. "The Mouse," "Under a Glass Bell," "Rag Time," and "Birth" are really beautiful little pieces. "These stories," says Miss Nin in a foreword, "represent the moment when many like myself had found only one answer to the suffering of the world: to dream, to tell fairy tales, to elaborate and to

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follow the labyrinth of fantasy. All this I see now was the passive poet's only answer to the torments he witnessed. . . . I am in the difficult position of presenting stories which are dreams and of having to say: but now, although I give you these, I am awake!" Yet this poet has no need to apologize: her dreams reflect the torment, too.

The book has been printed by Miss Nin herself and is distributed through the Gotham Book Mart, 51 West Forty-seventh Street. It is well worth the trouble of sending for.

—EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

PERELANDRA, by C. S. Lewis (Macmillan). The further adventures of Mr. Lewis's spatial hitch-hiker, Dr. Ransom, who was introduced in the author's "Out of the Silent Planet." In this book, Dr. Ransom takes off in a coffin for Perelandra, a place where golden-winged dragons of tender disposition live in shimmering forests of bubble trees and anybody who doesn't speak Hressa-Hlab, or Old Solar, is just out of luck. Dr. Ransom is an old Old Solar scholar, however, having picked up the language on his earlier interplanetary excursion, and is therefore able to have long, abstract, and exceedingly tedious conversations with the inhabitants of Perelandra, all of whom sound as if their entire education, like that of Dr. Ransom himself, had been based on the murkier passages of Aldous Huxley. Dr. Ransom, before returning to earth, comes to blows with a sub-creature called Un-Man, who eventually turns out to be the spirit of evil, and also gets involved in a reënactment of the Biblical story of the Temptation—one with a happy ending. Readers who like this sort of metaphysical abracadabra will probably enjoy it hugely. Those who prefer their nonsense straight, however, had better curl up under the nearest bong tree with a copy of Edward Lear.

THE STEEP ASCENT, by Anne Morrow Lindbergh (Harcourt, Brace). The story of a flight across the Alps from England to Italy, made by an American girl and her English husband just before the war. Not much material out of which to construct a novel, it would seem, yet the author, by laying bare the mental and emotional composition of an extremely sensitive woman and by writing what might

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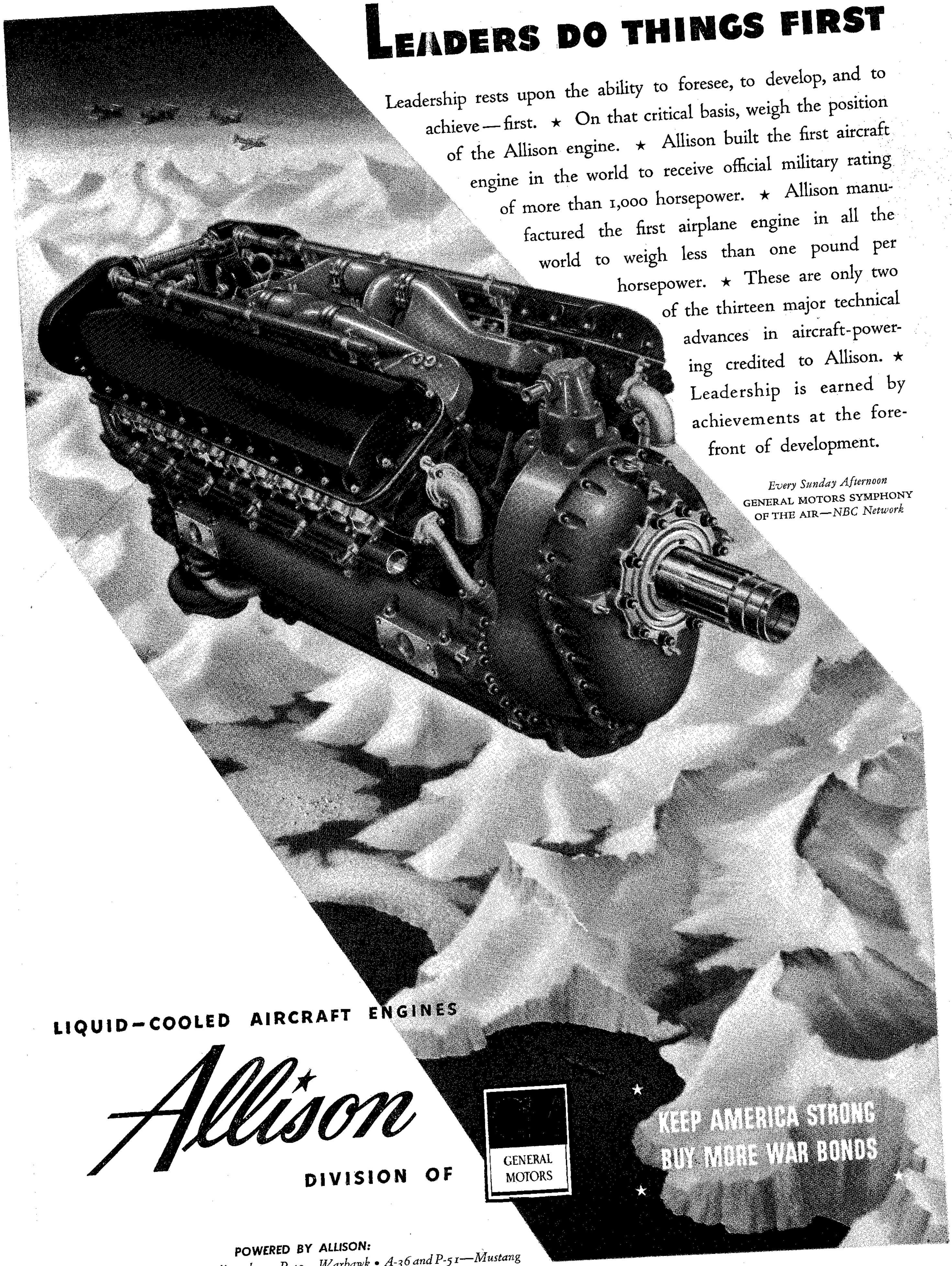

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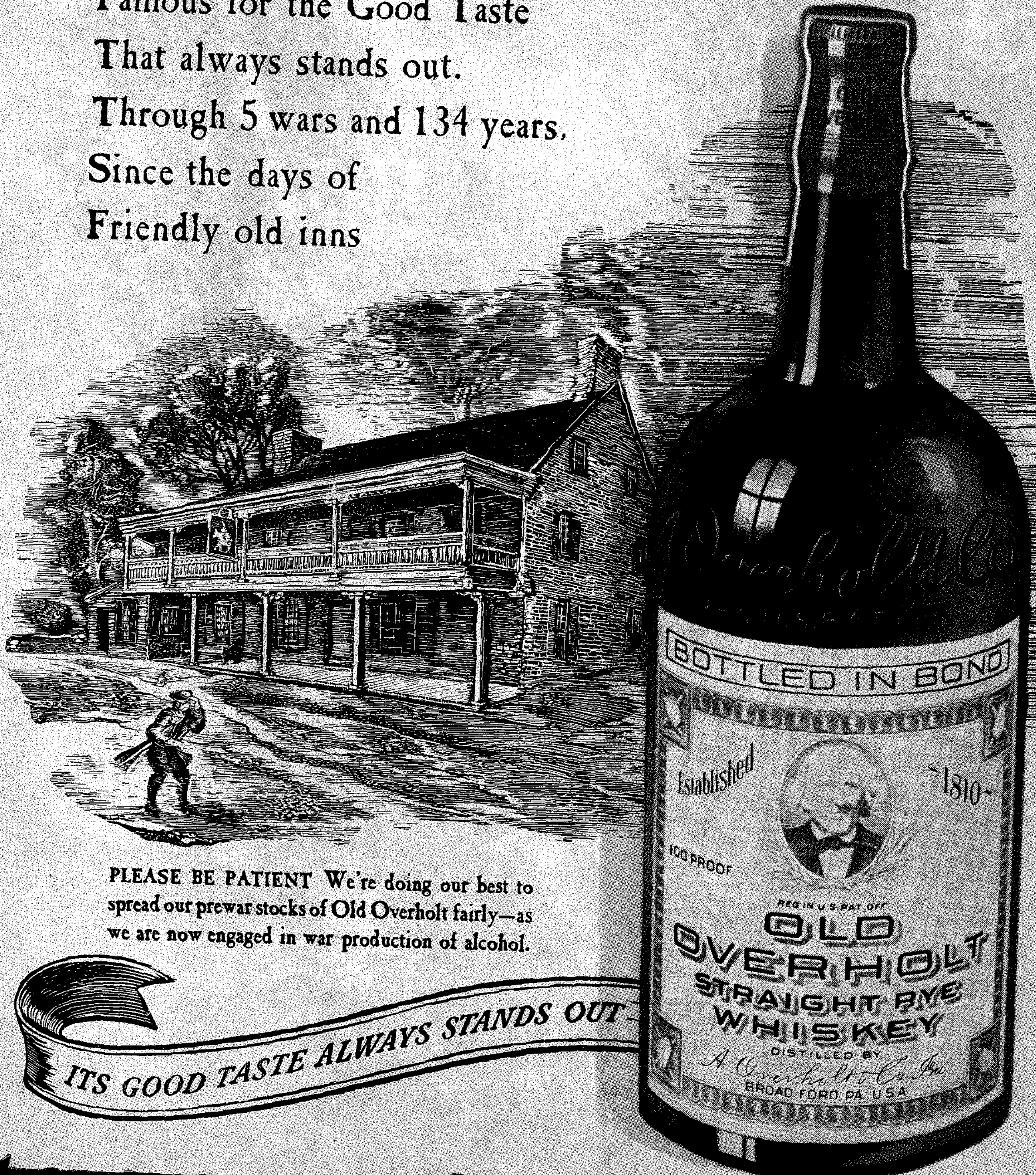
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